THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

"Late Nights."

We have been rather interested by the sudden appearance of the *Critic* in the rôle of a keen-eyed guardian of the English tongue. It appears that Mr. Rafford Pyke, who contributes weekly essays to a journal in this town, not long ago made use of the expression "sitting up late nights"; whereupon the *Critic* pounced upon him for an alleged breach of what it styled "grammatic purity" in this adverbial use of the word "nights." To this Mr. Pyke replied that the *Critic* would probably not object to the expression "He sat up late" nor to the sentence "He sat up nights." Therefore, he wondered why the *Critic* would not accept the obvious combination "He sat up late nights;" since there seemed to be no particular reason for objecting to the adverbial use of the noun to denote relations of time, while this use appeared to be quite thoroughly established in the language. Mr. Pyke, however, didn't know the *Critic*. In the October number of that periodical appeared the following paragraph, terse, authoritative and with just a touch of stern finality about it:

> Mr. Rafford Pyke assumes "that the *Critic* would not object to such a sentence as 'He was sitting up nights.'" Mr. Pyke, as is not unusual with him, assumes too much. The *Critic* would object to the sentence quoted, just as strenuously as it would object to the inexcusable expression "He eats nights and sleeps days."

To this Mr. Pyke has so far made no reply, being probably too much depressed at being held up to scorn in this public way by an arbiter of style.

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We are not going to take a hand in the controversy as a controversy, but shall rather look at the linguistic principle involved, from the standpoint of one who is interested in such things. We suppose that no single book is more generally accepted as embodying a normal standard of English than is the King James version of the Bible. For some three centuries it has been regarded as a well of English undefiled. The men who wrote it were not only profoundly learned scholars, but they had a marvellous command of their mother tongue, and they used it with a fine simplicity and with an idiomatic purity, precision and exactness which have been the admiration of all sorts and conditions of men down to the present time. Out of a great number of its sentences that might be quoted here, the following seem to be particularly pertinent to the subject immediately before us. The first is from the Book of Isaiah (xxi. 8):

> Am I set in my ward whole nights?

The next is from the Book of Job (ii. 23):

> They sat down . . . seven days and seven nights.

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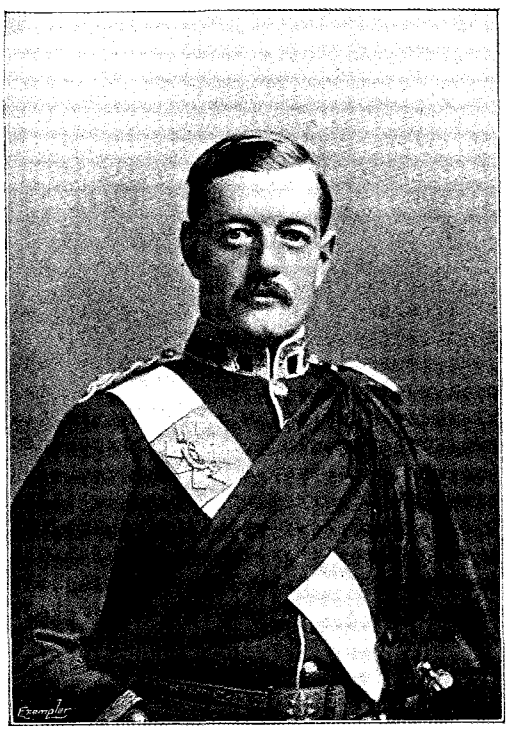
And this is from the Book of Esther (iv. 16):

Neither eat nor drink three days, night or day.

This last seems to bear a singular resemblance to the "inexcusable expression" to which the *Critic* strenuously objects.

It is barely possible, of course, that the *Critic* may profess to see a difference between the exact shade of meaning in the word "nights," as used above, and the same word as used in the sentence "He sat up late nights." It may say that the former denotes simply duration of time and the latter indefinite frequency. If so, we would offer for consideration the following line from *Piers Ploughman,* which by its antiquity will show how deeply rooted in the English tongue is the usage to which objection has been made. It runs as follows (xi. 30), its archaic form presenting, of course, no difficulty to the erudite *Critic:*

Bitterliche shaltow banne thanne bothe dayes and nightes.



THE LATE F. G. TAIT.

James Russell Lowell also, in his introduction to the second series of his *Biglow Papers,* observes that in New England "o' nights" is never used; but that in its place there is retained "the older adverbial form analogous to the German *nachts.*" Finally, all standard grammars of the English language accept the adverbial use of the noun in denoting relations of time, and they accept it without any question or discussion whatsoever, so thoroughly established is it in the written and spoken language of the past six centuries.

Now, *à priori* one would say that when the *Critic* objects to the sentence "He eats nights and sleeps days," its objection is carelessly made, because that particular sentence is not very euphonious; and that the *Critic* unconsciously confounds cacophony with a breach of "grammatic purity." But, of course, this would be reasoning hastily to an incorrect conclusion, and it would do injustice to the profound learning of that periodical's editorial staff. Every one knows that the *Critic's* editors are trained philologists who spend all their leisure moments in linguistic investigation and research. Even when they glide about the town in search of literary notes and editorial thunder, they carry under their arms the bulky tomes of Brugmann and of Mätzner; while such is the force of their example that even the pocket of the office boy bulges with the less pretentious but still useful work of Lounsbury. Far be it, then, from us to say that the mere dictum of the *Critic* is not sufficient to settle any question relating to the proper use of English, and to crush presumptuous individuals such as Mr. Pyke. Only, we would urge that great acquirements involve not only privileges but responsibilities. Technically the *Critic* has a right to set aside the whole history of English usage and the unanimous judgment of grammarians, by the simple statement of its own opinion; but morally, we think it ought to give the reason that has doubtless influenced it. If speakers and writers whom we have always regarded hitherto as sound authorities have been wrong for generations, then the *Critic* ought to tell us why it is that they are wrong. This is not a ques-

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tion that interests only a few pedantic specialists; but it appeals to almost every one—to writers, to teachers, to students, to makers of text-books, in fact, to all who wish to speak and use their native tongue with idiomatic accuracy. And until the *Critic* draws aside the veil and tells them what it knows about the subject, all these persons will be sitting up late nights in strenuous expectancy.

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Mr. Low, the well-known English golfer, is making good progress with his biography of the late F. G. Tait, a work which promises to be one of great special and general interest. Every golfer will be attracted by the diary in which Tait carefully recorded every match in which he played, commenting on its features. The general reader will be attracted by the picture of an eminently lovable character, and also by the series of letters in which Tait describes his experience, so sadly cut short, of the South African War. Mr. Andrew Lang is to contribute an appreciation.

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The illustrations for Mr. Kipling's new story, *Kim*—the title first announced having been abbreviated—are being done by two artists whose knowledge of Indian life and character is probably only second to that of the writer himself. The novelist's father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, is preparing a series of panels which are modelled in clay; and, as in the set he designed for the "Outward Bound" edition of his son's works, he confines himself mainly to figures typifying the characters of the tale, leaving to his collaborator, Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the task of picturing the crowds, bazaar life, and action of the narrative.

❧

Barbara Yechton.

Barbara Yechton first became known through those of her stories which appeared serially in *The Churchman.* These stories were so attractive and so human that they appealed at once to the reader of maturer years as well as to the child. Under the pen name of Barbara Yechton she has published *We Ten, or the Story of the Roses, Derick, A Little Turning Aside,* and *A Lovable Crank.* She has a liking for many characters, and a pleasant way of introducing them again and again in her different books. Barbara Yechton's real name is Lyda Farrington Krausé. She was born on the Danish island of St. Croix. Her mother was a Devonshire woman, and Miss Krausé was brought up in a simple English fashion. Her father, Thomas Murray Krausé, was a man of literary taste, and his family were under a strong bookish influence. Miss Krausé came to this country when very young, and she is at heart loyally American. For a number of years she was one of the editors of *The Churchman,* remaining with that periodical until about a year ago. Her new book, *Fortune's Boats,* is reviewed on another page of this number of THE BOOKMAN.

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Franklin Fyles.

Mr. Franklin Fyles, the dramatic critic of the *Sun,* whose *The Theatre and Its People* has just come from the press of Messrs. Doubleday and Page, was born at Troy, New York, fifty years ago. At the completion of an academic course, when seventeen, he went into journalism by starting a news and literary weekly. It failed. He tried another and still another. That took three years of his life and all of

BARBARA YECHTON (MISS KRAUSÉ).

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his money. Then he marked some of his articles in the death number of his last journal and sent them to the late Charles A. Dana with an application for work on the New York *Sun*. Mr. Dana replied that he would put the stranger on trial at twenty-five dollars a week. Mr. Fyles is still on the *Sun's* staff, but at a liberally multiplied salary. During the past fifteen years he has been its dramatic critic, and his department has been kept in character with that newspaper—direct and explicit, above reproach in honesty, and wholly independent of outside influences. He is thought to err on the side of leniency, but no one accuses him of being partial in that respect. He is rarely satirical, and does not often indulge in caustic ridicule. For these reasons, and because his articles are never signed, he is less known to the general public than some others among the reviewers. But his work is familiar to the newspaper makers throughout the country, and his accounts of new plays produced in New York are widely quoted because descriptive and trustworthy.

Mr. Fyles became a playwright by a fortunate chance. Charles Frohman

FRANKLIN FYLES.

MISS FLORENCE LUNDBORG.

voluntarily brought him and David Belasco together, and made a contract with them to provide a native drama for the opening of the Empire Theatre. The result was *The Girl I Left Behind Me,* which after seven years is still in use here and in England, and is said to have earned a hundred thousand dollars in royalties. Neither of the authors has since done as well in a money way separately, though both have prospered. Mr. Fyles's next play was *The Governor of Kentucky,* written to order for William H. Crane, who made a year's satisfactory use of it. Following that he fulfilled a contract with Augustus Pitou for *Cumberland, '61,* which is now on its third year's tour. He next collaborated with Eugene W. Presbrey in *A Ward of France,* a melodramatic romance of early New Orleans history, now on its travels for a second season. This piece was written on an order from the Brooks-McVicker-Miner theatrical syndicate, which was organised to compete with the dominant Hayman-Frohman-Klaw-Erlanger syndicate. Good luck seems to have opened to Mr. Fyles a market which, with no aspersion upon the quality of his work, may be said to have been shut to some less fortunate men of equal ability. He excels in the delinea-

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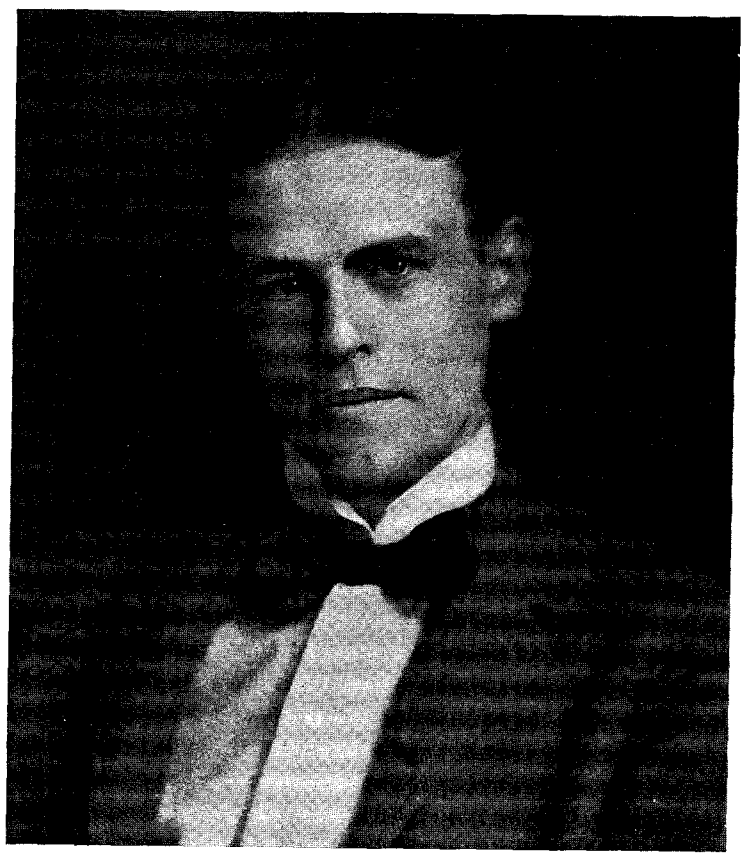
tion of typical American characters, and in putting them into actable scenes. He combines the originality of a novelist, as shown in a volume of short stories published some years ago by Cassell, and that of an adept in stagecraft trained by long observation as a critic. He is personally a retiring man, hardly ever seen in other public places than the theatres, and as domestic as his work permits. He lives in a city house of his own—as his comfortable income permits him to do without being a spendthrift—with his wife, daughter and son, the latter an assistant in his work. In the *Sun* office they tell a story illustrative of the late Mr. Dana's terse way of saying things to his staff. Mr. Fyles said to him: "I have made a contract with Mr. Frohman to write a play. As I don't think one man ought to do both kinds of work, and the terms offered me are very advantageous, I will have to resign, though I don't want to." Mr. Dana looked up from a book that he was reading, and asked: "What kind of a play is it going to be?" "I don't know," was the reply; "not so much as the theme is settled yet." "Well," said the chief, without a smile, "make it a good one. If you don't, I'll accept your resignation."

Miss Florence Lundborg, the young Californian who illustrated the edition of the Rubáiyát published by Mr. Doxey, was for several years a student at the Hopkins Art School in San Francisco before she went to study in Paris. She remained three years in the French capital, and while there won considerable reputation by her decoration of one of the cafés of the Latin Quarter.

The Genesis of "The Powers That Prey."

Two or three winters ago several young newspaper men used to gather nightly about a table in the dining-room of a Franco-American hotel in the neighbourhood



ALFRED HODDER (FRANCIS WALTON).

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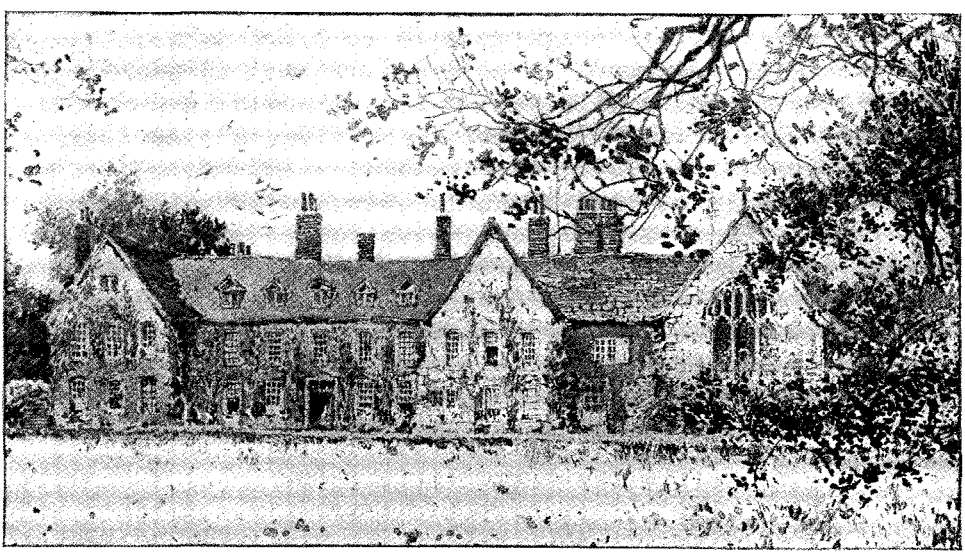
of Washington Square, to combine Scotch and literature, and to make impolite and unkind personal remarks about one another's appearance, disposition and work. There were times when as many as nine or ten foregathered there; a very well-known young sculptor occasionally came to take his share in the *badinage;* the city editor of a very old afternoon newspaper frequently joined these bouts; a novelist and a dramatic editor were now and then of the party. But most of these were looked upon in the light of guests. Of those who constituted the "push" itself, who were loyal to its spirit and its tradition, there were but four. It was a very pleasant, comfortable and not altogether unprofitable existence, late hours and good cheer—Bohemia with the conventional hardship left out—for all four managed to sleep in comfortable beds at night, and to procure a satisfactory amount of meat and drink and tobacco during the day. Of the four, the one of smallest stature and largest reputation was a man who, taking up the tramp life out of sheer love of adventure, had on several occasions done his "thirty days for vagrancy" in some of the thirty States of the Union over which he had travelled; had worked as a stoker on board of a German liner, now and then catching glimpses of the comfortable, well-fed and well-roomed cabin passengers, some of whom he had known socially; had lived a vagrant life in England, Germany and Russia, and had spent several months in travelling over Siberia and Central Asia. He was in a good many ways the self-constituted mentor and adviser of the other members of the "push." He had an immense fund of excellent advice and he was of a generous disposition. If he suspected one of his friends of having a *jardin secret,* he was hurt and he deplored it—he pointed his finger, he grew tearful and serious, and he deplored it. He considered it downright unfriendly.

The second of the four was a man who had given up university work to try his hand at literature. The third and fourth were newspaper men who had done some magazine work. For months the association of the four grew firmer and closer, but at last of course signs of disintegration became apparent. Finally, one of the four dealt the tradition and spirit of the "push" a blasting and fatal blow. He married. Then another drifted away, buckling down to the hard, practical work of helping to make a magazine. The two who remained were disconsolate. At a final farewell meeting they aired their woes and their wrongs. There was but one thing for them to do. They, too, must give over the cheerful, careless life, they would settle down and



ROTHLEY TEMPLE, MACAULAY'S BIRTHPLACE.

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collaborate on a book. Then and there they selected a title, which, by the way, was not the title under which the book eventually appeared, and they set to work. Moved by their feelings, they decided to write about the darker side of life, and they did so in the eleven stories which now make up *The Powers That Prey*, by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, which has just appeared from the press of Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company. Josiah Flynt, whose *Tramping With Tramps* appeared about a year ago, and scored a considerable success, is, it is rather superfluous to say, Mr. Josiah Flynt Willard, and Francis Walton is a literary pseudonym for Alfred Hodder.

The Macaulay Centenary.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Babington Macaulay was celebrated in England on October 25th last. The day was a remarkable one for England, for October 25th was already famous as the birthday of Chaucer and the battle day of Agincourt. Lord Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, the Leicestershire home of the Babingtons. From that picturesque seat of his kindred, the historian, on being raised to the peerage, took his territorial designation. Rothley Temple was formerly the property of the Harcourts, then a preceptory of the Knights Templars, and at the dissolution

THE LATE F. MAX MÜLLER.

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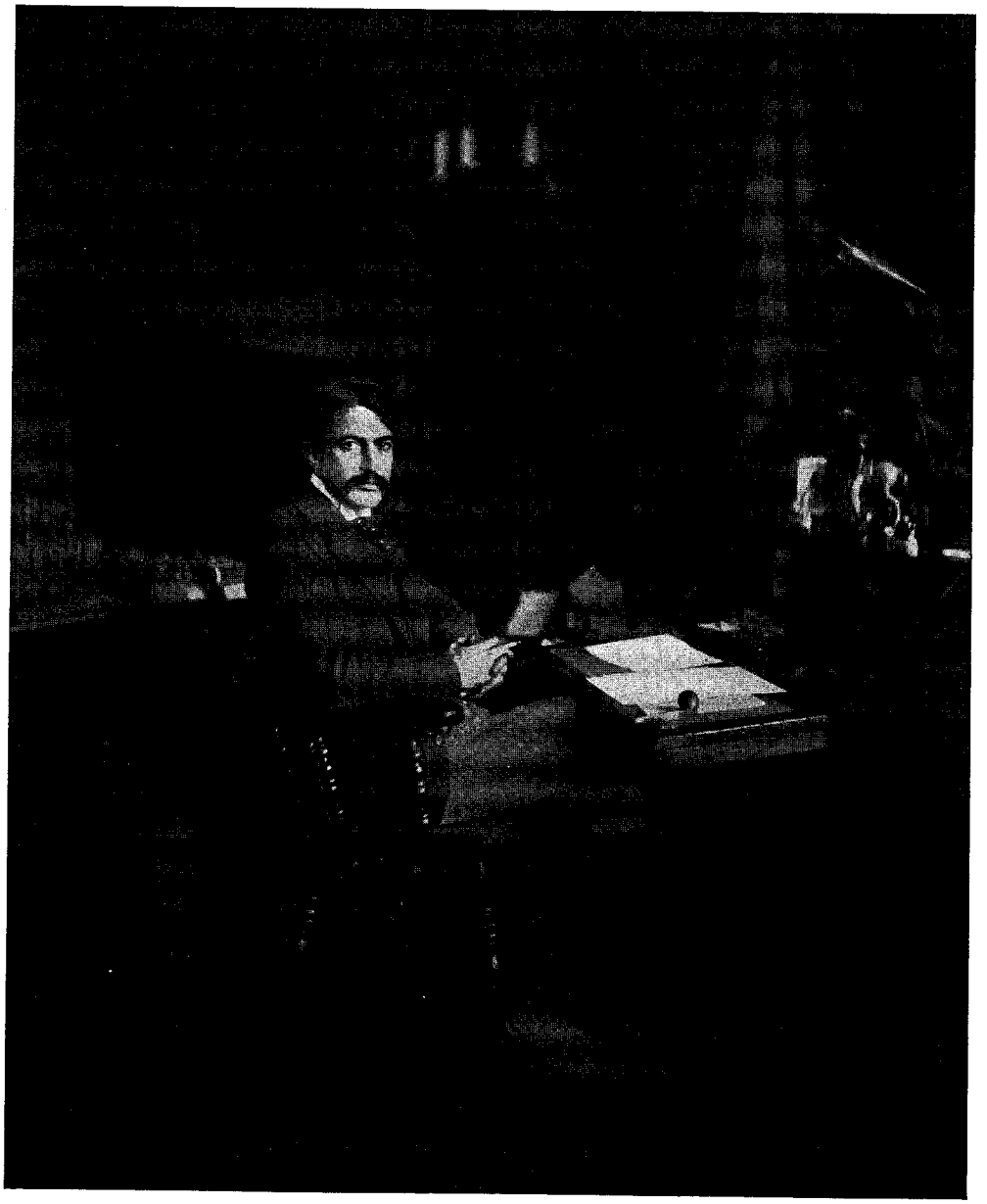
of the monasteries passed into the hands of the Babingtons.

Professor Muller.

The death of Professor F. Max Müller has been received by scholars and by many whose interest in scholarship is only a remote one, with expressions of a regret that is almost universal. Professor Müller had outlived the time when his mental powers could add anything to the world's intellectual possessions. The advance of linguistic science had passed him by, though he himself was hardly conscious of the fact. In his later writings he took little or no account of the results of the most recent scientific research in his own department of comparative philology. His work, in fact, was done. Neverthe-



STEPHEN CRANE AT WORK.

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less, while he was neither the greatest Sanskritist nor the greatest philologist of the century, he accomplished something for linguistic study which no one else could probably have done so well. He possessed abundant knowledge, he received a very thorough training in his native country; and he had also as his birthright the gift of a scientific imagination. Domiciled in England, it fell to him to make the whole English-speaking world acquainted with what Germany had done in the domain of language and of comparative philology and mythology; and his teaching was conveyed with so much charm of style and so much felicity of illustration that there was created in many minds a new enthusiasm for philological research. It is to the impulse given by his lectures upon language that we owe the fact that American scholarship has devoted so large a share of its attention to linguistics, and that our recognition of the best and highest work performed abroad has been so genuine and so spontaneous. Many a scholar who to-day speaks lightly of Professor Müller's "popularising" work owes to that work his own first interest in the subjects concerning which Professor Müller wrote and spoke. Such dead and buried controversies as that which Müller carried on with the late Professor Whitney have only a reminiscent interest now. Professor Whitney had the better of the argument, but Professor Müller was superior to his adversary in fairness and in courtesy. Personally, he was a kindly, genial and attractive man, in whom was always quite perceptible a vein of harmless egotism which was not in the least offensive, but which resembled the naïve, outspoken vanity of a boy. His book entitled *Auld Lang Syne* affords abundant evidence of this, as does the portrait of him which we herewith reproduce, and which is taken from the frontispiece of that collection of personal reminiscences.

The publication of Stephen Crane's posthumous book, *Wounds in the Rain*, which is a collection of stories dealing with the Spanish-American War, recalls the premature obituary notices which appeared in the papers nearly four years ago, based on a report that he had lost his life by drowning while acting as a war correspondent during the Cuban War. The editor of an eccentric publication penned the following tribute in February, 1897:

"He is dead now—Steve is dead. How he faced death the records do not say; but I know, for I knew the soul of the lad. Within the breast of that pale youth there dwelt a lion's heart——"

and so forth. This was printed within a heavy black border. Then came a little paragraph:

"Later. Thanks to Providence and a hen-coop, Steve Crane was not drowned after all —he swam ashore."

A Literary Note.

The following is a publisher's literary note that has recently been sent out by the Messrs Macmillan. We reprint it in full. The italics are our own:

The Reign of Law may have aroused much heated debate among some of the religious denominations, but Mr. James Lane Allen's fearless use of a religious situation has given him the backing of at any rate one well-known metropolitan minister in the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage. In a letter of his just published he speaks of it as "beautifully written . . . a very strong piece of work." He goes on to say: "*It is interesting and sometimes a little amusing to find some writer like Mr. Allen startling his world with truths which I have been preaching for thirty years; but, better late than never.* Meantime he reaches an audience that I do not."

At first sight this seemed to offer a theme for considerable comment. But on second thoughts we have changed our mind. It couldn't possibly do the least particle of good.

Mr. Dooley and American Life.

The time has come when one must be convinced that Mr. Martin Dooley is here to stay, at least for some time. He represents something in American national life; and were he to go out of the business of keeping a saloon in opposition to Schwartzmeister and pelting Mr. Hennessey with the philosophy of the Archey Road, his passing would leave a distinct gap in American humour. Besides, Mr. Dooley should not be regarded merely as

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a humourist. During the past two or three months, when Mr. Roosevelt has been abusing the Democratic Party and Mr. Bryan hurling broadsides at the Republican Party; when the newspapers have fairly frothed with invective, and peaceful, law-abiding citizens have had their dreams haunted by monsters symbolic of expansion or anti-expansion, of free silver and of trusts, Mr. Dooley has been particularly refreshing. There is something in his sanity and his cynicism that tends to keep the balance in such times of turmoil. His brogue may be puzzling, his metaphors may be homely, and more than homely, he is undoubtedly very much lacking in the bump of reverence, but if you take what he has to say seriously, you will find that nine times out of ten he is about right. His position is such to-day that one is curious as to whether he will be read and appreciated ten years hence. Already he has had a pretty long tenure of life. We have seen other popular idols of the moment forgotten, and we wonder whether Mr. Dooley will share the same fate. Possibly thoughts of his own greatness and of his own future inspired him to what in the present volume he has to say on the subject of Public Fickleness.

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Mr. Dooley's Latest Incarnation.

Taken by itself *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy* is a little bit below *Mr. Dooley in War and in Peace* and *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*. There is a reason for this. *Mr. Dooley in War and in Peace* was made up of selected papers. A great deal of what had appeared in the Chicago *Journal* was discarded, and there were put into the book only those sketches which were thought to be strikingly good. In *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen* Mr. Dunne was exceedingly fortunate in finding subjects which were particularly adapted to his peculiar talent. For instance, we doubt whether there has been in the history of the present century a case that would appeal more strongly to Mr. Dooley's sense of humour and of the humorous than the Dreyfus case. For this reason the two earlier books were somewhat stronger than the third volume. This is said without any wish to disparage *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy*. It is in all respects droll and excellent, and we very cheerfully commend it to those who enjoy Mr. Dooley, and we judge that they must include about everybody in this country, and a good half of the population of the British isles.

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In the paper on "Christian Journalism" Mr. Dooley has this to say about Mr. Sheldon's rather eccentric management of the Topeka *Capital:*

"'Twas a gran' paper. They was an article on sewerage an' wan on prayin' f'r rain, an' another on muni-cipal ownership iv gas tanks, an' wan to show that they niver was a good milker ownded be a pro-fane man. They was pomes, too, manny iv thim, an' fine wans: 'Th' Man with th' Shovel,' 'Th' Man with th' Pick,' 'Th' Man with th' Cash-Raygisther,' 'Th' Man with th' Snow Plow,' 'Th' Man with th' Bell Punch,' 'Th' Man with th' Skate,' 'Th' Man with No Kick Comin'.' Fine pothry, th' editor askin' who pushed this here man's forehead back an' planed down his chin, who made him wear clothes that didn't fit him and got him a job raisin' egg-plant f'r th' monnopolists in Topeka at a dollar a day. A man in th' editor's position ought to know; but he didn't, so he ast in th' pomes. An' th' advertisin', Hinnissy! I'd be scandalised f'r to go back readin' th' common advertisin' in th' vile daily press about men's pantings, an' Doesannyoneknowwhereicangeta biscuit, an' In th' spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to Pocohontas plug, not made be th' Thrusts. Th' editor left thim sacrilegious advertisements f'r his venal contimp'raries. His was pious an' nice: 'Do ye'er smokin' in this wurruld. Th' Christyan Unity Five-Cint See-gar is made out iv th' finest grades iv excelsior iver projooced in Kansas!' 'Nebuchednezzar grass seed, f'r man an' beast.' 'A handful iv meal in a barrel an' a little ile in a curse. Swedenborgian bran fried in kerosene makes th' best breakfast dish in th' wurruld.' 'Twas nice to r-read. It made a man feel as if he was in church—asleep.

"'How did th' pa-aper sthrike th' people?' says ye. 'Oh, it sthruck thim good!' says th' Topeka man, skinnin' over th' gossip about Christyan citizenship an' th' toolchest iv pothry: 'Eliza, here's a good paper, a fine wan, f'r ye an' th' childher. Sind Tommy down to th' corner an' get me a copy iv th' *Polis Gazette.*'"

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One scene of *L'Aiglon* is thus graphically described by Mr. Dooley:

"'Wan day a tailor shows up to measure him (the Duc de Reichstadt) f'r some clothes. Th' tailor, d'ye mind, is a rivolutionist in disguise, an' has come down fr'm Paris f'r to injooce th' young man to take th' vacancy. 'Fourteen, six, thirty-three. How'll ye have th' pants made, Impror?' says th' tailor. 'Wan or two hip pockets?' says he.

"'Two hips,' says young Napolyon. 'What do ye mean be that?' he says.

"'Thirty-eight, siventeen, two sides, wan watch, buckle behind. All Paris awaits ye, sire.'"

"'Make th' sleeves a little longer thin this,' says th' boy. 'An' fill out th' shouldhers. What proof have I?'"

"'Wan or two inside pockets?' says th' tailor. 'Two insides. Hankerchief pocket? Wan hankerchief. Th' pants is warn much fuller this year. Make that twinty-eight instid iv twinty-siven,' he says. 'Paris shrieks f'r ye,' he says.

"'Proof,' says th' la-ad.

"'They've named a perfume afther ye, a shirt waist, a paper collar, a five-cint see-gar, a lot iv childher. Nay more, a breakfast dish christened f'r ye is on ivry lip. Will I forward th' soot collect?' he says.

We have received the following letter:

Concerning General Butler.

With the approval of THE BOOKMAN, I should like to say a word in regard to a recent article in its columns by its American editor, Professor Harry Thurston Peck, on "The Cartoon in Politics," and incidentally referring to the late General Butler. With some changes the article was reproduced from THE BOOKMAN by the *New York Journal,* and both must have given it a wide circulation.

I have great admiration for the work of men like Thomas Nast in the old days and Homer Davenport now. I accord with Professor Peck in every note of praise for such strong moral artists. But I think that, in reviving the old "popular gibe" of General Butler and "the spoons," the learned professor should have added a word of historical fact with which I am sure he is familiar.

I knew General Butler personally. I knew also, but much more intimately, one of the best friends of his latter years, Wendell Phillips. From conversations I have had with General Butler, I doubt that he was ever in his life seriously troubled by any caricature of him. In speaking of the matter, Mr. Phillips once told me that the General procured all the various caricatures of him as they came out, laughed over them, and then sent them to his daughter, Mrs. Ames, who had preserved several trunks full of them.

But my special point is this: If General Butler was ever annoyed by any cartoon depicting "his eyes in the shape of spoons," there was no ground for such exceptional sensitiveness. The "spoon story"—that during his military occupancy of New Orleans "he had confiscated for his own personal use the silver plate of certain wealthy families"—was a myth. The General paid no attention to it for years. Finally the matter came up in Congress, General Butler being then a member of the House. He rose and said that when in command of New Orleans he *had* confiscated certain plate and valuables belonging to certain specially troublesome people. He added that the next day after the property was seized it was forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. "In the hands of the Government," said he, "are all those spoons. If they ought to be restored to anybody, a proper order will do it." I quote from memory; but, in two or three sentences, substantially as I give them, the spoon myth was exploded.

Although a perfect gentleman when he chose, there is no denying that General Butler knew how to be a most terrific blackguard. For years the spoon chronicle was thrown at the General publicly, though he always made a chopping-block of every one who did it. The last instance, I believe, was that of a man too prudent to talk, but who, without a word, threw down from a gallery on a stage where General Butler was speaking a large pewter spoon. The General grabbed it with a great show of avidity, jammed it into his pocket, and exclaimed: "There's one I didn't get!" This incident illustrated his whole attitude when accused of "stealing spoons." It was the attitude of utter contempt.

Whatever General Butler's faults may have been, I admired him for his unsurpassed courage and enormous ability. I was not surprised when his brain was found to weigh more than Daniel Webster's. His sympathies, too, were always with "the plain people." His last political effort was a prophecy of our new Democracy and the Chicago platform.

Gordon Clark.

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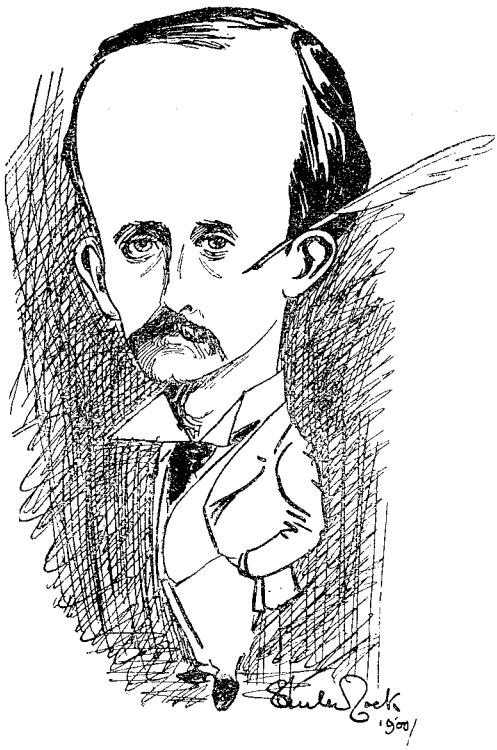
The latest additions to Marion Harland's series of *Literary Hearthstones* from the press of the Messrs. Putnam's Sons are volumes on John Knox and Hannah More. The infusion of the personal quality is the distinguishing charm of these biographies. The life of John Knox seems inevitably the history of a national revolution, yet the author has bravely held to her original idea, and a new light on the celebrated reformer is the result. The promise of this work gave hope of some rift in the obscurity attached to the youth and early manhood of Knox, but Mrs. Terhune confesses herself defeated, as have other biographers. The fine flavour which permeates the entire Hannah More narrative begins early, because there was much of interest to write of her childhood and youth. Hannah More's nurse lived in Dryden's family, and one of her playfellows at Bristol was young Tom Chatterton. Her earliest acquaintances in London were Reynolds, Johnson, Mrs. Montagu, the Garricks and their satellites. Her later associates were young Macaulay, Wilberforce, John Newton and Horace Walpole.



MR. BARRIE AS A POLITICAL POSSIBILITY.

Image Worship in Life and Fiction.

Another vindication of fiction in real life! This time it concerns no other than Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Some time ago Mr. Le Gallienne published a book called *The Worshipper of the Image.* The story was an offshoot of the old Pygmalion and Galatea myth. The hero procured a very beautiful image, which he immediately carried out into the woods and worshipped. Recently the daily newspapers told of a man in Cleveland who made a wooden image of the Venus of Milo. After finishing it he shut himself up in his room and worshipped it as did the hero of the novel. In Mr. Le Gallienne's book the worshipper's wife commits suicide in a beautiful pond, where the water is blue and the lilies are white. The spouse of the Cleveland man, however, proved herself more practical and less romantic. She promptly sued for divorce.

Literary Candidacies.

Literary England has been considerably stirred of late by the political aspirations of her men of letters. There is nothing new in finding British novelists bidding for popular favour in partisan fight, but somehow conditions have never before been just the same as they are to-day. The list of English literary statesmen and politicians is a long one. In the present century we may mention in passing the names of Macaulay, Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and of recent years John Morley and Justin McCarthy. Mr. Thackeray we know stood for Oxford, and, very fortunately for literature, met defeat. At the present election most attention seems to have been paid to the candidacy of Dr. Conan Doyle. He made a vigorous fight in Edinburgh, and his rejection was a great disappointment to literary England. There was considerable talk of J. M. Barrie's opposing him, but it appears that there was some dispute as to his candidature, and he did not "put up" for Parliament in consequence. However, he has by no means given up the idea of entering the House. There is said to have been no doubt that he would have won in Edinburgh. Gilbert Parker, who was a candidate at Gravesend, was elected. Unlike Dr. Conan Doyle, he made a very considerable use of his lit-

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erary friends, among whom was Pett Ridge, who spoke and canvassed for him.

Thackeray at Oxford.

The subject suggests an old story which is well worth frequent repetition. It concerns Thackeray when, on one of his lecture tours through England, he came to the borough which had so completely squelched his political aspirations. At Oxford it was necessary to obtain the license of the 'Varsity authorities before lecturing within the precincts to the undergraduates; and Thackeray, on his arrival in the city, applied for the necessary permission to the Vice-Chancellor, who, however, was no student of contemporary literature, and was utterly ignorant of both Thackeray and his writings. This is an account that has been handed down of the interview: "Pray, sir, what can I do for you?" "My name is Thackeray." "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within your precincts." "Ah! you are a lecturer; what subjects do you undertake, religious or political?" "Neither; I am a literary man." "Have you written anything?" "Yes; I am the author of *Vanity Fair*." "I presume a Dissenter—has that anything to do with John Bunyan's book?" "Not exactly. I have also written *Pendennis*." "Never heard of these works; but no doubt they are proper books." "I have also contributed to *Punch*." "*Punch!* I have heard of that; is it not a ribald publication?" The account ends abruptly here—probably at this point Thackeray showed symptoms of suffocation.

Beginning a Novel.

Two or three months ago we were stirred to write a few paragraphs on the subject of climax, and the manner in which some of the greater novelists have brought their books to an end very obviously suggests the hardly less significant question of how these books were begun. An American writer of fiction who has achieved considerable success, and who at least seems to have mastered the secret of starting the reader off entertainingly, recently made in the course of a personal conversation a rather amusing confession. The beginning of a romance, he said, had for many years been to him a source of endless worry. He had tried opening the first chapter of his book with the description of a summer sunset; but that, after a time, proved unsatisfactory. Then going to an extreme, he attempted the conversational beginning, which, as every one knows, runs something like this:

CHAPTER I.

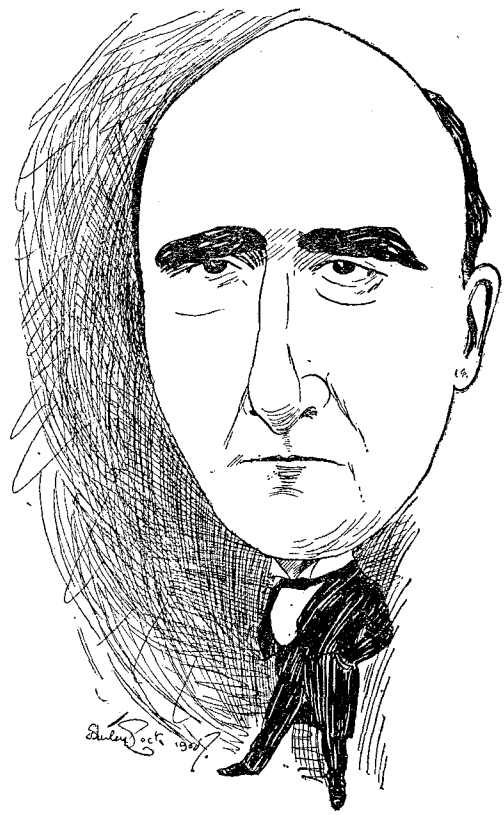
"Loved her? Why, the man was wild over it. Sheer stark crazy."

"So they said. And then—"

"Then the end came. The break. They were at Cairo—Shepherd's, you know. It was there that she met the Austrian attaché. Gellert cut home by way of Gibraltar."

"Yes, that was it," said Lantry, filling his glass and tossing off the liquor at a gulp, "*C'est toujours la même rengaine.*"

"Always," nodded Bane, watching the other curiously through half-closed eyes.



MR. PINERO AS A POLITICAL POSSIBILITY.

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Platitudes as a Premium.

Now, this sort of stuff, confessed the distinguished author in question, had a good many advantages and attractions. In the first place, it required no thought, and when a man had attained to a certain deftness and facility, it was an easy matter to reel it off by the furlong. Then, again, it serves to pique the reader's curiosity, and offers the most remarkable opportunities for conversational platitude, "which, say what you will, is the real secret of a certain kind of literary popularity. When one has learned liberally to bespatter the pages of one's story with such recondite and unhackneyed bits of philosophical quotation as *cherchez la femme* and *tempora mutantur* and *cela va sans dire* and *chacun à son gout* and *in vino veritas*—that, of course, is evidence of a real ripe old scholarship." There was a time when this conversational beginning was very striking and satisfactory. Had it been used economically, it might have been just as effective to-day. But the female novelist came. She saw. She conquered. We became accustomed to such gems as:

"Ma-ry!" a clear, young voice rang out upon the stillness of the morning air.

And so forth. Or,

"She is a queer girl, is Jess!"

❧

The Novelists of the Eighteenth Century.

Undoubtedly, there is a good deal of truth and common-sense in what the writer in question said, but the subject of beginning a book has, of course, a much more serious side. As in every other department in the making of a work of fiction, one may trace a very distinct scheme of evolution. The writers of the eighteenth century did not bother their heads very much thinking about the effect that an opening chapter, page or paragraph was going to have on the casual reader. They had stories to tell, there were fewer books, and if their stories were in any way worth while, they were pretty sure of winning a hearing. So they set about beginning at the very beginning, taking up each hero in his infancy, telling of his early virtues and shortcomings, his adventures and misadventures, and leading him gradually through many chapters to the heart of the story itself. This method was logical enough, and after one has spent too many hours with the fiction of the present day it is very refreshing to turn to one of the romances of Fielding or of Le Sage or of Smollett. *The History of Tom Jones* carries its hero from the time when, at the age of two weeks, he is discovered stowed away in the bed of Squire Alworthy until, married to Sophia, he is safely embarked on life's journey. A good deal of the first part of the book has nothing to do with the plot itself beyond illuminating the character of Tom Jones and the peculiarities of the people with whom he comes in contact. And yet the very opening chapter bewrays an art, a craftsmanship, which a great many modern writers would do well to study. Smollett's beginnings are more long winded and less effective, and yet no one would be ready to give them up. The method of the author of *Humphrey Clinker* was imitated with rare fidelity by Marryatt. No reader of the romances of G. P. R. James will ever forget the solitary horseman winding his way along a lonely road with which that writer usually began his narrative. If James's stories themselves were to be forgotten, this conventional beginning would always be remembered on account of Thackeray's burlesque *Richelieu* in *Punch's* Prize Novel Series.

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"Roderick Random" and "The Newcomes."

One might very easily write an entertaining magazine article on the manner in which Thackeray himself began his novels. In the second of his papers on "Plagiarism Real and Apparent," in the October BOOKMAN, Mr. Bunford Samuel pointed out the resemblance between the "overture" to *The Newcomes* and the "apologue" to Smollett's *Roderick Random*. One cannot but feel that in *The Newcomes* Thackeray is less fortunate in his manner of beginning than in any of his other books. Did he know just about what and whom he was going to write? Were the characters of the old Colonel, of Clive, of Barnes Newcome, of Ethel and Mrs. Mackenzie as yet clear in his mind? We think not. We believe that seldom has a great book been written with more uncertainty of purpose. It is obvious to even the most

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careless of readers that the final rôle played by Mrs. Mackenzie came to Thackeray in the course of the story—that it was a totally different woman that he knew until *The Newcomes* was well on its way to completion. The beginning of *Vanity Fair* is readable, but it gives little promise of the great chapters that are to come. Of the first few pages of *Philip* and *The Virginians,* one need only say that it requires a mental effort to recall them, which means that they are of no particular significance. Thackeray was at his best in the beginnings of *Henry Esmond* and of *Pendennis.* The pathetic little figure of Henry when his kinsmen come to Castlewood is one that is not easily forgotten, and Major Pendennis breakfasting at the club and receiving the letter which tells of his nephew's passion for The Fotheringay shows in a very short space all the sides of his curiously complex worldliness.

Balzac's *Père Goriot,* to which we referred in what we said on the subject of climax, is not less remarkable in its beginning. In the very first line we are told that Madame Vauquer, *née* De Conflans, was an old woman who for forty years had kept a family boarding-house in the Rue Neuve Sainte Geneviève, between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. Then in a very few pages Balzac goes on to tell of this house, of the neighbouring streets and structures, of its interior decoration, and of the people who inhabited it, painting it all in words so instinct with life and truth that the very place itself is conjured up before the eyes. It is, as Mr. Henry James has expressed it, probably the most wonderful bit of stage-setting in all fiction. Very different, but to be ranked quite as high as an example of craftsmanship, is the manner in which Balzac introduces us to *La Cousine Bette.* Crevel, the pompous *bourgeois,* goes to call on Adeline, the wife of Baron Hector Hulot. Not only is the conversation of hostess and guest a very vivid part of the story, but it serves to introduce in one way or another most of the main characters of the book, and to throw light upon two of the three households with which the novel has to do. As an example of pure literary cunning we can compare it only to the manner in which in the *Scènes de la Vie Bohême* Murger brings about the meeting of Rodolphe, Schaunard, Marcel and Colline—the immortal four who formed the *cênacle de la Bohême.*

The Setting of "Le Pere Goriot."

If you take up the three volumes which compose one of the elder Dumas's historical trilogies and do not know in what order the books should be read, you have only to turn to the very first paragraph of each to find the solution of the problem. With all his sparkle, invention, audacity and originality, Dumas usually began his romances in a manner that was stereotyped, and yet which never seemed to pall. His opening line generally ran something like "On Monday, the seventeenth of May, 1575, toward eleven o'clock of the forenoon, people who lived in the neighbourhood of the Place Royal were aroused by a great clamour and shouting," etc. The beginning of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is in itself a positive triumph. It is not merely the catastrophe which befalls the young Gascon at Meung; the book is not properly in full swing until D'Artagnan has reached Paris, visited the Hotel de Tréville, fought with the guards of the Cardinal and sworn eternal friendship with Athos, Porthos and Aramis. The opening chapters of the *Count of Monte Cristo* are not nearly so happy. But this may be due to the fact that in these chapters the hand of Maquet, the chief of Dumas's collaborators, may be readily detected. Not until Dantes meets the Abbé Faria in the dungeon of the Château d'If does the book become epic. Two books which, appearing almost contemporaneously with *Monte Cristo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* which were begun in a striking manner, are *Les Mystères de Paris* and *Le Juif Errant.*

Among the happiest chapters of Mr. Henry James's *A Little Tour in France* are those which treat of Tours and Touraine. The book is illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, to whose work we had occasion to refer in the July BOOKMAN in connection with some Chronicle about the scenes of Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bo-*

Balzac's Touraine.

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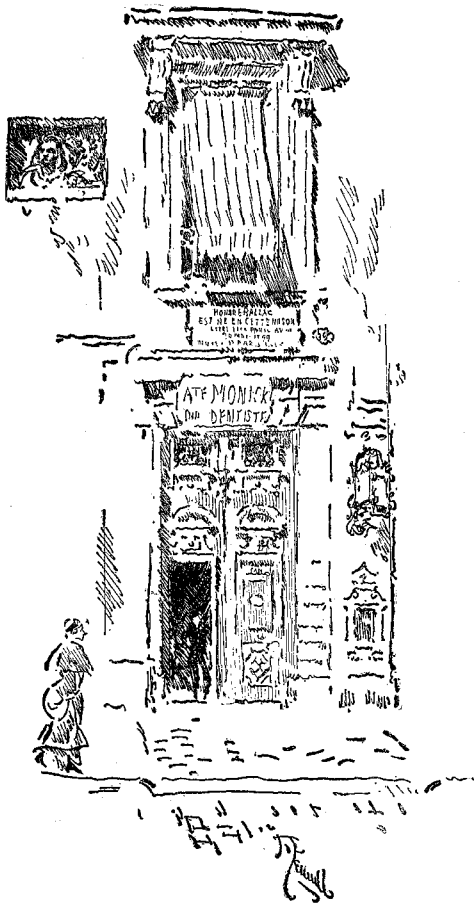
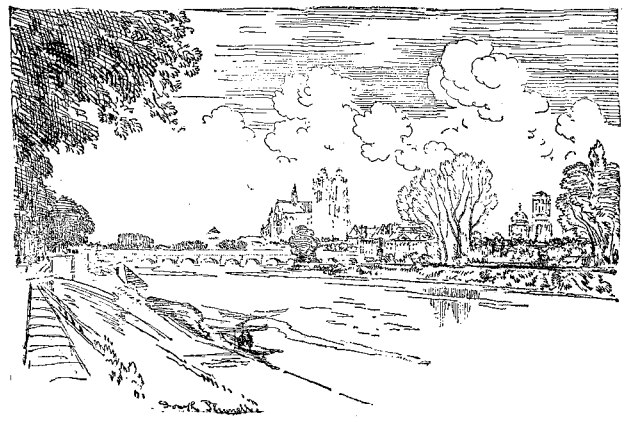


BALZAC'S BIRTHPLACE, TOURS.

vary. As Mr. James says in the first chapter of the present book, "Normandy is Normandy, Burgundy is Burgundy; Provence is Provence, but Touraine is essentially France. It is the land of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Balzac, of good books and good company, as well as good dinners and good houses." Balzac's France is so gigantic that it has as yet been treated only piecemeal. In *The Stones of Paris in Literature and Art,* published about a year ago, Dr. Martin gave us a chapter about the Paris of the author of the *Comédie Humaine,* which was very admirable in its accuracy and its sympathy, and yet which seemed little more than a few introductory pages to what might have been made a very important book. Of course, it was from Paris that Balzac drew the inspiration of most of his greater books. It was there that he found the Hulots, the Marneffes, the Crevels, the Goriots, the Birotteaus, the Nucingens, and the Popinots. It was from the bridges of Paris that at night he looked down upon the waters of the Seine and dreamed of its wonder and its mystery. It was the Paris pavement that he trod in search of strange names and quaint corners. But his world was by no means bounded by the Boulevards Extérieurs. Almost every quarter of France plays in some way or other a part in the scheme of the Human Comedy, and of course none of the provinces has been treated more lovingly or more graphically than his own Touraine.

The Tourangean Balzac.

The Tourangean Balzac was not the Balzac of *A Woman of Thirty,* the acute psychologist, the abstract thinker, the strenuous ascetic; but that other Balzac, just a little gross, just a little sensual, a lover of fat capons and of good wine. How full blooded this Balzac was! What a fund of animal spirits he had! In the *Contes Drôlatiques* you will find all the topsy-turvy humour of Rabelais and of Henry Fielding. In reading them one seems to see the author bubbling over with the joy of life. For was he not writing of his own Touraine—a province which Mr. James characterises as "smiling, a region of easy



THE LOIRE—LE LYS DANS LA VALLÉE AND LE CURÉ DE TOURS.

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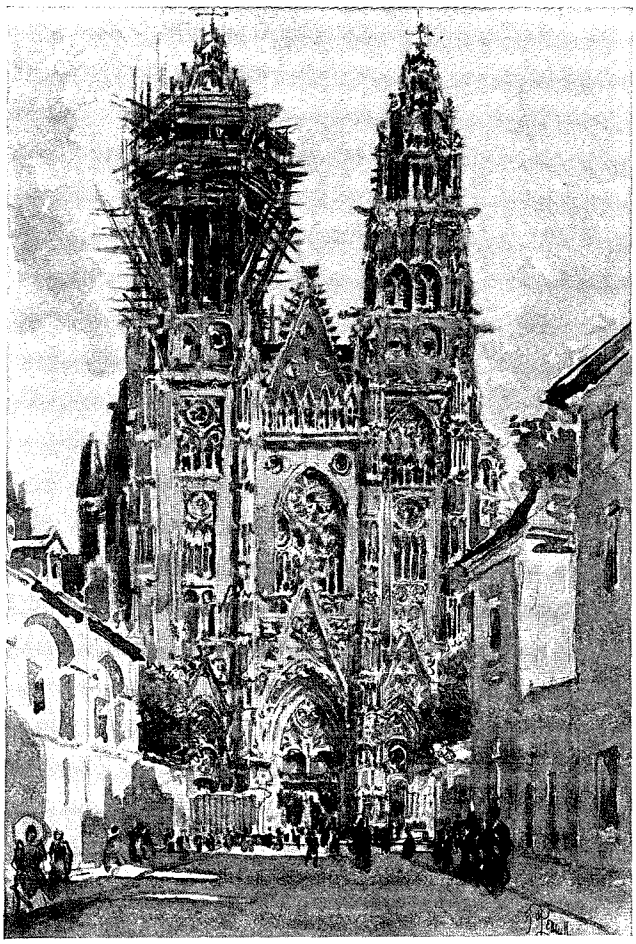
abundance, of good living, of genial, comfortable, optimistic, rather indolent opinions? A good-humoured and succulent Touraine." Very different, however, from the Touraine of the *Contes Drôlatiques* is the Touraine of Balzac's own early life and of the scenes of *The Lily of the Valley*, of the *Curé de Tours* and of *La Grenadière*.

Balzac's Birthplace.

It was at Number 39 Rue Royale that Honoré de Balzac first saw the light. Mr. James in writing about this house, of which the basement, like all the basements in the Rue Royale, is occupied by a shop, confesses himself shocked to find that the structure is one of a row—a house, moreover, which at the date of his birth must have been only about twenty years old. "All this is contradictory. If the tenement selected for this honour could not be ancient and embrowned, it should, at least, have been detached." The cathedral of Tours, which was begun in the year 1170, is intimately associated with Balzac's *Le Curé de Tours*, that unhappy little story of the sufferings of poor old Abbé Birotteau. Mademoiselle Gamard's house, where the two abbés lived, faces the cathedral. "You cannot," says Mr. James, "quite put your hand upon it today, for the dwelling of which you say to yourself that it must have been Mademoiselle Gamard's does not fulfil all the conditions mentioned in Balzac's description. The edifice in question, however, fulfils conditions enough; in particular, its little court offers hospitality to the big buttress of the church." At the end of



THE CATHEDRAL. "LE CURÉ DE TOURS."

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the Rue Royale there is a square, and a bridge over the Loire, leading to the Palais de Justice. The view of the opposite side of the river as you have it from the square is charmingly described in *La Grenadière*. The bridge was, in *Le Curé de Tours,* pronounced by Balzac "one of the finest monuments of French architecture." The little manor of Clochegourde, the residence of Madame de Mortsauf, the heroine of *Le Lys dans la Vallée,* was within a moderate walk of Tours, and the picture in the novel is presumably a copy from an original which it would be impossible to discover to-day.

The Horror Tales of Mr. Kipling.

A correspondent, commenting upon the remarks concerning the Horror Story in the November number of THE BOOKMAN, asks us why we ignored so many of the clever writers of the day, notably Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He suggests that "The Mark of the Beast" and "The Man Who Was" are about as frightful conceptions as have ever been put on paper. Further, he wishes to know why we so lightly passed over Poe and made no reference whatever to the bugaboo stories of Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Ambrose Bierce, Mr. W. C. Morrow and several others. In reply we wish simply to say that the subject was one of those inexhaustible themes which might be carried on indefinitely. We were obliged to stop somewhere, and so we stopped just where we did. Had we carried the matter through four or five more pages, there would still have been plenty left unsaid about which our readers could "call us down." As it is, we are pleased at the letter in question, because we are able to accept it as a sort of challenge and to take up the subject once more. Really, we are rather glad of the excuse.

An Idea and Three Authors.

There is one seed thought upon which three very different stories have been constructed. Briefly, it is that of a man entombing his enemy. The stories in question are Balzac's "La Grande Bretèche," Edgar Allan Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado," and Conan Doyle's "The New Catacomb." The last-named story was included in Dr. Doyle's recently published volume, *The Green Flag and Others.* Of the other two, Balzac's was probably the earlier, so that he of the three is free from the suspicion of plagiarism, providing the idea had not been used by some other before his time. In Balzac's story a wife, at her husband's unexpected return, hides her lover in a dark recess in the wall. Noticing her perturbation, the husband charges her with having some one concealed, and makes her swear to her denial on the crucifix. Then, slowly and laboriously, he begins the task of walling up the recess, meeting all her entreaties with a stern "You swore on the cross that there was no one there." In Poe's story there is lacking the element of sex. A man tempts his enemy into an unexplored catacomb, of which the air is filled with the germs of disease, through telling him of a rare old cask of Amontillado. Then at the proper opportunity he snaps the lock that chains his foe to the wall and begins his work with a shout of derisive laughter. Dr. Doyle's story combines, in a certain way, the elements of the other two. There is a woman at the bottom of it, as in "La Grande Bretèche," and a catacomb, as in "The Cask of Amontillado." Two young archæologists, a German and an Englishman, are living together in Rome. The Englishman has run away with and deserted the woman to whom his friend had been engaged. The latter tells of a wonderful new catacomb which he has discovered, and the two start out to explore it with the aid of a lantern and several miles of silk thread. The German holding the thread in his own hand, conducts the Englishman to a great hollow chamber in a remote part, and then, blowing out the light, he leaves him there, finding his own way back by means of the thread. While the central thought is practically the same in all of the stories, the suggestion of plagiarism would be rather absurd, simply because the idea is one which is common to all men of imagination. Providing that none wrote of it before Balzac, his story by no means pre-empted the idea.

The Gruesome in Conan Doyle.

While Dr. Doyle has written no horror story that seems to have a chance for long life, he has, nevertheless, given us a great number that have served admirably to amuse for the time

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being. At the very head of these we should place "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," which in its way is, nevertheless, about as poorly constructed a story as ever came from the pen of a practised writer. While it is one of the tales that have Sherlock Holmes as their central figure, there is very little of the great detective's personality, and very little of the science of deduction—the story holds the reader spellbound through sheer horror. Very few of the Sherlock Holmes adventures are horror stories. The most of them appeal to the reader through his curiosity, his appreciation of the *bizarre* and the unconventional—they do not play upon his sense of the fearful. Some of the most gruesome of Dr. Doyle's short stories are to be found included in the volume *Round the Red Lamp*. One of these tales, of which we cannot just now recall the title, Dr. Doyle, as was pointed out some time ago in an article in THE BOOKMAN, very curiously imitated in a later story.

"The Man Who Would Be King" and Others.

From Conan Doyle it is a good long step upward to Ambrose Bierce, and then, again, another step to the best of Rudyard Kipling. Our correspondent referred to "The Mark of the Beast" and "The Man Who Was." Both of these, however, we should rank as tales of horror considerably below "The Man Who Would Be King." The figure of Carnahan, misshapen and mad, bearing the marks of his crucifixion, slinking back to civilisation, carrying in a bag the shrivelled-up head of Dravot, is one never to be forgotten. Fearful as are the sufferings of the man who has wandered back from Siberia, where he had been sent at the time of the War of the Crimea for insulting a Russian colonel, the story itself takes place in a mess-room so brilliantly lighted and so abounding with music and good-cheer that a good deal of the horror of the thing is lost; and what we remember, first of all, in thinking of "The Man Who Was" is the unintentionally facetious speech of the Russian guest, which is concluded with an imperative request to "get away, you old peoples!" The humour is so droll that it sticks in the mind long after everything else is forgotten. "The Mark of the Beast" is undoubtedly a horror story of the first order; but in what does it rise above "The Recrudescence of Imray," or "At the End of the Passage," or several more of Kipling's earlier tales?

"Men at Marlowe's."

Mrs. Dudeney's latest book, called *Men at Marlowe's,* deserves a careful reading from those who have admired her much more serious books, *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* and *Folly Corner.* It seems almost, indeed, as though the story which the first-named book contained had been written before she came to the composition of her novels. They are, or at least they appear to be, experimental

MRS. DUDENEY AT LITTLEWICK MEADOW.

sketches whose preparation gave to her the technical skill which she displays most surely and effectively in *Folly Corner.* We shall review her latest book in our January number, and in the meantime we present our readers with an interesting little snap-shot lately taken, which shows this admirable writer in her character of châtelaine, surrounded by her poultry and delightfully unconscious of the camera's proximity.

The Hall of Fame.

Much attention has been given to the first batch of names selected for epigraphic commemoration in the Hall of Fame to be erected by the New York University. The preparation of such a list embodies as its greatest difficulty not so much the task of determining who ought to be included in it, as the far more complicated task of determining who ought to be

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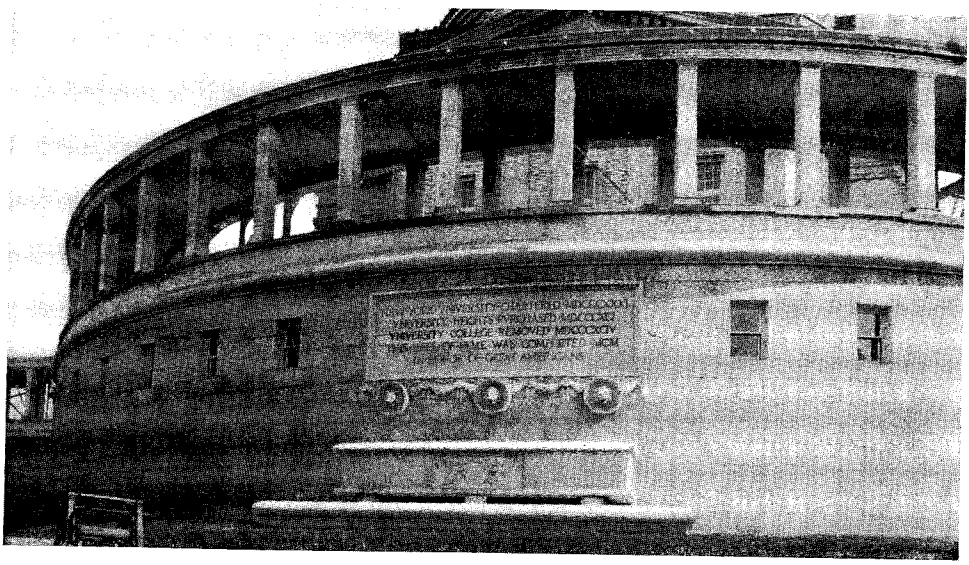
THE HALL OF FAME, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

kept out. The list as it has been announced seems to us, on the whole, to be a very good one and to have been made with fairness, judgment and enlightened discrimination. If there were nothing else to prove this, the rank assigned to Daniel Webster would be ample evidence. We confess to an agreeable feeling of surprise at finding this name standing next after the names of Washington and Lincoln upon the list. This prominence has, to be sure, been criticised by certain newspapers, but in a way that shows an utter lack of true historic insight. One writer said, for instance, that it was absurd to place before the names of men of action the name of one whose greatness lay only in the fact that he had clearly interpreted the ideas of others. The person who wrote this evidently had in mind the traditional title given to Webster as being the "Expounder of the



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HALL OF FAME.

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Constitution." But any one who has studied the events of our national history with a clear perception of their inner meanings well knows that Webster was much more than this. Not merely did he interpret the Constitution upon the broad lines of reason and of fundamental unity, but by his thrilling eloquence he inspired in the hearts of the American people a consciousness of nationality which grew stronger and stronger with the lapse of time, until at last it baffled all attempts to maim and to dismember the great Republic of the West. He stirred the nation's pride, and he held before it steadily the sublime ideal of liberty and union, inseparable and invincible. One could argue quite convincingly indeed for placing his name second to that of Washington alone; for without the sentiment which Webster had inspired in his countrymen—a sentiment that made both blood and treasure seem of small account—the work of Lincoln would have been in vain. Moreover, Webster was one of the few great men whom our country has produced who can be set beside those great men of other lands whose fame is for all time; since as an orator he outshone in the splendour of his eloquence all other moderns, so that his name can now be fitly matched with that of Desmosthenes alone.

Looking at the other names upon the list, we might permit ourselves some individual criticism if it were worth the while. The insertion of the name of Asa Gray seems to us to be somewhat difficult to defend. Asa Gray, no doubt, is the best known of American botanists; yet he was not great enough in what he did to have his name inscribed within a Hall of Fame. His selection is defensible only if we take the ground that *some* American botanist had to be included; yet we think it would have been far wiser to have left him out, and to have waited patiently until our country should produce a botanist worthy to be ranked beside Linnæus. It is no discredit to us as a people not to have as yet names of the very highest rank in every department of knowledge and of effort; and where we do not have one, it would be the part of honesty and frankness to admit the fact. Likewise, we hardly see just what the worthy Elias Howe is doing in *cette galère*. To be sure, he invented a machine that has been a potent instrument for the universal spread of serious ovarian troubles, but that is no strong reason for giving him a spurious immortality. In literature we must join in a very generally expressed regret that place could not have been made for the name of Edgar Allan Poe. This brilliant genius—the most original of any whom our country has as yet produced—shed a real lustre over the records of our literature at a time when they contained little save the chronicles of mediocrity; and his fame has grown still brighter with successive years, so that in other countries he is looked upon as having already entered into a far greater Pantheon than any university can give him. It has been suggested that he was excluded because of his well-known habits of intemperance; but we should not like to think that smugness and Philistinism had won a triumph such as this; and, for that matter, there are not a few of those whose names were finally selected, the records of whose private life could not pass safely through so little pertinent a test.

LIFE'S COLOURS.

There's many a hue and some I knew, in the skeins of a weaver old;
Ah! there are the white of the lily hand, the glow of the silky gold,
And the crimson missed in the lips I kissed and the blue of the maiden's eye,
Just look at the strands in the web of life and see—the weaver's dye!

Irving Bacheller.

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J. M. BARRIE

The author of *Tommy and Grizel* and of the latest—would it were the last!—attempt to present on the stage the conflict between the rival rights of two women to one man, between possession in love and possession in law, belongs to a Scotch stock and to a type of intellect that regard material prosperity as a thing not to be mentioned in the same breath with moral success. It would savour as distinctly of vulgarity to judge the character or career of the biographer of Margaret Ogilvie and the creator of Hendry, Jess, and Leeby McQuhumpha by the number of thousands that represents the sale of his books or the number of other thousands that represents the amount of his theatrical royalties, as it would have been to measure Carlyle's influence as a prophet by the list of the dinner invitations which he declined. And yet the facts that exhibit the remarkable rise of a reputation cannot be ignored—were they not written in all the biographical dictionaries before Mr. Hammerton published his book?—that Mr. Barrie was born in his own Thrums over forty years ago, that he was educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, that he tried journalism in Nottingham and in London long enough to enjoy the fun without being oppressed by the dreariness of daily producing the largest number of words in the smallest number of minutes upon nothing in particular, and that in 1888 the world, including "the town," woke up to read *Auld Licht Idylls,* and find that in its author Scotland had secured both its Richardson and its Dickens—happily rolled into one. It is only twelve years since then, and already we have three Barries. There is the Barrie who has by his *Window in Thrums* and *The Little Minister* completed the work of *Auld Licht Idylls,* given to his "Thoreaus 'ben the hoose'" their proper and final places in the gallery of moral dignity, and has even in his own undemonstrative Scottish way done what Johnson claimed for Richardson—"enlarged the knowledge of human nature and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." There is the Barrie who, droll as Mr. W. W. Jacobs or the kitten that upsets the Auld Licht minister's ink-bottle on his sermon, has become one of the most successful writers of healthy light comedy—although the Babbie of the stage would have been far better, in my opinion, without her French maid, who spoils the purity of the atmosphere in *The Little Minister* with a quite unnecessary *Pink Dominoes* patchouli. And finally there is the third Barrie, who, as dramatist and novelist, has, like Mr. Pinero, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith before him, plunged into a sea of "problems," thinking possibly by opposing to end them. Some of us, as we watch his performance from the shore with wistful anxiety, may wish he had never taken the plunge. But even this third Barrie is young, and like every writer who, being endowed with force of character, seeks through literature to apply ideas to life, must complete the Wilhelm Meister's Pilgrimage of fiction, must face the eternal—and apparently infernal—feminine, even though the end be the pitiful hanging of poor Tommy Sandys and "Served him right!"

Besides, I have faith in a fourth Barrie—Mr. Barrie's own Barrie—in whose hands the other three, even the third, so bent on "seeing life," are but puppets, in his shrewd "faur North" common sense, and in that emphatically saving sense of humour which takes the form of reticence. I believe that if he has gone beyond his depth in entering into competition with the author of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*—for that is the meaning of *Tommy and Grizel*—he will beat a wise retreat, and say nothing about it. For considerable as many of Mr. Barrie's achievements are, the most considerable of all is his success in concealing himself from critical dissection, without even an American globe-trotter resenting the fact. Mr. Noble Simms might be willing to write an article on his mother's coffin, but even if he did ascertain that Mr. Barrie occasionally took sausages to breakfast, and was guilty of the appalling crime of not taking golf—especially the art of putting—with sufficient seriousness, he would not "make copy" out of his knowledge. Than this there could not in these days be a greater mark of that respect which borders on love. But it would be an impertinence to refer to

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this reticence if it were merely a feature in Mr. Barrie's character. It is, however, the keynote to his work, and the secret of his triumph. Without it he might still have been the Scottish Dickens—on the comic, Pickwickian and fat boy side, at all events—but he could never have been the Scottish Richardson. Had he been endowed with the eruptiveness of John Wilson, he might have "roared" over "The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell" or "A Home for Geniuses" before setting the London clubs in a roar, and the public production would have been none the worse for the private rehearsal. But if he had not been a silent, self-contained, and therefore close observer of all that he saw in his childhood and boyhood, he would not have been able, when his career of literary activity began, to secure for his characters the distinction of immortality. Nor would his readers have been able to say as truly of the heart of Hendry McQuhumpha or of Margaret Ogilvie, "That heart is Scotland," as Pamela was able to say of the "credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief" of an organ, obedience to whose impulses brought her misery and social promotion, "All the time that heart was Pamela." Yet this reticence, or what theatrical critics used to style "reserve force," which is the keynote of Mr. Barrie's work, if not of his career, and enables him to represent humour as a worthy companion and even helpmeet to high seriousness, is evidently quite compatible with a very genuine regard for the very opposite both in life and in literature. The effusive, the egotistic, the theatrical, the sentimental—whatever savours of Rousseauism, though hardly perhaps of Byronism—have always had a fascination for him. Of all his contemporaries he loved Stevenson most. Stevenson is his "king;" Stevenson alone has tempted him to make a speech in public, even with his hands in his pockets. And yet his love of Stevenson is the love of Jonathan for David, of John for Peter. For with the possible exception of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Barrie is the most impersonal—or rather third-personal—of present-day artists in fiction; in "Margaret Ogilvie" alone does the fourth and "essential" Barrie appear for a moment before the curtain, and only then at the supreme command of maternal love. Stevenson, on the other hand, was saved by his courage, by his passion for *camaraderie*, by his Goethean capacity for extracting pure pleasure from the achievement of another, by that half unconscious, wholly artistic conscience-worship which never allowed him to write mere pot-boilers, from being Scott's "wretch concentred all in self." As things are, he was the most Byronic of all the late Victorian sons of letters; his life was one long autobiography, perhaps because it was one long illness. So in his stories Mr. Barrie shows a strange and increasing love for men and women who find their delight, and even their mission—such as that is—in making (and reciting) not history, but autobiography. One of the best characters in *Tommy and Grizel* is "the colossal Pym;" he will take his place in the press gallery of fiction—rather a sorry lot when all is said—beside Thackeray's Archer and Shandon, Dickens's Pott and Slurk, and Mr. Meredith's Timothy Turbot. But the true charm of the "colossal Pym" is his colossal egotism. And Thomas Sandys himself (one thinks of him with difficulty as "Tommie") would not command our interest, and would not have commanded the services of Mr. Barrie as portraitist, had he not been the opposite of what is best and most characteristic in Thrums. We are all crowding too near the portrait of Sandys at the present moment to judge it fairly; and to me in the present connection he is notable simply as marking a stage in the evolution of Mr. Barrie. I see in him a great deal of Kingsley's luckless and detestable Elsley Vavasour, not a little of Mr. Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne and Richard Feverel, even—and as a matter of course—a suggestion of Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison. ("He called me *his* Emily," sighs Sir Charles's ward, "but all the world is his Emily, I think." And except in one chapter where remorse changes and almost revolutionises Sandys, is not all the world of womankind "his Emily"?) But I see in Sandys above all things an intensely self-conscious creature of impulse and vanity, a degraded and corrupted Stevenson, a man who might have been the Pilgrim

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J. M. BARRIE.

of Love, but was only capable of being the Tramp of Sentimentality, and died miserably that Tramp's death.

Cautious predictions are best in days when even the most popular problem plays have their three hundred and

A GENERAL VIEW OF THRUMS FROM THE CEMETERY, KIRRIEMUIR.

[*Valentine and Sons, Dundee.*

"Thrums is the name I give here to the handful of houses jumbled together in a cup, which is the town nearest the schoolhouse. Until twenty years ago its every other room, earthen-floored and showing the rafters overhead, had a handloom, and hundreds of weavers lived and died Thoreaus 'ben the hoose' without knowing it. In those days the cup overflowed and left several houses on the top of the hill, where their cold skeletons still stand."—*Auld Licht Idylls.*

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thirty nights and cease to be. It would be useless to attempt to forecast Mr. Barrie's future. More than most he can keep the secret of his ambition, of his "message," of whatever may inspire his *magnum opus,* to himself. It is safe to say, however, that under ordinary circumstances—"if he's spared," as would be said by the people of Thrums always reverently uncovered before the mystery of destiny—the next decade will be the most important in Mr. Barrie's literary development, and may be the most fruitful. It ought to decide his future as a British novelist and dramatist. At present it may be rash even to hint what position he will ultimately be assigned in the literary prize list; and notwithstanding the success of *Walker, London,* and *The Little Minister,* we have no means of judging whether the stage is to Mr. Barrie a serious business or but a profitable diversion. But *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel* must be taken apart from as well as along with *Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums, When a Man's Single* and *The Little Minister.* Mr. Barrie still stands by Thrums; Grizel, in spite of the "painted lady," is as distinctly Thrumsish as Jess or Leeby or Nannie Webster—Nannie of the story rather than of the play. But apparently Thrums is to be now the Torres Vedras from which he is to sally forth at intervals to complete his conquest of the peninsula of human tragedy and happiness. As things are, I am inclined to give him the third place among living British novelists. He does not possess—at least, he has not disclosed—the Shakespearian variety of Mr. Meredith which almost atones for lack of Shakespearian simplicity. Nor has he such a conception as has Mr. Hardy of the Euripidean tragedy of human life. But then he is incomparably droller than either; he has more drollery than any novelist since Dickens; and the power of forcing you to laugh unexpectedly is the privilege of genius. Mr. Barrie's drolleries are of that supreme kind, too, that when you have been caught by one and lifted off your feet, you are surprised you had not thought of it yourself. Take, for example, "The Auld Licht minister was but a pocket edition of a man, who grew two inches after he was called; but he was so full of the cure of souls, that he usually scudded to it with his coat-tails quarrelling behind him," or "Peter was an every-day man at ordinary times and was even said, when his wife, who had been long ill, died, to have clapped his hands and exclaimed, 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' adding only as an afterthought, 'The Lord's will be done!'" The "ideas" in both of these sentences are of the kind which an ordinary level-headed novelist, having a fair acquaintance with Scottish life, could—in the photographic sense—have "developed." But he would have taken paragraphs, if not chapters, to the "development." Mr. Barrie does his work in a sentence, which has at least the appearance of spontaneity, of animal spirits kept well under control. As a consequence the reading of none of his books—although, by the way, there are pages in *Tommy and Grizel* which I have been compelled to skip—leads to what that occasionally very wise critic Ouida terms "the long and grave fatigue, the disgust which follows the painful and capricious artifices of style." Mr. Barrie is incapable of the smartnesses—and something more—which come easy to some of his contemporaries, such as John Oliver Hobbes, Miss Cholmondeley and Miss Fowler. He could not, like John Oliver Hobbes, for example, sum up Flaubert by saying he "has the morals of a sick devil and the philosophy of a retired dancing master." Indeed, if Mr. Meredith is right, and Congreve be the supreme standard of wit and comedy, there is a height of edification through entertainment to which Mr. Barrie has not attained and to which he never can attain. It is possible, too, that ten years hence, with their record of achievement or of failure, or of both, the third place among British novelists will have to be given not to Mr. Barrie, but to John Oliver Hobbes or to Mrs. Humphry Ward—the Mrs. Ward, I mean, who in the first part of *Robert Elsmere* reached the level of George Eliot. "The main question as to a novel," says Sydney Smith, whose short views are as long as those of average readers of circulating library literature, "is, did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? Did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress, and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces

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these effects, it is good; if it does not, story, language, love, scandal itself cannot save it. It is only meant to please, and it must do that, or it does nothing." Mr. Barrie does a great deal more than amuse us; if he had only been a *restaurateur*—in the sense applied by Scott to Carlyle—he would not have occupied the place that he now holds in the hearts as well as the heads of his countrymen. But of all living British writers of fiction he is the most amusing; and the amusement he provides being based on drollery, and having in it absolutely no alloy of vulgarity, exercises the brain without exhausting it, and makes no demand whatever upon self-respect.

What will be Mr. Barrie's place among the classics of Scottish fiction? That he will have a place is beyond doubt. To my thinking, *A Window in Thrums* is more assured of immortality than Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston,* or Mrs. Oliphant's *Kirsteen,* or Black's *Daughter of Heth;* nay, it is as assured of immortality as Scott's *Antiquary* or Galt's *Entail.* For it is a chapter in the history of Scotland; in some two hundred pages it gives an absolutely faithful representation of "Secederism," in the Carlylean sense of religious earnestness, bursting the bonds of denominationalism, transcending poverty, contemplating the last struggle with the Last Enemy in the spirit of Seneca, "Death belongs to the class of things which indeed are not an evil, but still have the appearance of being an evil." Thrums is but a "handful of houses jumbled in a cup," but it is also a community composed of men, for each of whom, in virtue of his Auld Licht Kirk, "the vague, shoreless universe has become a firm city and dwelling which he knows." And Mr. Barrie has accomplished his task both as the historian and the photographer of Thrums, in the right spirit and with a due appreciation of moral perspective. Some other artists of the so-called "Kailyard" school—Ian Maclaren particularly—have a more intimate knowledge of the lights and shades, the humour and the pathos, of Scottish "Kirkiness." Mrs. Oliphant, too—the *Chronicles of Carlingford* are sufficient to prove that—could have produced a story of Scottish religious life which would have had the finality of *Middlemarch* had she taken the necessary time and, like Mr. Barrie, acquired the journalist's art of discovering salient points, if not of separating the eternal from the evanescent. But Mr. Barrie, in virtue of his instinct for drollery, has brought to his task of reproducing Thrums the necessary sense of detachment. His *Secederism,* like the Solemn League and Covenant itself, "now brings a smile, now brings a tear." But the smile is never what hurried evening-journalists call "cynical." You laugh at Gavin Dishart getting a call because of his capacity for banging the pulpit Bible, but you have a high respect both for him and for the men who gave him a call—and that, too, although you may think Auld Lichtism to have been a "martyrdom by mistake." In virtue of what he has already done as a Scottish realist—and altogether apart from what he may do or fail in doing—I should be inclined to bracket Mr. Barrie with Galt (Galt at his best, as in *The Entail,* the Scottish Balzac), as second to Scott among Scottish novelists, Stevenson being fourth and Mrs. Oliphant fifth.

But it is almost impossible—at least for a Scotsman—to dissociate gratitude to Mr. Barrie from criticism. I have said that he is the Scottish Richardson. And yet he has not, as Scott said of the original Richardson, "surveyed every bay and creek of the human heart." On the contrary, there seems no staying power, literal or literary, in his pretty girls, his Mary Abingers and the like. They are good enough for *Walker, London,* for living in dolls' houses and houseboats; but they appear unequal to a moral crisis, or even to facing the *res angusta domi.* Mr. Barrie is our Scottish Richardson, our supreme sentimentalist, in virtue of his unrivalled success in reproducing the emphatically national intensity of family love. He attains his perfection, some say, in *Margaret Ogilvie.* It may be so, but I have my doubts. I think of Noble Simms; I think of Arnold's "intolerable pathos." But I return—as I return again and again to the post-office scene and the vanquishing of Dousterswivel by Edie Ochiltree in *The Antiquary*—to the story of a glove, to Jess's diphtheritic throat, to the tragedy of the son from London. Not only Scotland but this generation ought to be grateful to Mr.

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Barrie for having set forth in all their dignity, and without approach to "snivel and drivel," the divinity and discipline of maternal love. And I am confident that he will be well advised by his friends or his better genius if in another story—let it be his next!—he reproduces once more this divinity and discipline in Grizel happily married, and thinking of Thomas Sandys only as Adam Bede, married to Dinah Morris, thought of Hetty Sorrel.

William Wallace.

J. M. BARRIE'S COUNTRY

A grey day in Edinburgh, clouds hang low over the castle, and the Waverley Station is shrouded in murky darkness, through which the lights gleam despondently, and passengers hurrying to and fro disappear through the fog as though a curtain had been dropped behind them. The train pulls out slowly past a labyrinth of signals and cross-tracks, then dives into a tunnel and out again, gathering speed as it leaves the city until the great Forth Bridge is reached. More shrill whistles and grinding of brakes, then the structure is crossed, the mist rising from the water partially hides the outlines of an old frigate anchored in the stream. A rocky country follows, the train whirls through more tunnels and cuts and past irregular masses of hillside, grey in the mist and covered with heather.

At Perth, if one is bound for Kirriemuir, a minute is allowed to change cars, then off again to the North through a beautiful agricultural country, with great reaches of soft green meadow on either side, dotted with black Polled-Angus cattle and flocks of sheep. Now and again the train flies past a village with its grey stone cottages nestling beneath the trees; off in the distance lie fields of ripening grain, with purple hills beyond. Another change, this time at Forfar, and a branch line runs down the valley until, after a final turn, the chimneys and spires of Kirriemuir come to view beyond the hill.

As "Thrums" Mr. Barrie has made this little town famous the world over; he has woven about it such an atmosphere of romance and filled its narrow streets with so many interesting char-

The Window in Thrums

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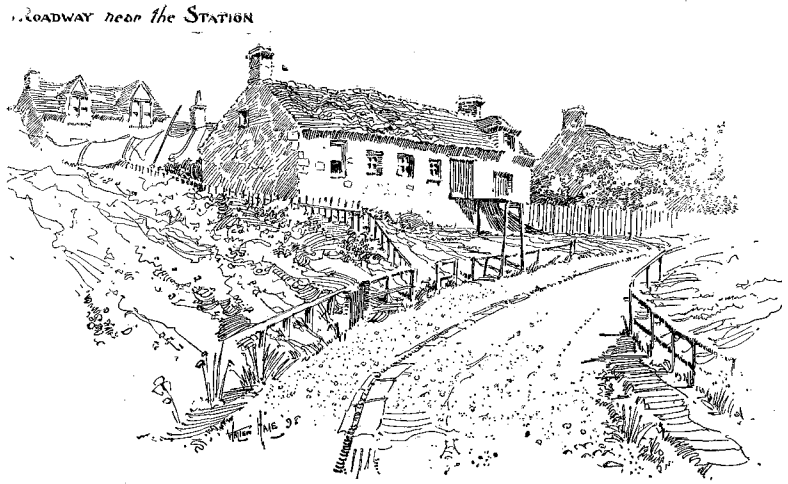
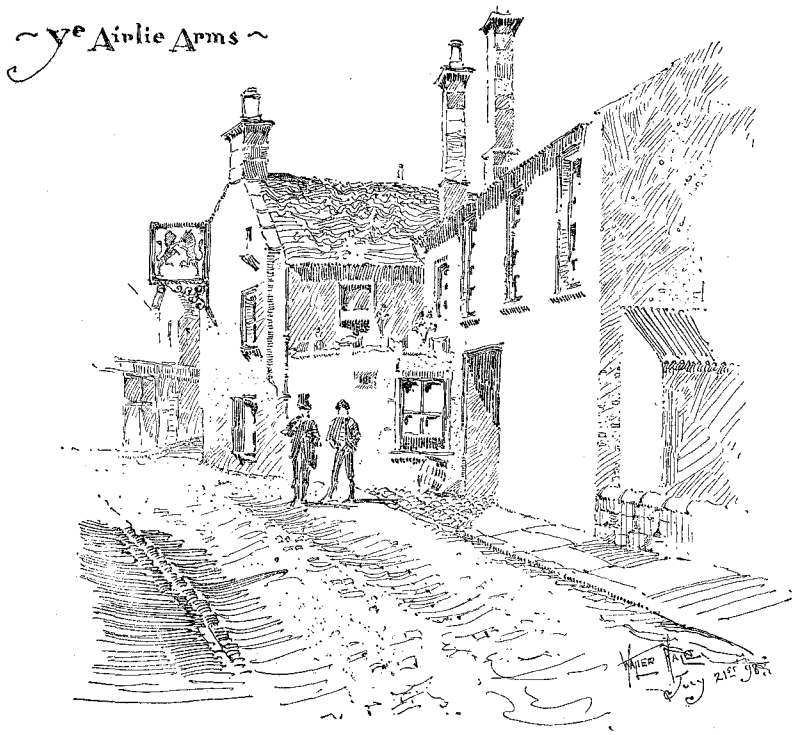


acters that in the cold light of a grey drizzly morning it is only natural that the first impression proves rather disappointing. The Auld Licht Kirk, with its memories of *The Little Minister,* has gone, and a new modern church, with shops in front, takes its place; gone, too, is the Tillyloss of "Tam Haggart" and the weavers. It is now called Newton Bank, and as the present writer wandered up from the station the noise of hammers and general bustle on the new buildings on either hand made him feel that he had been dropped in some booming Western city. The little inn, the Ogilvy Arms, quickly dispelled this illusion; the building, to be sure, looks new with the newness of fresh paint, but old pictures hang on the walls, the cosey little dining-room was bedecked with wild



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The AULD LICHT *Manse.*

flowers, and a huge jardinière filled with roses stood on the centre of the table. A pretty maid bustled about, while from the alley below an energetic organ-grinder alternated "Killarney" with the "Washington Post," the latter out of compliment, perhaps, to the American guests of the establishment.

The little pink-covered *Guide to Kirriemuir,* to be secured for a few pence at any of the shops, naïvely says that one need not expect to "discover a Leeby, a Jess or a Snecky Hobart in every person they meet." All of which is quite true. But while changes have come and many of the old landmarks have disappeared, the same rich dialect exists that Mr. Barrie handles so perfectly, and with

Where BABBIE *met the* SOLDIERS

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some of the people it requires no stretch of the imagination to feel that one is walking again in the Old-World village that has given so much to literature. Thrums has become quite a celebrated resort and gained a fame of which many of its citizens are justly proud. They have taken on a new importance, are on exhibition, so to speak, for they are the descendants of the weavers whose sayings and doings in bygone years now attract so many pilgrims to the town.

~The Cuttle Well~

I was studying the old house that stands squarely in the centre of Bank Street when a voice was heard over my shoulder, a husky voice, made more indistinct in its struggle to get through a heavy red beard.

"Ave ye red ma booke?" he said.

"I am sorry, no."

"Ah, man, it's juist what ye want. It's ca'd *Thirty Year Syne in Thrums,* and it's the booke 'at Barrie got all his stories frae!" Then, again, while sketching the Airlie Arms—the second inn in importance, although it is the most picturesque hostelry in the town—I enjoyed the following talk with a local rustic, who had evidently been spending the best part of the day in the tap-room.

"Ho!" said he, posing in front of the doorway. "Sketch me, I'm the ouldest inhabitant! Are ye frae Edinbory?" as he came across the cobbles. "Na? Frae Glesca, then?"

"I'm an American."

"Ah, weel, mebbe ye ken ma cousin Jamie Wilkie? He startit twa year syne for the mills at Providence." Then, rubbing his hand across his mouth, he remarked casually: "I'm thinkin' mebbe ye're dry. It's awfu' waurm workin i' the sun." So I was compelled to go inside and meet the landlord, the barmaid and a number of his cronies in the smoke-bedimmed tap-room. As I left he called after me:

"When ye're drawin' wheer Babbie met the sojers, dinna forget to sketch ma hoose, the third on the richt."

In the book, on the night of the great riot Babbie met the soldiers in the School Wynd, now called Reform Street, a rambling thoroughfare, the widest and rather the straightest in the village. In the stage version of *The Little Minister* the exigencies of the situation demand that the scene take place in the wood, where it is quite as dramatic and so beautiful that one can easily forget the inaccuracy. A travelling company recently produced the play in Kirriemuir, and a Glasgow newspaper man interviewed an Auld Licht elder regarding his views on the drama; some of them are rather interesting.

"The elders are caricatures," he remarked, "and can dae na guid. Jokey buddies, I admit, and fell smart wi' their tongues, but no becomin' as releegious offeeshiels."

"And what do you think of the piece as a whole?"

"Oh, veera guid, but the releegious aspecks—weel, ye've heard ma views. Fouk tell me Mr. Barrie's done a lot for

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Thrums, but in view o' this thing, man, a'm dootin' it, a'm dootin' it. In ane o' his books he makes Auld Licht elders sweer; a'm thinkin' if the real Auld Licht elders cud rise frae theer graves an' see *The Little Meenister* that wad mak' them sweer! Na, na!"

There's not much in the way of imposing architecture in the town, the streets are narrow and crooked, and when a hay-cart sweeps through them, one must seek shelter in the nearest doorway. The houses are low and lack much of that picturesque quality one expects to find in the older Scotch villages. They are built for the most part of red stone that gives a ruddy, warm glow to the winding lanes and streets, for "Thrums is red in daylight."

At the top of a hill, where the road turns off to the south, stands a one-story house, its whitewashed walls cracked in places and discoloured with blotches of yellow and brown. A garden, protected by broken palings and a low wall of rough stone and earth, lies in front, and the old-fashioned flowers that grow therein partially hide the doorway and the windows on either side. Trees in the distance form a background, and a column of blue smoke crawls through the chimney pot to be lost in the grey sky overhead. The small window at the side commands a view of the roadway, winding down over a small bridge and on into the heart of the village. The house is known now simply as the "Window in Thrums," for it was from this vantage-point that Leeby saw Robbie Tosh, in his blacks, wheeling Davit Lunan's barrow down the brae, and up this same hill toiled the dulseman, to sell his wares to Hendry when he reached the top. And by the window from time to time passed all the life of the village—Lawyer Ogilvy's servant lassie on her way to T'nowhead Farm for the milk, Tibbie Mealmaker, who married the Tilliedrum billsticker, and at regular intervals, the post with a "registerdy" letter from Jamie in far-away London. And if you don't believe all this and more, you must read the book to know that only a short distance away stood the pigsty where Tammas Haggart unfolded his plan for a "Home for Geniuses," and on dark nights when the wind howled about the house Jess's window was a beacon to belated travellers.

Early in the century, when a split came in the church, and the Auld Licht minister called the loyal part of his congregation out and preached to them on the common, they still kept possession of the "white house among the trees." If you follow the highway that leads out of the square to the north and then turn into a lane, you will find rising above a protecting wall and half hidden by the foliage the roof and chimney of the Auld Licht Manse. Follow the lane on to the end, turn to the right, and an old wooden gate appears set deep into the wall. Inside, a gravel walk bordered by flower-

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beds winds up to the house, a solemn-looking white building with long cracks in the plaster, where the brick and stone show through. Other walks lead down through the garden, where roses and hollyhocks form dots of bright colour in the sunshine. A high wall completely surrounds the house and garden, muffling the noise of rumbling carts on the highway and the chatter of children playing in the lane. The wall is partially hidden in places by clambering dark green ivy,

In Kirk Wynd

and long shadows fall across it from the trees and box hedge. The house is not as beautiful as its surroundings. It is most interesting, of course, through its association with *The Little Minister* and the part it plays in nearly all of Mr. Barrie's stories. But what catches the eye about the Auld Licht Manse is not so much the building itself as the quiet, old-fashioned garden, with its perfume of flowers and the trees that cast their shadows over the roof, with a glimpse through the foliage of the blue hills in the distance.

High banks, heavily wooded in places, surround the Den, which is reached by way of Glen Gate Street and Denacre Road. At the lower end a grassy meadow stretches away on either side of a rocky ditch and winding paths lead to sheltered spots beneath the trees. At the northern side stands the Meikle Mill, and near it is the "Witch Knowe," so called because in the old days it was the place chosen for the execution of those who were thought to practise the "black art." Further on, at the top of the glen, the banks converge and form a rocky gorge with a heavy tangled mass of foliage above a wilderness of grass, heath and bracken below. A slippery, rocky path winds up through the undergrowth to the Cuttle Well, half hidden in a miniature dell beneath the trees. The well is now run dry, and the roar of the burn is hushed, but the place is beautiful of itself and most interesting through its memories of *Sentimental Tommy*. Here, if you remember, came one dark night Charles Edward, under the assumed name of Captain Stroke, leaping ashore from his bark the *Dancing Shovel*. Waiting to welcome him stood all his faithful adherents, foremost of whom came Corp of that Ilk who kneeled to kiss his royal master's hand, and in this same lair was planned the siege of Thrums, and here was fought the sanguinary battle with the rival firm of Jacobites, led by Francis Crabb, who, when it was over, had to hide in shame among the brackens while Tommy wore a kilt.

Late in the evening, when giant Catlaw was just visible through the flying mist, and the lights of the town began to twinkle in the gathering darkness, I strolled toward the station to catch the last train back to Edinburgh. The tap-room of the Ogilvy Arms was doing a rushing business, and as I elbowed through the narrow hallway, a voice called out through the smoke, "American, ye mun na forget to sketch ma hoose, the third on the richt!" *Walter Hale.*

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LINES

And if some day he come back,
  What should he be told?
Tell him he was waited for
  Till my heart was cold.

And if he ask me yet again,
  Not recognising me?
Speak him fair and sisterly;
  His heart breaks, maybe.

And if he ask me where you are,
  What shall I reply?
Give him my golden ring,
  And make no reply.

And if he ask me why the hall
  Is left desolate?
Show him the unlit lamp
  And the open gate.

And if he should ask me, then,
  How you fell asleep?
Tell him that I smiled, for fear
  Lest he should weep.

From the French of Maurice Maeterlinck, by Richard Hovey.

SIX MORE NOVELS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor."*

There is a young New England girl in this latest volume by the author of *Robert Elsmere*—a shy, reticent girl, with a pronounced strain of Puritanism in her blood. When asked to go to St. Peter's, to see the Pope celebrate his *capella papale,* she hesitates, because she "never can be sure whether it is right to go into other people's churches and look at their services—like a show;" and sets her hostess, timid little Miss Manisty, to thinking apprehensively: "What an extraordinary girl! Is she going to be a great bore?" And although the fear turns out, in this instance, to be unfounded, it is typical of the feeling which a good many readers have learned to entertain toward the general run of Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroes and heroines. One may cordially recognise her many excellent qualities, her rare gift for depicting the gropings of a troubled soul, the hidden spiritual conflicts between heart and conscience; but all this does not alter the fact that, on the whole, she is rather depressing. Her favourite types are stern and sombre and repellent, and the English setting of her scenes bleak and dreary, with scant sunshine interspersed between the mists and showers. They are so terribly uncompromising, these good people of hers, living in such an exalted spiritual atmosphere, and mortifying their flesh so industriously, that one feels sure they would be very uncomfortable people to know personally. It would seem incongruous to try to fancy men like Elsmere or Helbeck venturing to forget now and then that they have a conscience, and settling down to enjoy the pleasant things of this life in a healthy, reasonable, thoroughly human way. No, they are far too intent upon harkening to the still, small voice, and keeping a restraining finger upon the

*Eleanor. A Novel. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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pulse of their emotions. And although this sort of folk undoubtedly offer engrossing problems for the psychologist of the dry-as-dust type, one need not feel that one ceases to belong to the enlightened, by confessing that one takes up a new volume from Mrs. Humphry Ward's pen with a sense of distinct reluctance.

But the reader who approaches *Eleanor* in this spirit is likely to be very pleasantly disappointed. This vivid picture of modern Rome, with its motley crowds of sharply contrasted figures, native and foreign, priest and peasant, savant, diplomat and cardinal, is very different from anything in her past work. One feels from the opening page that the sunshine, the blue sky, the universal *joie de vivre* of southern Italy has all, somehow, got into her blood and diffused an unwonted warmth and colour over her pages. Creed and dogma, it is true, still run like a fine warp throughout the fabric of the story, but it is overlaid with the brightness, the careless gayety, the physical well-being of a people who love the good things of earth, and whose very worship largely takes the form of a sensuous appeal to eye and ear. It would be difficult to imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward ever quite losing sight of theologic controversy, yet *Eleanor* is not in any sense a religious novel. The Vatican throws its shadow across the pages, but its far-reaching power is at no time vital to the plot. Of all the characters in the story, there are only three that really count; and two of these, Eleanor Burgoyne and her cousin, Edward Manisty, are but little troubled with spiritual beliefs and doubts of any kind, while Miss Foster, the American girl with Puritanic instincts, has imbibed from her mother just enough Universalism to make her lenient toward the creeds of others. They cannot help feeling, from time to time, the spell of the Church of Rome; yet, like the spell of Italian art and music, its influence is rather sensuous than spiritual.

The central idea of the story is neither very complex nor especially new. It is that of a woman, no longer in her first youth, and with little in her past, save tragedy, to look back upon; who hungers for a share in life's happiness, and then, just as a last chance for this happiness is dawning, sees it taken from her, carelessly, unwittingly, by a younger and physically more attractive woman. But the real interest of the book, and quite an uncommon degree of interest, too, lies not in the plot, but in the character of Eleanor Burgoyne. She is described as belonging to that type of woman who is not beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term, but who has what is rarer than mere physical beauty—that elusive and indescribable quality which we call charm, and which reveals itself in the poise of the head, a trick of the voice, the set of a gown, in a hundred intimate details of daily life. At thirty she still has "a voice, a hand, a carriage, that lovelier women had often envied, discerning in them those subtleties of race and personality which are not to be rivalled for the asking." After a brief and not over-happy married life, ending with the tragic death of child and husband, she lived a numbed sort of life for eight years, seeking to dull memory in an intellectual orgy of books, overfeeding her brain and sapping her vitality. At last her precarious state of health necessitates a change of scene, and she comes to Rome for the winter, and here for the first time is brought into close companionship with her cousin, Edward Manisty.

It is a good deal of a question whether Mrs. Humphry Ward altogether realises what a despicable character she has drawn in the person of Manisty. Physically, he is depicted as a man of striking presence, with a head and shoulders of unusual proportions and sculpturesque beauty, set upon a body which, in contrast, strikes one at first sight as somewhat irregular and stunted. Morally, one feels that he is stunted, too, in more ways than one, possessing rare intellectual gifts, but quite devoid of any settled principles, and making expediency his guiding rule. He is a thoroughly self-centred man, egotistical to the last degree, and as full of contradictions as a woman; absurdly dependent upon advice, yet angrily resentful of criticism; and then, as likely as not, swerving around, like a moral weathercock, and docilly following the opinion of his latest counsellor. His manners as depicted are something insufferable; moody and taciturn, he will sit through a whole meal without speaking, abstractedly crumbling

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small mountains of bread upon the table-cloth from between his large, nervous fingers. It is quite characteristic of the man that, after giving brilliant promise in politics, he should suddenly have quarrelled with his party, resigned an important governmental office, and, in the opinion of his friends, ruined his prospects beyond recall. At the opening of the story he is in Rome, making a study of the people and preparing a book, which is primarily a fierce arraignment of young Italy, but indirectly an object-lesson regarding his party's policy at home, and a vindication of his own attitude.

It is so thoroughly like a woman of Eleanor's stamp to fall in love with a man who is morally certain to make her life wretched in one way or another. Mrs. Humphry Ward puts the case even more broadly when she asks: "Alack! What woman ever yet refused to love a man because he loved himself?" At first, it is Manisty's splendid virility, his arrogant assumption of authority, which fascinates her; and then, as she gets to know him better, it is the man himself whom she loves, unreasoningly, just as he is, with all his petty pretences, his unworthy and spectacular subterfuges. And this, too, is so thoroughly woman-like: "The small vanities and miseries of Manisty's nature were all known to her, and, alas! she would not have altered one of them."

Frail as she is, Eleanor throws herself, body and soul, into Manisty's book; for the success of the book means in her eyes the success of the man she loves, his vindication, his reinstatement with his party. She nerves herself to spend long, exhausting hours at a stretch, discussing, copying, listening and advising—drawing spendthrift draughts upon the slender balance of vitality which remains to her. She is "his tool, his stimulus; her delicate mind the block on which he sharpened his own powers and perceptions." And all that she hopes for is, not that he will ever love her—she knows the fruitlessness of such a hope—but that in the course of time he will get used to her presence, will grow to find her useful, indispensable perhaps, and ask her to be his wife as a matter of expediency.

This is the situation, when suddenly two things happen. Lucy Foster, somewhat raw and timid and badly dressed, comes to them on a visit, and another Englishman, a friend of Manisty's university days, arrives in Rome, and is asked to criticise Manisty's book. His unhesitating disapproval of it first makes Manisty violently angry, and then ends by converting him unconditionally to the new views. Eleanor finds herself suddenly deposed; from fellow-worker and confidential adviser, she has become a stranger, a mere cipher, even a stumbling-block, since it is her advice which has made the book so bad. And now Manisty, who up to this time has treated Lucy Foster with about as much courtesy "as if she were the tongs," suddenly has eyes for her, and for no one else; and Eleanor's martyrdom begins.

As to the further development of the plot, tastes, of course, will differ. But it is curious how persistently Mrs. Humphry Ward mars the culmination of her stories by invoking fate, in one form or another, to help her out; and *Eleanor* is no exception to the rule. She seems to find satisfaction in solving her problems once for all with the finality of death, so that there may be no future waverings, no possibility of reconsideration, nothing, in short, beyond the back cover of the volume. In one way, Eleanor's death weakens the story; her first efforts to separate the two beings whom she loves best, and later her repentance, all seem somehow so fruitless when we realise that the problem has already been settled for her by a higher will than hers. But had she lived, we can feel reasonably sure that it would have been only a question of time before Manisty would abandon his wife, just as he abandoned his party, for a passing whim, and return to Eleanor, if he felt that his book still needed her aid. And this is the sort of question which Mrs. Humphry Ward is unwilling to leave an open one.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

II.

Marion Crawford's "In the Palace of the King."*

The author of *Corleone* and *Saracinesca* is accustomed to delight a consid-

*In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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able audience; his latest story shows that he feels sure of pleasing, and that he has learned how to write a Crawford novel with little if any effort. *In the Palace of the King, A Love Story of Old Madrid* might have been produced by a highly sensitised machine; a Moorish palace, a Spanish lady softly pale, a Spanish father of the period of King Philip II., a young wild half-brother of the king, rose leaves, intolerable difficulties, November skies, a court ball—here are but the main materials that were fed into the machine, loose portions, which it compounded with a human ingenuity. These ingredients were rightly chosen in the first place. A pale Spanish lady indefinitely suggests love—that is tradition; a young prince whom the world has not yet claimed is pre-eminently an object of romantic interest; the odour of dried roses is a maddening thing; add to these, as the willing artist adds abundantly, fiery stimulants to passion in the form of parental harshness, the world's bann, etc., and the final proportions of fourteenth century setting in a palace of Madrid become almost superfluous as a means of exciting interest in the old, excruciating tale.

No one should expect too much of a novel which is named *A Love Story of Old Madrid*. The title betrays the intention to beguile with some repetitions of well-tried appeals to sentiment of a kind which serves the turn of boarding-school girls. So it proves. The story opens in a high room of the old Moorish palace, to which King Philip the Second had brought his court when he finally made Madrid his capital. There sits Maria Dolores de Mendoza sadly thinking of her love, Don Juan of Austria, who has just come back from the conquest of Granada, and with whom both her father and the king have forbidden her marriage as a thing not to be thought of for reasons of the state. But Dolores is determined not to give him up, and her blind sister eggs her on in her resistance. There is a struggle in the high room between the daughters and their father, and the outcome is a threat on his part to shut Dolores in a convent until Don John has been safely married to some royal lady. He locks the door of her chamber upon her. Dolores is not to be thus put back. Disguised as her blind sister, she makes her escape into the palace, finds Don John, and at his suggestion hides herself in his apartments. Thither come her father and the king. There are high words between the king and his half-brother, and before the scene is over Philip draws his sword upon Don John, though the latter is unarmed, and seems to thrust him through the heart. This is a terrible moment for the king. Old Mendoza, however, takes the murder upon himself, and announces it at once in the ball-room of the court, where all the high personages of Spain are gathered. He is immediately condemned to death by the king. Dolores, who by this time has learned all that has happened, rushes to the king and succeeds in obtaining her father's release. Then she returns to the body of her lover. But Don John has come to life again; the wound? a scratch. The pair are married at once, a proceeding which, the writer adds, always remained a close court secret. This is the story. Stripped of non-essentials, which obstruct the movement of the narrative, it might have been made the dramatic incident of a night. Elaborated—padded is the correct word—pretentiously as it is, not all the smooth delivery of which the author is capable can save it from becoming tedious—except to the Miss whose heart leaps up at the mention of "Old Madrid."

Carl Hovey.

III.

MAURICE THOMPSON'S "ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES."*

As a romance this book lacks mood and atmosphere; as a love story it is bald and conventional; but as a tale of adventure it is notable for passages of forceful, rapid, at times, indeed, breathless narrative that make amends for much.

It is a tale of old Indiana at the time when the Revolutionary hero Colonel George Rogers Clark captured Vincennes from the British. Creoles and Indians, as well as British and Americans, play their part in the story and lend picturesqueness and variety to its stage.

The heroine, Alice Roussillon, by birth a Tarleton, and, therefore, a member of

*Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

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one of the "first" colonial families, has been stolen in her infancy, and educated as a creole girl amid the hardships of pioneer life and the uncertainty of Indian warfare. She is strong, beautiful—so the author tells us—an expert with sword and gun, brave, bold and a trifle hard, yet emotional and woman enough to be carried away with her feelings, even to break down at the proper moment. She can disarm her lover at fencing, shoot a man that threatens one dear to her, yet pity and save a repulsive and hostile savage because he is wounded and suffering, and blush in maidenly confusion when she fears that she has incurred, by impulsive demonstrativeness, the contempt of her lover. Alice Roussillon's character is well conceived, but it is not portrayed with the surety of touch that gives absolute conviction. We feel that Alice is perfectly possible as a woman of her time and environment, but we miss somewhere the vital touch that should make her for us an actual breathing creature. Lieutenant Beverley is a conventional lover, a shadow. He has family pride, and at first we are led to believe that an interesting struggle is to take place in his soul between this patrician feeling and his love for one whom he believes to be a simple creole girl. Not so; the author obviates this difficulty by means of the time-worn device of a locket with a coat-of-arms on it. And the course of the true love is thenceforth hampered only by external events.

The interest is, in fact, in externals. Mr. Thompson has little feeling for nature; the background is almost never suggested as an influence, pervading and inspiring; nor has he much sense of the inconsistencies and complexities of character blending in a unified whole. His characters are sketched with insistent strokes; they are simple and their outlines hard. This treatment is effective with characters whose place is not prominent, and many of the minor personages are excellently distinct. But if Mr. Thompson has small feeling for nature and limited feeling for character, he has strong feeling for action of a muscular, vigorous sort. His style, which is loose, and at times somewhat awkward, lends itself with great readiness to descriptions of feats of strength and of warlike skill. The following passage is a fair example of what he can do in this respect. It occurs in the account of the capture of these white men by Indians.

> Beverley and Kenton, being young and powerful, were not so easily mastered. For a while, indeed, they appeared to be more than holding their own. They time and again scattered the entire crowd by the violence of their muscular efforts; and after it had finally closed in upon them in a solid body they swayed and swung it back and forth and round and round until the writhing, savage mass looked as if caught in the vortex of a whirlwind. But such tremendous exertion could not last long. Eight to one made too great a difference between the contending parties, and the only possible conclusion of the struggle soon came. Seized upon by desperate, clinging, wolf-like assailants, the white men felt their arms, legs and bodies weighted down and their strength fast going.

There are many passages in the book equally good, notably a description of a duel by moonlight.

A word should be said of Mr. Thompson's Indians. They are convincing. The Indian "Song Hair" is, perhaps, the most distinct figure in the book. He is picturesque. His craft and cruelty, his savage nobility and meanness, his splendid, hideous physique are well suggested. The relation between the historical and the romantic elements of the book is not quite satisfactory. Mr. Thompson is not always content to let his story carry conviction by reason of inherent qualities as a work of art, but is prone to force its veracity upon the reader by appeals to historical proof.

Walter Strong Edwards.

IV.

C. G. D. Roberts's "The Heart of the Ancient Wood."*

The first feeling of *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* is its freshness. It fairly claims appreciation upon this score, notwithstanding that other recent and notable fiction has gone before it in a similar direction. There is no apparent necessity for any comparison between this new story and the *Jungle Tales* or the *Biog-*

*The Heart of the Ancient Wood. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: Silver, Burdett & Company. $1.50.

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raphy of a Grizzly. The three authors seem, it is true, to have been moved by the same recognition of the brotherhood of all creatures and by the same strong love of nature. But their methods are distinctively different and the results achieved are distinctly unlike. With Mr. Kipling and Mr. Thompson the beasts come first, and from a long way off: some from a mythical region, lying beyond the jungles of India; few from a more familiar country than the heights of the Rocky Mountains. And with both these writers the woods show usually only behind the beasts and seem still more distant. With Professor Roberts it is the contrary. In his new work the woods and nature—the smell of the earth, the sound of the leaves, the sight of green shadows sifting down—come first. The opening pages fetch the very breath of the primeval forest "waiting in wide-eyed stillness" for the movement of a creature either beast or human. Who knowing the woods has not felt this?—"the tense, alert, mysterious expectation" of the forest's silence. In *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* it is broken soon enough. Beasts begin to stir at once, the tread of man is heard in the opening pages, for the wood is always as much alive as the world. The interest of the animal life of the story is not less than that of the human, and the work is full of both. But it is the wood itself that first weaves the spell—fresh as the scent of the wild grape—and holds it to the end.

Next to this, beauty may, perhaps, be named as a characteristic of Professor Roberts's new book. It has a beauty that changes, but increases with the passing of the seasons in the development of the tale. There is beauty in the earliest pale green that fringes the clearing around the cabin in which lives Kirstie, the forsaken, with Miranda, her fatherless child. Before this beauty may be seen, it would almost seem that some loveliness might be felt in hearing the first indeterminate whisper breaking the white stillness of the winter wood as if it were the soft "speech of the leaves conferring, or the sap climbing through the smaller branches." So that the beautiful sights and sounds grow together with the swelling buds into "the musical rushing of the stream; the foam and clamour of the shallow rills; the deep, black, gleaming pools, with roots of larch and hemlock overhanging; the sullen purple and amber of the eddies, with their slowly swirling patches of froth." It glows with the arrival of summer, when "the midsummer heat of the outside world came filtering faintly down into the cool vistas of the forest, and here and there a pale-blue butterfly danced with his mate across the clear shadow, and the aromatic wood smells came out more abundantly than their wont at the lure of the persuasive warmth." There is still an increase of beauty under the round October moon, when "the air that washed the endless vistas of green-brown shadow was of a marvellous clarity, not blurred by any stain of dust or vapour, . . . making the far branches seem near and the near twigs unreal, . . . hinting some elfish deception in familiar things." The beauty seems greatest when the moonlight falls on the snow, where "the long white fingers of the phantom light reached down the dissolving arches."

Moreover, there is beauty in the spirit of the story as well as in its environment and its physical aspect. The character of Kirstie—brave, strenuous, patient Kirstie—is no less noble than her face. Miranda as a child and as a maiden is an airy, fairy creature of fawn-like beauty, as exquisite in person as in soul. Dave also is good to look upon, his stalwart body showing the counterpart of his honest, earnest, simple nature. Even the beasts have finesse as well as outward beauty. They not only "killed in curves" and "eluded their enemies in lines of beauty," "their manners were always beyond reproach." They have ideals of gratitude and honour. "They know the difference between swiftness and haste. The fiercest of them moved with aristocratic grace and poise." And Kroof, the bear, "the most human of all the furry wood folk, the most versatile and largely tolerant," evinced now and then a nobility that many world-folk might well imitate.

Kroof's individuality becomes, indeed, a ruling influence of the beautiful, simple poetic story—a story of a mother, a maiden, a hunter and a great brown bear. It is Kroof who is the first and the strongest link between Miranda and the wood-folks. And there is something so

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eminently natural, so practical, so humorous in Kroof's character, that her relation to Miranda and to the whole story becomes not only delightful, but really convincing. Most of the humour comes through Kroof, and there is much of it, of a most sweet and wholesome kind. And yet it is also through Kroof —who changes the idyll into a comedy now and then—that the ultimate tragedy comes, as it usually comes into most lives through the things that have made us happiest and through those whom we have loved best. But in this strenuous ending the prose poem holds as far from the usual as in any other part of the work, and at its close no less than in its beginning the whole has the charm of complete freshness.

Nancy Huston Banks.

V.

Hamlin Garland's "The Eagle's Heart."*

A poetic passion for the "wild West" springing up in the heart of a village boy is by no means new either in life or in "juvenile" literature, but it has remained for Mr. Garland to think of presenting maturely a character and a life of which this passion is the moulding force and motive. Harold Excell, the minister's "bad boy," longs for the free life of the mesa and the mountains; he is high-tempered, adventurous, uncontrolled and irritated by the dulness of things about him; out beyond, "where there is nobody west" of him, he looks for peace and happiness. He is real enough, and his life narrated here has the outline and much of the detail of reality. There is no conventional development of plot; there are no particularly dramatic adventures, no lime-light situations.

Harold goes deep into the West, "hits the long trail" of his dreams, but does not become a cattle-king; and at the end of the story, narrowly saved from starvation in Chicago, he goes back obscurely as a Government agent to the Indian country. True, he takes a long-wooed girl with him, but about even this success there is nothing spectacular. In fact, the love interest, though it helps to give to the story what form it has, is of decidedly minor importance. The main thing is the idea of "the West."

This idea is fairly well realised—in spots extremely well. Harold's first taste of "cow-country" life, his connection with the fight between the sheep-men and the cattlemen and the figure of Delmar, the rapid-firing sheep-owner, for example. And the shadows of the life that, on the whole, suits him, are well touched—his first shooting affray and the lonely night on the mesa, when he is running away from "trouble;" and to leap over many smaller ills, his finding himself, after "eight years on the trail," just as prosperous as when he started out, the possessor of a mustang, a blanket and a gun —and a longing for domestic life!

But there are points where the author's materialisation, or spiritualisation, of the West fails, and we begin to feel these when it is obvious that there is no story, and that the character of Harold, simple and rigid as it is, is incapable, in Mr. Garland's hands, of further modulation. For instance, the thrusting upon Mose (as Harold is known in the latter half of the story) of the newspaper reputation of a "desperado" is too unlikely. That reputation is so obviously unearned that the author's insistence upon it seems to argue an unfamiliarity, on his part, with the methods of frontier journalism.

Mose is, in fact, in his element simply a handsome young cow-puncher, of a physical type familiar in the West—brown, lithe, with keen, intent eyes and rather rigid lips, unapt to smile. Mentally and emotionally he is equally attractive and scarcely more distinguished, except, perhaps, for the personal austerity which he displays toward several women who are in love with him; the "eagle's heart" in him—that is to say, the longing for wide spaces and a free life, for stretches of solitude and unbreathed air—being, after all, not absolutely phenomenal.

For that matter, the "eagle's heart" is rather too much harped upon. We have it in the title of the book and in the headings of the chapters, and one might, perhaps, have been trusted to keep it in mind without the frequent reminders in the text. On page 54: "The eagle's heart in the youth could hardly endure the cold, pale light of the prison." Page

*The Eagle's Heart. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Appleton & Company. $1.50.

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119: "There was a quality in his speech which appealed to the eagle's heart in the boy." Page 122: "Then his heart ached like that of a young eagle looking from his natal rock into the dim valley." Page 137: "Then the blood-red film dropped over the young eagle's eyes. He struck out and his assailant went down." Page 143: "He lifted his arms and shook them as the young eagle exults." Page 154: "The wings of the young eagle were weary, and here was safety and rest." Page 220: "He sat with meditative head against the window-pane, listless as a caged and sullen eagle." Page 316: "It cannot be said that the Black Eagle of the Rocky Mountains approached civilisation in any heroic disguise." Page 338: "The eagle-hearted youth went out of the hall and down the polished stairway like an outcast soul descending from paradise into hell." Page 365: "He lifted his arms above his quilts with the action of the eaglet who meditates leaping from the home-ledge."

Some of this crudity of style, as well as a certain conventionality in the manner of looking at life—the treatment of the women in the story, for example, and the "singular" (to borrow one of Mr. Garland's favourite adjectives) juggling with the question whether Mose did or did not kill anybody—may possibly be attributable to the fact that *The Eagle's Heart* first appeared as a serial. There is, at least, a popular impression that serial heroes have to be particularly careful of their conduct; and Mose, if we take it that he did *not* kill, is, from the most Philadelphian point of view, practically blameless. Apparently he does not drink, at least he says on page 95, "I'm not drinkin' liquor of any colour," and there is nothing to stand against this record except one beer some years later, and that ordered for him by a lady. Again, "Mose had never been a rude boy; on the contrary, he had always spoken in rather elevated diction, due, no doubt, to the influence of his father, whose speech was always serious and well ordered. Therefore, when the songs became coarse he walked away and smoked his pipe alone, or talked with Jim the Ute, whose serious and dignified silence was in vivid contrast." And Mose's insensibility to the charms of the "princess," even when reinforced by a domestic atmosphere and a teapot, is crowning proof of his discretion.

There have been few more immaculate heroes, and they were not cow-punchers. All fiction, serial or otherwise, may be challenged to show a reputed desperado who is so much of a Galahad as he of the eagle's heart.

Neith Boyce.

VI.

John Uri Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike."*

Stringtown on the Pike is one of the most baffling books that could well come into the hands of a reviewer. It is impossible to read it with any sort of indifference; there are parts which are so ineffectual that they oblige one utterly to give over the idea of speaking of it in words of unstinted praise; and on the other hand the story contains so much that is really strong and fine and dramatic that to condemn the book as a whole would be flatly absurd. It is a curious example of how much good and how much bad a man may put between the covers of the same book. The story is told unskilfully; there is much that seems to be wholly superfluous and irrelevant, and yet if one takes it up in the proper spirit it is a book that will hold one until the very end.

Nothing could very well be more different than the Kentucky of James Lane Allen and of Mr. Lloyd. It is not of the Blue Grass region that the latter writes, but of the rolling land which lies between the Ohio and the Kentucky rivers. There is none of the quaint, Old-World wonder of *Flute and Violin* in *Stringtown;* the atmosphere is more strenuous and not so mellow; language, ideas, the civilisation itself are different. The people of Stringtown are a rugged people, narrow, suspicious in their intercourse with strangers, touching the outside world only through the columns of the weekly newspaper, and yet at heart loyal and sturdy. Stringtown and its people are quaint to-day, despite the changes which have taken place in the thirty odd years which have elapsed since the Red Head

*Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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Boy of the story came down from the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. The first part of the story treats of Stringtown during the War of Secession, when this region was a kind of neutral ground, divided in its sympathies and alternately in the possession of the Confederate and of the Union armies. About the weakest feature of this book is the character of its hero. Sammy Drew, who when he grows out of boyhood becomes a university professor of chemistry, and a an expert swears away the life of his enemy, is simply a means of bringing in the other and more striking people of the story. He is vacillating, weak—in a word, utterly worthless. His heroics wring false; his every utterance is an unnatural platitude. In direct contrast is Drew's rival and foe, the Red Head Boy. This character stands out strong and vivid, dominating all others by the peculiar combination of malice and of generosity which make up his nature. Around him are grouped all the more dramatic scenes of the book, the story of the mountain feud, which is told with a simplicity and a naturalness that make it stand out from the rather monotonous chapters which precede and follow it, the raid of the Union soldiers and the second trial at the Stringtown court house.

The story opens with a curious maze of negro sign-lore. Cupe, the old darkey living with his wife in a cabin of the outskirts of Stringtown, foretells in a mysterious way the events which are to come. Cupe's master, the Corn Bug, a social pariah, ignorant and steeped in debauchery, comes into possession of certain papers which establish his claim to all the region about Stringtown. The papers are submitted to Judge Elford, who officially expresses the opinion that the claim if pressed would be almost certain of success, and that the land of every one in the village would revert to the outcast drunkard. It is then that the Corn Bug, rising to a fine height, "gets the best of the devil and the law, too," burns the papers and goes back to his life of privation and hardship. A little later in the book there is a very weird and dramatic murder scene, which, however, has very little to do with the story itself, and then we go on to the lives of Drew and of Susie and of the Red Head Boy. Situation follows situation with amazing swiftness. There is a very original and curious scene where the fanatical negroes, Cupe and Dinah, find the planter Manley, Susie's father, and force him to swallow the "ordeal bean," the legend of which had come down to Cupe from some royal African ancestor. Samuel Drew, as has been said, goes away and becomes after years of industry the professor of chemistry in the University on the Hill. Meanwhile, Mr. Nordman, the uncle of Red Head, has died under suspicious circumstances, and his nephew is charged with the murder. Drew, in the face of the plea of Susie and the urgings of his friends, accepts the invitation to testify as a chemical expert, and it is on his evidence that the prisoner is sentenced to death. The story of how the Red Head Boy escapes the gallows and how old man Holcomb comes down from the mountains and ends the feud, shall be left to those who read the book. It is enough to say that Drew lives to learn that his testimony was based upon an error and that he pays the penalty.

Firmin Dredd.

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SOLANGE OF THE WOLVES

We had been walking all the afternoon in the forest, three of us, knapsack on shoulder, sticks in hand—in that noble forest of Tronçais which covers half the districts of Saint-Amand and Nevers. The little village of Vigne, nestling on the bank of the Cher, in the cleft of the valley, which is divided by the river, marked that day the end of our halt. Having dined at the house of an old friend, an unpretentious physician of the five or six parishes near Vigne, we were sitting before the door dreaming, with our briar pipes between our lips.

About us on the mass of bluish foliage which marked the horizon, the shadows slowly descended. Flying swallows streaked the sky. The nine o'clock angelus sounded its strokes, spaced out by silences, from the top of a little extinguisher-like steeple that one could see rising from amid the roofs. The barking of dogs called and answered among the farms.

A woman, still young, and clothed in a red flannel petticoat and a white linen waist, came out of a house near that of the doctor and went down toward the river. With her left arm she held against her breast a child in swaddling-clothes and her right hand clasped the hand of a little boy, who in turn gave his hand to a still smaller one. Arriving at the brink of the river, the young woman sat down on a large stone, and while the two boys quickly undressed and entered the water, dabbling and splashing in it with screams of laughter, she opened her bodice and began to nourish her latest born.

One of us, who was a painter, observed:

"There's a picture that would have a marked success at the Salon. She is well set up and *bien éclairée,* that woman. And what a striking effect that red skirt of hers makes on the blue of the landscape!"

A voice behind us said:

"You're looking at Solange of the Wolves, young men."

It was our host, who had been detained a moment in his office by a consultation, and who now rejoined us. On our asking about this Solange and how she received that curious name, he related the following story:

This Solange, whose full name is Solange Tournier, the wife of Grillet, was the prettiest girl in the whole country about Tronçais ten years ago. To-day, working in the fields and the bearing of five children have worn her out and spoiled her looks; though, notwithstanding her thirty years, she is still beautiful, as you see. At the time of the adventure which gave her her name, she was living with her parents, small farmers, on a place called Rein-du-Bois, eight

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miles from here, near Lurcy-Lévy. Although poor, she was courted by all the young men, even the rich ones; but she responded to no one's advances except those of a certain Laurent Grillet, whom she had chosen when she was a little girl, while they both tended the flocks in the pastures of Rein-du-Bois.

Laurent Grillet was a foundling, with only his two hands for his fortune. Solange's parents had no desire to unite two lives of poverty, especially when the young girl had so many suitors of means, and so they forbade Solange to see her lover. Nevertheless, Solange continued to meet Laurent, and as they lived in the same parish, with the forest only a few steps away, there was every opportunity. When her father and mother perceived that neither scoldings nor blows made any impression on her, they resolved on stronger measures; so they sent Solange out to service at Vigne on the model farm of M. Roger-Duflos, our deputy. Perhaps you think the two lovers then ceased to see each other. Not at all. They saw each other every night: they slept no more. As evening fell, each left the farm and went alone by a cross-road shorter than the high-road and, having joined each other, they stayed together until the first streak of dawn in the forest.

That was in 1879. The summer passed as usual, as did also the autumn. Then came the winter. It was terrible. The Cher was blocked with huge cakes of ice and finally became completely frozen from bank to bank. The treetops of Tronçais, covered with snow, bent like the skeleton of an overburdened roof. All the forest roads became nearly impassable, the forest was deserted, and little by little, as man no longer frequented it, wild animals regained it. There appeared what had not been seen there since the *année terrible* of 1871—wolves.

Yes, young men, wolves. They alarmed the isolated farms on the outskirts of Lurcy-Lévy and of Vigne. They even ventured into the streets of Saint-Bonnet-le-Désert, a lonely village on the edge of a forest pool. Parties were organised to beat up the thickets and hunt out and destroy the savage animals; a reward of fifty francs was offered for every wolf's head. I myself saw three, two of them very large, prowling along the other bank of the Cher on mornings when I went out with my carriage to Saint-Amand.

Neither the winter nor the wolves, however, prevented Laurent and Solange from seeking out each other every night; and they continued their nocturnal expeditions in the face of a thousand dangers. It was that season in the country when the peasants keep holiday for lack of employment. Each evening Laurent left Lurcy-Lévy, his gun on his arm, and with a brisk step entered the forest that formed a mass of black and white, while Solange left Vigne about nine o'clock. They joined each other about a mile and a half from here, near a glade called the Reconnoitre, that crossed the forest road. Well, one evening, Laurent Grillet, on arriving at the meeting-place, slipped on the frozen snow and fell in such a way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him, but she failed. She could only drag him to a big elm, against which she leaned his body, enveloping him with her own cloak.

"Wait for me there, my poor Laurent," she said. "I'll run to Vigne for the doctor, and he'll come for you in his carriage."

She went away, and had passed the first turn in the road, when she heard a shot and a cry for help. She found her lover trembling with fear and pain, his hand gripping his gun, which was placed on the grass.

"What's the matter, Laurent? Was it you that fired?"

"Yes. I saw an animal with red eyes and a strong smell, and about the size of a big dog. I'm sure it was a wolf."

"Did you fire at him?"

"No. I can't raise my gun as far as my arm. I fired into the ground to frighten him. And, as you see, he's gone."

Solange thought for a moment.

"Will he come back?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," said Laurent. "You must stay here, Solange. If you don't I shall be eaten by the beast."

"Very well," answered Solange. "I'll stay. Give me your gun."

She took it, drew the shell and replaced it by a fresh cartridge. Both waited.

One or two hours passed—perhaps more. The moon, still invisible, had risen just above the horizon; for the sky

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reflected a confused brightness, that grew each moment more perceptible. Laurent became feverish; he shivered and moaned. Solange, benumbed with the cold, yet remaining upright with her back against the tree, began to nod with drowsiness.

Suddenly a kind of baying, a long-drawn howling, like that of dogs who are shut up at night, made her start. In the diminished shadow she perceived two fiery eyes, which glared at her. It was a wolf.

Laurent wished to get up to take the gun, but the pain made him fall back with a groan.

"Cock it, Solange," he said. "Don't fire too soon, and aim between the eyes."

But the recoil made the weapon miss fire; the beast was untouched. Nevertheless, he ran away along the road. A little while later, they heard him howling in the distance, and other howls answering him.

The moon rose higher in the heavens. It passed suddenly the black masses of thicket, lighting up the forest just as the blaze from a great window illuminates the surrounding scenery. Then Laurent and Solange saw a terrible sight. Within gunshot, five wolves were squatting on their haunches across the road, while another, still more daring, stole toward them stealthily.

"Listen," said Laurent to the girl. "Take aim at the one coming. If you can kill him, the others will eat him and leave us in peace for that much time."

The wolf continued slowly to advance. They could distinguish his bloody eyes, the projecting bones of his back and body, his dull, leaden-coloured fur, and his half-opened jaws, from which protruded a long red tongue.

"Press the butt-end well into the hollow of your shoulder," said Laurent. "Now fire!"

She pulled the trigger. The wolf made a bound to the side and, without a cry, fell, mortally wounded.

All the pack scampered off at a gallop and disappeared in the coppice.

"Run quickly, Solange," cried Laurent. "Carry him as far as you can down the road in front. There is no danger. The others won't come back for quite a while."

She was obeying when he called her back.

"You must cut off the head of the wolf for the sake of the reward."

"Have you a knife?" asked Solange.

"Yes. In my belt."

It was a knife with a short handle and a wide blade—a hunting-knife. She took it and ran to the wolf. Courageously she slashed the throat; and the warm blood gushed out upon her hands, her clothes and even on her face. She hacked the head from the quivering body, which she then dragged by one leg as far ahead as she could. Then she returned, carrying the shaggy, bleeding head.

That which Laurent foresaw soon happened. The wolves, at first astonished at the death of their companion, returned when they smelled the blood. All five came back. Reflected by the moonlight on the snow, the two young people saw the fearful pack of wild animals crowded together, rubbing their backs around the fresh prey, rending it, fighting over it, tearing it into shreds until nothing remained, not even a tuft of hair, not even a bone.

In the meanwhile, the young man began to suffer horribly from his broken leg. Solange, whose nerves were relaxed in a fit of exhaustion, fought vainly against fatigue and sleep. Twice the gun fell from her hands. The wolves having finished their repast, began to approach again. The young girl fired one bullet, then two, into the pack; but her benumbed fingers trembled; she did not hit them. After each explosion the pack turned, trotted a hundred yards along the road, stopped a while, and finally returned.

Then the two poor creatures felt that their end was near, and that they were doomed to die. Solange loosened her hold upon the gun. Not for an instant did she think of escaping and of abandoning her wounded lover. She stretched herself beside him under the same cloak, she twined her arms about him, she leaned her cheek against his: and both together, the skin freezing with cold, the blood burning with fever, they waited for death, their delirious eyes seeing strange visions. They imagined that they had gone back to the warm summer nights, when the forest, robed in June attire,

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sheltered their untroubled meetings. Then suddenly the trees and thickets were revealed to them, illumined by the reflection from the snow, peopled with moving forms, with eyes like red-hot coals, with open jaws that were multiplied in number and that drew near, about to devour them.

But, happily, neither Laurent nor Solange was destined to die that frightful death. Providence—I believe in it, young men—brought it to pass that on that morning I was coming back in a carriage from Saint-Bonnet-le-Désert, where I had been attending a patient. I held the reins. Doubtless our bells frightened the wolves, so we did not see a single one. But in front of the elm, at the foot of which were stretched the lovers, my mare warned me by shying. I jumped from the seat and, aided by my man, I picked up the poor, frozen, inanimate couple. We installed them in my carriage as best we could, wrapping them in our blankets, and we brought back, too, the bleeding head of the wolf.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we entered Vigne. The day rose on a landscape of glass tracery and white velvet. The farmers of M. Roger-Duflos and half the people of the borough, alarmed at the disappearance of Solange, came out to meet us. And it was in this big kitchen, where we dined tonight, before a blazing fire of beech logs, that Laurent and his sweetheart were revived at last and told us about their fearful night.

One of us asked:

"And afterward, doctor? Were they married?"

"Yes," replied our host. "Events sometimes indicate the will of Providence with such force that even the least clear-sighted are astonished. After the adventure with the wolf, the parents of Solange consented to allow their daughter to marry Laurent Grillet. The marriage took place in the spring; the fifty francs reward paid for the bride's dress."

The story-teller was silent. Night had come. The sky, a turquoise blue, mirrored its first stars in the river. The inky masses of trees, immovable, appeared at that moment like black mountains. We saw Solange dress her two boys and come back, returning to her home with her youngest child asleep in her arms.

The doctor said:

"Good-evening, Solange."

Marcel Prévost, translated by Vallory Roudebush.

NOTES ON SOME AMERICAN MAGAZINE EDITORS

These notes are frankly biographical, designed to convey to the general reader some little information concerning the men and women who direct the policy and prepare the material for our magazines. Speaking comparatively, the editorial side of the magazine has been kept in obscurity. The average reader living away from the magazine-publishing centres may study the pages of his favourite periodical month after month, growing familiar with the names which appear on the Table of Contents, and yet remaining absolutely ignorant as to the personality of the man or the woman who, sifting out the vast amount of proffered verse and prose and illustration, puts together the concrete thing which is sent to so many thousands of people in all parts of the country. Just as the American newspaper stands for anonymity as its great force and strength, so there is generally prevalent among magazine editors an idea that the magazine is more attractive and effective when those who make it remain practically in obscurity. This, of course, is a mere matter of opinion, and is not always borne out by the facts. Indeed, there is a good deal which goes to show that a change in this respect is very rapidly taking place. Two men who have financially been very successful in the management of cheaper magazines, Mr. Frank A. Munsey and Mr. S. S. McClure, seem rather to believe that personal publicity is the very foundation of the aggressive, enterprising, modern magazine. In two recent numbers of *Munsey's*, Mr. Munsey has used a script fac-simile of his own opinion of his mag-

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azine as the design for the cover—a radical departure which has made the conservative reader gasp. The name of Mr. Edward W. Bok, whom a humorous writer satirically dubbed the "Crown Prince of American Literature," is as widely known as the *Ladies' Home Journal* itself. On the other hand, Mr. Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, is most esteemed among those who have an intimate knowledge of the magazine world and its people; Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is probably more widely known as a writer of verse and a good citizen than as the editor of the *Century*, and Mr. Henry M. Alden, despite his years of service and his prominence in the literary affairs of this country, has to all practical purposes remained merely "the editor of *Harper's*."

I.—Henry Mills Alden.

Mr. Alden, the dean of present magazine editors, and who has been connected with the Harper Brothers for so many years, is a native of Vermont, where he was born in 1836. He received his education at schools in Hoosick Falls, New York, and at Williams, from which college he was graduated in 1857. Mr. Alden first became associated with the Harpers in 1863, when he collaborated with Alfred H. Guernsey on *The Pictorial History of the Rebellion*. Shortly after this, Mr. Fletcher Harper asked Mr. Alden to take the office management of the *Weekly*. Mr. Harper was the real conductor of that periodical, and Mr. Alden's duties were principally to select stories and to write articles to accompany the illustrations. He considers that he owes much to Mr. Harper's training at that time. In 1869 Mr. Alden undertook the editorial management of *Harper's Magazine*, which position he has held ever since. Mr. Alden is an affable man to meet, very much absorbed in his work, and exceedingly loyal in his devotion to the house of Harper and Brothers. He believes it is an editor's function to edit rather than to write, although he occasionally has editorial utterances in the magazine, and is about to revive the department entitled "The Editor's Study," which is to be personally conducted by himself.

II.—Richard Watson Gilder.

Mr. Gilder was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1844. He was educated at a seminary at Flushing, Long Island, which was conducted by his father, the Rev. W. H. Gilder, a Methodist minister. He has received degrees from Dickinson College, and from the Universities of Harvard and Princeton. He began his editorial career as managing editor of the Newark *Advertiser* and as the founder of the Newark *Register*. He became managing editor of *Scribner's Monthly* in 1870. In 1881 he became the editor-in-chief, retaining this position after *Scribner's Monthly* became the *Century*. Mr. Gilder is very active in reform movements in New York. He is president of the New York Kindergarten Association, and of the Public Art League of the United States. He is first vice-president of the City Club, and a member of the executive committee of the Civil Reform Association. Mr. Gilder is also well known as the author of a number of books of verse. As editor of the *Century* he represents that which is dignified and conservative in the magazine world.

III.—Edward Livermore Burlingame.

Mr. Burlingame, one of the most scholarly of our editors, is one of those who believe strongly that editors should keep themselves very much in the background, and that the reading public should be content with knowing them through their magazines. Mr. Burlingame was born in Boston in 1848, and naturally enough entered Harvard University. He left before graduation, however, and finished his studies at Heidelberg. He was private secretary to his father at the time when the latter was Minister to China. Mr. Burlingame was on the editorial staff of the *Tribune* in 1871, and worked on the revision of the *American Cyclopædia* from 1872 to 1876. He has been editorially connected with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons since 1879, and has been editor-in-chief of the magazine since 1886.

IV.—Albert Shaw.

Dr. Shaw, editor of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, was born

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at Shandon, Ohio, July 23, 1857. His father was Dr. Griffin Shaw, who was a member of the Legislature of Indiana and an active worker in politics. Dr. Shaw was trained for college by a tutor, and was graduated from the Iowa College in 1879. While at that institution he showed a leaning toward literary and political study, and was from almost the beginning of his undergraduate course one of the editors of the college paper. After leaving college he became part owner of a semi-weekly paper in Grinnell, where he made himself familiar with the details of the making of a country newspaper. In 1881 Dr. Shaw entered Johns Hopkins University as a post-graduate. His work there attracted the attention of Professor James Bryce, who was at that time preparing *The American Commonwealth,* and to him Dr. Shaw's knowledge of politics in the West was of much service. In reciprocation Mr. Bryce gave Dr. Shaw access to the big English periodicals, such as the *Contemporary* and the *Fortnightly Review,* to both of which he has since contributed many articles. While at Johns Hopkins Dr. Shaw wrote a book entitled *Icaria: A Chapter in the History of Communism,* which gave to him his doctor's degree. The book was afterward published in New York, and translated and published in Germany.

While connected with editorial work in the Northwest Dr. Shaw made a thorough study of industrial and agricultural developments, and he became an ardent student of municipal government and of the problems of city life. After several years of travel and study in Europe he gave a series of lectures at Johns Hopkins, Michigan and other universities. In 1895 he published *Municipal Government of Great Britain* and *Municipal Government of Continental Europe.* In the autumn of 1890 he was elected professor of international law and political institutions at Cornell University, and was at the same time invited to establish in New York, as editor and manager, a magazine to be known as the *American Review of Reviews.* It was to be on the same basis as the English *Review of Reviews,* which had been founded a few months before by Mr. W. T. Stead. Dr. Shaw gave up his professorship, and in 1891 he entered upon his editorial work on the *Review of Reviews.* The department entitled "The Progress of the World," which is always to be found at the beginning of the magazine, is personally conducted by Dr. Shaw. A writer in *The Outlook* not long ago summed up his work in this adequate manner: "He is one of the very few journalists in this country who treat their work from the professional standpoint. . . . Dr. Shaw's presentation of news is pre-eminently full, candid and unpartisan; his discussions of principles are broad-minded, rational and persuasive."

V.—John Brisben Walker.

Mr. Walker is a man of many interests and of many moods. He is a marvel of industry, and it is a puzzle to his friends how he finds the time to accomplish so much. Among other things he is president of the Mobile Company of America. He has large mining interests in Denver, of which he knows every detail and about which he insists upon being informed. It is understood that every article which appears in the *Cosmopolitan* is first read by him, usually late at night. He frequently contributes articles to the magazine, and he has personal charge of the free educational work which is carried on at Irvington through correspondence. Mr. Walker founded the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* Before that time he had a varied career. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1847, and attended the Georgetown College and the West Point Military Academy. He entered the Chinese military service in 1868, ran for Congress in 1872, and began journalistic work in 1873. As editor of the *Cosmopolitan* he likes to come into personal relations with his contributors, and makes a point of seeing them when they call upon him.

VI.—Bliss Perry.

Mr. Perry had had little or no experience in editorial work when he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* about a year ago. Mr. Perry is the eldest son of Dr. Arthur Latham Perry, emeritus professor of history and political economy at Williams College, from which college he was graduated in 1881. He

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also studied in some of the German universities. Professor Perry was instructor in English at Williams, and later held the same position at Princeton University, where he received the Holmes professorship. Professor Perry is known as the author of many stories and essays, and he has succeeded a long line of illustrious men as editor of the *Atlantic*.

VII.—Walter Hines Page.

Mr. Page, Professor Perry's immediate predecessor, resigned his editorial position on the *Atlantic Monthly* last year to become a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page and Company. Mr. Page is the editor-in-chief of the new magazine, *The World's Work*, which that firm have established, and which has recently made its first appearance. Mr. Page was born in North Carolina in 1855, and has had considerable editorial experience. He was editor of college papers at the Randolph-Macon College and at Johns Hopkins University, and was also editor of the *Forum* for five years before he went to the *Atlantic*.

VIII.—Edward William Bok.

Mr. Bok, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, is a native of Holland, having been born in the town of Helder, near Amsterdam, on October 9, 1863. His great-grandfather was admiral-in-chief of the Dutch navy, his grandfather a chief justice of the Supreme Court, and his father one of the ministers of the court of King William III. Business reverses led his father to break home ties in 1869, and with his family come to America. It was in the public schools of Brooklyn that Edward Bok received his education. He was able to spend only a few years at school. At the age of thirteen he entered the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company as an office boy, quickly rising from that position, however, by dint of evening study, to be a stenographer. He took advantage of all the means within his grasp to cultivate his literary tastes and education, and when only nineteen he became the editor of the *Brooklyn Magazine*, to which some of the most talented and famous writers of the day afterward contributed. In a few years he made a profitable sale of this property, and became connected with the publishing firm of Henry Holt and Company, and later with that of Charles Scribner's Sons, eventually serving as advertising manager for the latter house and as one of the promoters of the *Book Buyer*. Mr. Bok was twenty-five when he became editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The success of his articles addressed to young men induced him to go upon the lecture platform, where he talks about "The Keys to Success." Mr. Bok possesses marked originality and tireless energy. Not only can he create an idea, but he can also quickly master all the details of its carrying out. He has keen perception coupled with rare tact; is fertile in resources and as patient as he is industrious. Indeed, the more obstacles there are in his path the greater is his delight in overcoming them.

IX.—Harrison Smith Morris.

The name of the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* is, perhaps, unknown to the majority of our readers. Mr. Morris is a Philadelphian by birth and associations. He has spent his entire life in that city, where he holds a prominent position among men of letters. Mr. Morris is not a college-bred man, but he is a lover of literature, and has spent much of his time in reading and study. He has contributed poems to the various magazines, and has published several books of verse. He has also an intimate knowledge of art, and in 1893 he was appointed managing director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

X.—Samuel Sidney McClure.

In direct contrast to the chosen obscurity of some of our well-known editors stands the name of Samuel S. McClure. At the head of a magazine, a publishing house and a syndicate, he certainly does not hide his talents under a bushel. His editorial policy was hinted at in the introduction to this article. Mr. McClure was born in County Antrim, in the north of Ireland, in 1856, and came to this country when but nine years old. He first made his home in the West, and attended Knox College, being graduated from there in 1882. In the following

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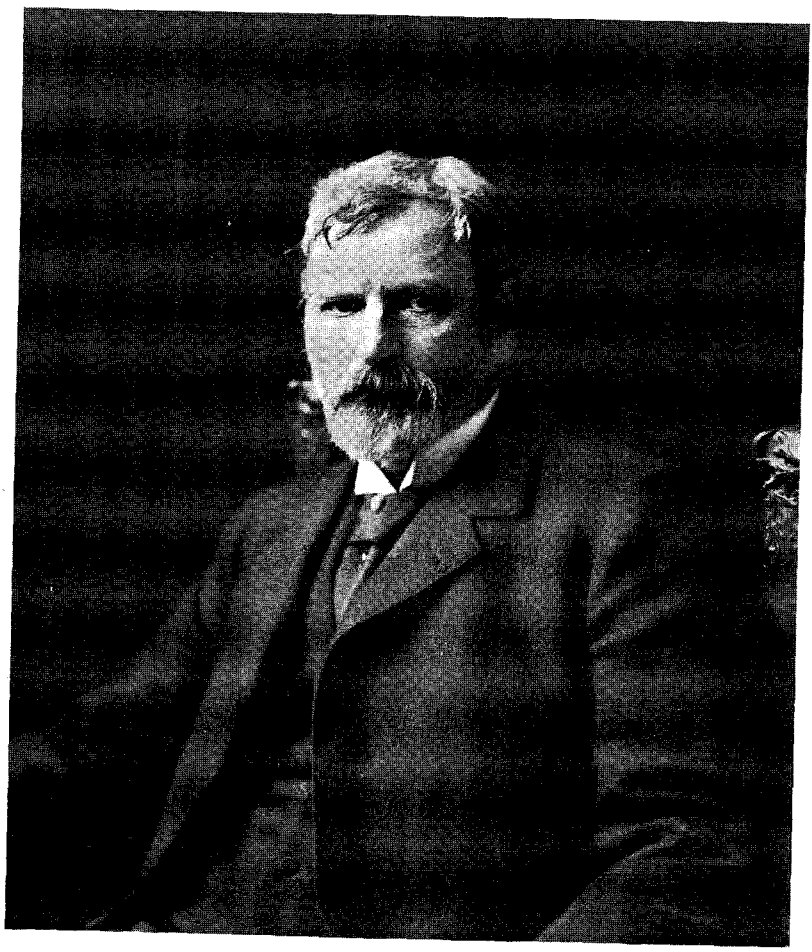
year he came to New York, where after a brief connection with the *Century* he inaugurated the system of syndicating news, stories and so forth, for the Sunday newspapers. As every one knows, this newspaper syndicate has grown to enormous proportions. Mr. McClure founded *McClure's Magazine* in 1893, and as editor of that magazine he has a world-wide reputation.

XI.—Caspar Whitney.

It is to Mr. Whitney more than to any other that we owe the revolutionising of the current literature of sport. Ten or fifteen years ago the men who described and criticised athletic events were of a very different type from those who write for the sporting columns of the weeklies and the dailies of to-day. The reading of the old-time sporting reporter was, as a rule, confined to *Bell's Life*, to the *Clipper* and the *Police Gazette*. Amateur sport was very badly neglected, because the men who were supposed to write about it were not of the type that could appreciate its ethical side. Mr. Whitney was the first to show that a man could write of athletics like a gentleman and for gentlemen. It is no exaggeration to say that his weekly articles in the columns of *Harper's Weekly* did more to bring about the present condition of comparative purity in college athletics than the combined efforts of all the Faculty Advisory Boards. To alumni and undergraduates there is no writer whose opinion is so important and whose judgments are so conclusive. In a way, Mr. Whitney occupies a position that is absolutely unique. He gives to the



HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

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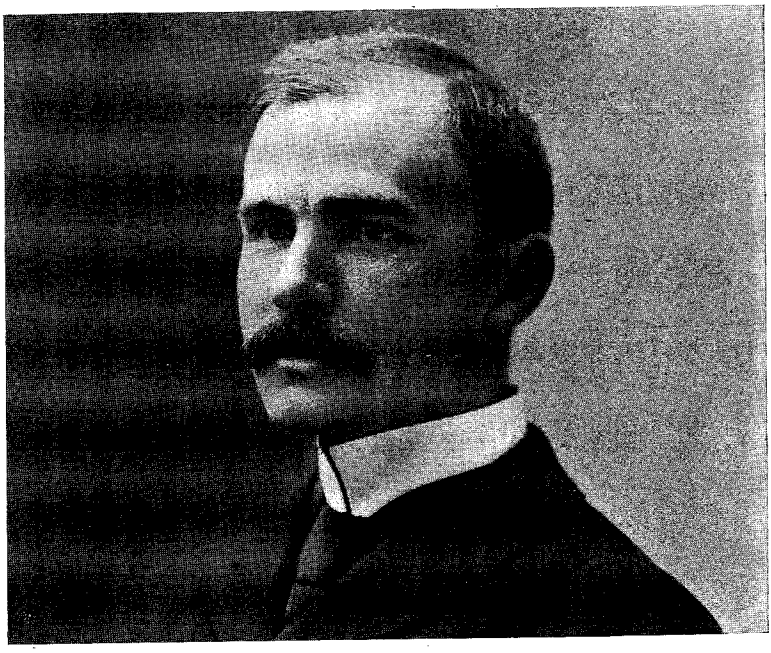
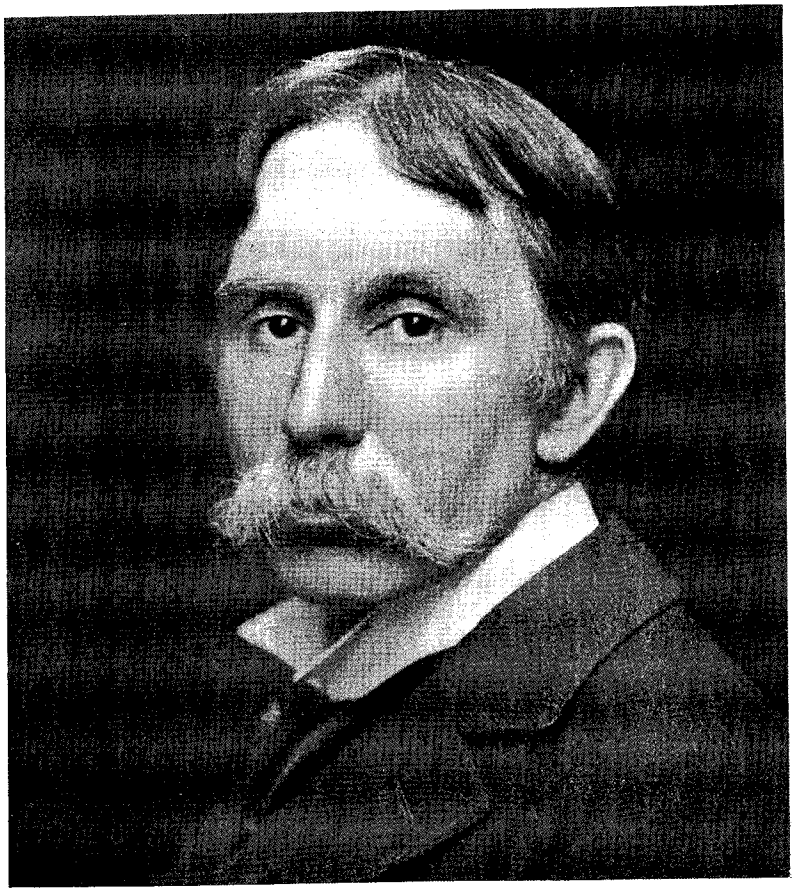


BLISS PERRY.



RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

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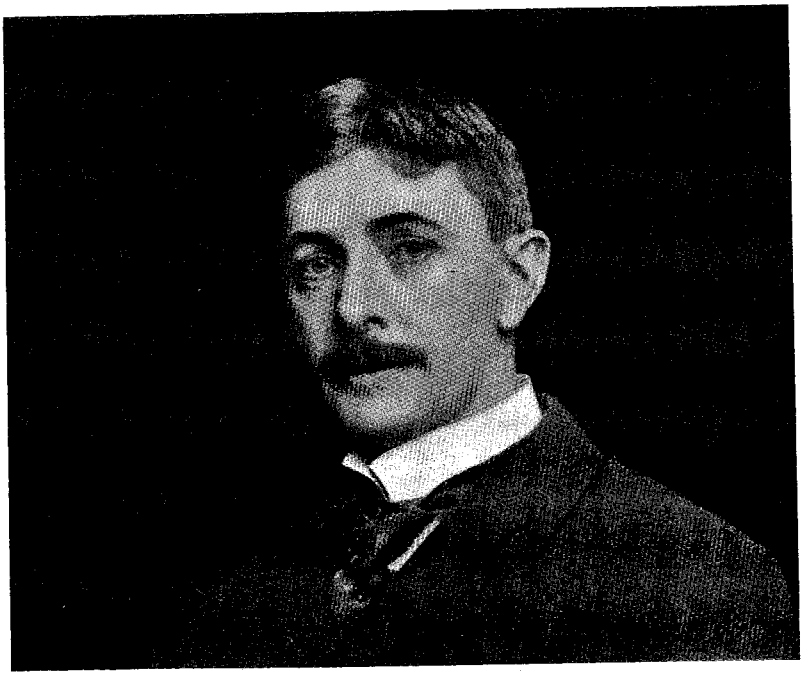
WALTER HINES PAGE.

treatment of sport a style which is peculiarly his own. He has shown that if a man is a reporter of sporting events and has read his Horace and his Montaigne, what he writes will be all the better for it. In consequence, his paragraphs sparkle with allusion and happy metaphor. For instance, in a recent number of *Outing* Mr. Whitney had occasion to take up the question of the sculler



DR. ALBERT SHAW.

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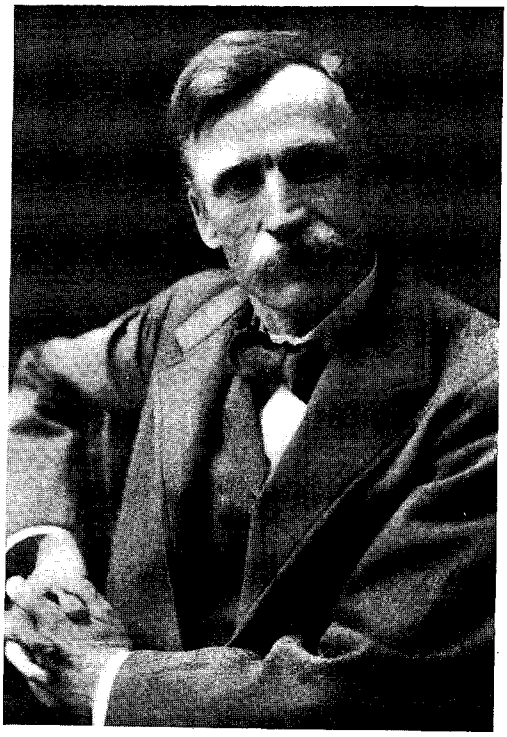
FRANK ANDREW MUNSEY.



SAMUEL SIDNEY M'CLURE.

EDWARD WILLIAM BOK.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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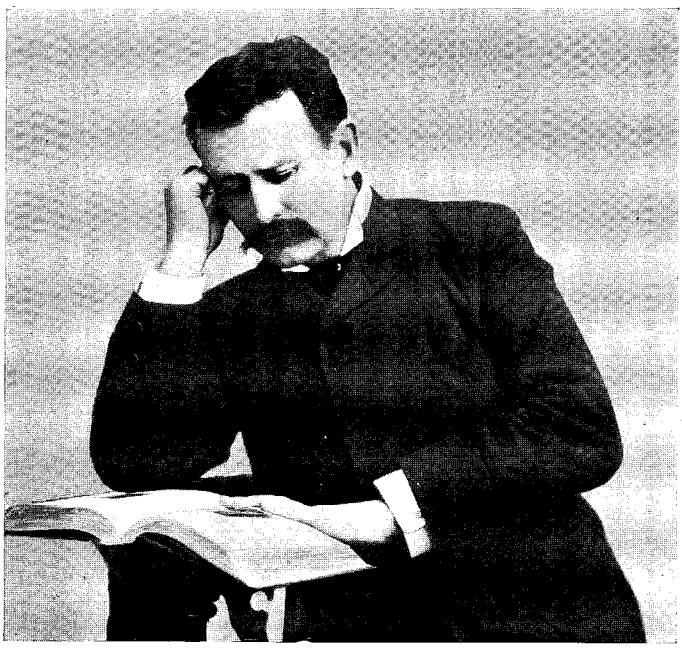
HARRISON SMITH MORRIS.

Rumohr, whose amateur standing was as doubtful as his Americanism. Rumohr's title to the amateur championship was dismissed with the simple comment that "we want no champion with the bar-sinister." It was the entire matter in a nutshell. The comment was wholly telling, vigorous and admirable. Concerning the biographical details of Mr. Whitney's life but little can be said here. He was born in Baltimore in 1861. At the age of fifteen he passed the entrance



JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

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examinations at Harvard, but instead of matriculating he went travelling. Later, however, he was graduated from St. Matthew's College in California. Again he went travelling, and between 1880 and 1886 he spent most of his time hunting and exploring. Among his works are *A Sporting Pilgrimage, On Snow Shoes to the Barren Grounds,* and *Hawaiian America.* During the year that he has been in control of *Outing* he has completely remodelled that magazine and established it on a basis that is likely to endure.

XII.—Frank Andrew Munsey.

Mr. Munsey, like Mr. Bok, is a self-made man. He was born in Mercer, Maine, in 1854, and was educated at the public schools of that State. He began his business career in a country store, afterward becoming manager of the Western Union Telegraph office in Augusta. Mr. Munsey came to New York in 1882, and founded *The Golden Argosy,* the juvenile weekly which is now *The Argosy.* In February, 1890, Mr. Munsey launched *Munsey's Weekly,* which in the following year became *Munsey's Magazine.* Mr. Munsey is the author of *A Tragedy of Errors* and *Deningforth,* and of several books for boys.

XIII.—Elizabeth G. Jordan.

Miss Jordan, who in the past year has done such excellent editorial work on *Harper's Bazar,* was born about thirty-two years ago in Wisconsin. From the very first she developed ability for newspaper work, her first attempt of this sort being with a newspaper in Milwaukee. For ten years Miss Jordan held an important editorial position on the New York *World,* and it was during that time that she wrote her stories of Newspaper Row, which the Messrs. Scribner brought out under the title *Tales of the City Room.* We understand that she is at present at work on another book which is to be published in the spring. Miss Jordan is a healthy type of the American woman. She says of herself that she has

EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME.

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neither nerves, love affairs nor headaches, and to the lack of these feminine failings she attributes much of her success. She is a college graduate, a fine pianist, and an indefatigable golfer and horsewoman. Miss Jordan became editor of the *Bazar* in January last, and since that time she has made some radical and popular changes in its appearance and in its contents.

XIV.—JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS.

No one who reads the short stories of Miss Juliet Wilbur Tompkins can fail to

JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS.
Photo by Remington Lane.

be conscious of her pleasing personality. Her stories are like herself, full of vivacity and life. It was through these stories that Mr. Frank A. Munsey was attracted to her while she was living in California and working on the San Francisco *Examiner*. He sent for her to come to New York, and in 1897 she did so. She wrote for *Munsey's Magazine* for a while, and in 1898 she was made editor of the *Puritan*. Miss Tompkins frankly confesses that she was born in 1871 in Oakland, California, and that she was graduated from Vassar in 1891. Miss Tompkins has had a very interesting and unusual

MISS ELIZABETH JORDAN.
Photo by Davis and Sandford.

girlhood, having spent that period on a ranch in the foothills of California, near San Leandro. Although she has been in

MISS JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

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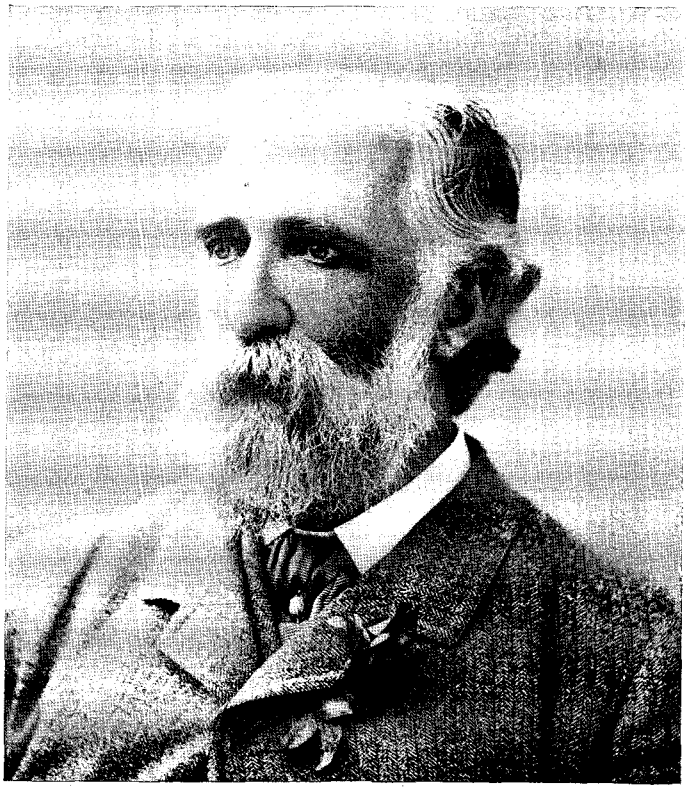
the literary circles of New York but a few years, she has made an enviable name for herself among the successful young women of the day. Miss Jordan is at present at work on a story of California ranch life, which is to appear serially in the *Puritan* during the coming year.

XV.—Jeannette L. Gilder.

Some years before Miss Jordan and Miss Tompkins were born Miss Jeannette L. Gilder was doing journalistic work, for she was but ten years of age when she first showed a leaning in that direction. To be sure, this was merely play; but she began in earnest when she was twenty by writing "Breakfast Table-Talk" for the Newark *Morning Register,* a paper which was founded by her brother, Richard Watson Gilder and Newton Crane, who were both at that time on the editorial staff of the Newark *Daily Advertiser.* From writing for New Jersey papers Miss Gilder drifted toward the New York *Tribune,* for which paper she reported elections, murders and anything that came in her way. She received the munificent salary of twelve dollars a week for her work, and when the managing editor discovered that it was being done by a woman he asked her to resign. Through a letter from the late Kate Field to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Miss Gilder became installed as a literary editor of the New York *Herald* at thirty dollars a week. Miss Gilder was with the *Herald* for six years, and in 1881 she gave up this position to start the *Critic,* of which magazine she is co-editor with her brother, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder. During the past year Miss Gilder dramatised *Quo Vadis,* which had a successful run at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. She has just brought out *The Autobiography of a Tom-Boy,* a delightfully humorous sketch of her own childhood. Miss Gilder is a well-known figure about New York. She puts in a great deal of hard work on the *Critic,* and her name is also widely known through her various contributions to other magazines and through her work as a dramatist and a literary writer.

Flora Mai Holly.



THE LATE CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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A NOTE ON CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the announcement of whose death last month came to nearly all of us with unexpected suddenness, attained some years ago to that enviable position among men of letters in which he could enjoy a rest from active literary labours and, secure in the reputation that he had won and in the many friendships that he had made, live a congenial life of cultivated ease. That is an amiable tradition in the later history of American literature which gives to writers who have attained to a certain position in the guild and likewise to a certain age the unofficial and purely honorific title of Dean of American Letters. To receive this title one must have written a good deal, so that his name is familiar to every one who reads; he must have written nothing that could offend the prejudices of the average citizen, and he must be happy in his friendships, since it is by the genial consensus of his friends' opinions that he comes to be known as a Dean at all. Thus, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard is sometimes called the Dean of American Letters, and Mr. Howells is another Dean, and so is Mr. Stedman. It will probably not be very long before Mr. Mabie will begin to hear himself occasionally so styled. It will be seen from this that there can be many Deans at once; in fact, as many as there are different coteries in our literary cosmos. But toward the end of his long and blameless life Mr. Warner was surely the most decanal of all the Deans. If not the most distinguished of writers, he was, at least, one of the most genial of men. His reputation was one of the good, comfortable kind that excite no controversy and that ultimately become fixed in the public mind through the power of unchallenged iteration.

As a man Mr. Warner was a typical American of the older stock, full of shrewd common-sense, of kindly feeling and of healthy optimism. Bred up in the country, he retained to the last a little touch of rustic simplicity and quaintness, which imparted something exceedingly agreeable to his manner, and it was seen also in the unaffected love of nature, which, with his humour, won for him his earliest success. He was interested in many things. He liked his library and the company of his books. It was a pleasure to him to write, and this is, perhaps, the secret of why his own particular public found always in his books something that it was a pleasure for them to read. He was interested also in the happenings of the larger world that lay beyond his library. He showed himself an earnest advocate of social and political reforms. He both wrote and spoke in behalf of a more humane and a more efficient prison system. He was, in short, a useful, liberal-minded citizen with a genuine sense of civic duty and responsibility. He was fond of travel, and of late years made something of a hobby of Egyptian history and antiquities, regarding which he was always willing to give public talks, although his knowledge of the subject was of a miscellaneous rather than a scientific character. On other subjects, too, he was easily induced to speak in public; so that commencement committees, promoters of charitable organisations and the principals of young ladies' seminaries never found him obdurate toward their demands.

These talks of his were for the most part really talks, somewhat discursive, not always very well compacted, but never dull; for they reflected the personality of the man himself, and, therefore, never failed to win an interested hearing because of the good-nature, the sound judgment and the note of cheery hopefulness that permeated everything he said. Mr. Warner was always delightfully and noticeably human. He loved a good dinner, a good story, the company of congenial friends; and though in the last few years he had at times his moments of petulance and of prejudice, even these served only to bring out more clearly, by the force of contrast, the general amiability of his friendly, sunny nature. As I said above, he had a wide acquaintance with many interesting men and women in many countries; and whoever met him liked him and became his friend.

As a writer Mr. Warner cannot be rated very high. In his most successful book, *My Summer in a Garden*, he caught the attention of the reading public by the unstudied naturalness of his style, by the wholesome outdoor atmosphere belonging to his subject and by the

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pleasant vein of quiet humour that made an agreeable accompaniment to his descriptive and reflective passages. Mr. Warner afterward wrote other books of the same general character, and in his contributions to *Harper's Magazine* whenever he found himself at a loss for a fresher subject, he would revert to the same old theme, writing page after page, and flowing along like a second Lucilius without very much cohesion of thought or clarity of purpose. The red and gold of the autumn leaves, the cawing of the distant crow, the misty veil obscuring the horizon, the hazy hilltops and the lowing of the cows at evenfall—of all these things could Mr. Warner write with an unfailing fluency. It was all very pleasant and very harmless, but no lasting reputation was ever built on harmlessness alone; and, perhaps, in the end Mr. Warner's readers got enough of nature as interpreted in just this way. It was like the sort of thing that Mr. Donald G. Mitchell made so popular when he wrote *Reveries of a Bachelor.* While it was new it was admired, but almost any one could imitate it, and by the time that *Backlog Studies* had appeared it was much less read in private than admired in public. Mr. Warner's books on nature continued to be bought. They looked well upon one's table, and they gave to their possessor a certain claim to literary taste; yet at last the New England landscapes in Mr. Warner's writings came to be skipped as systematically as were William Black's word-pictures of the Scottish Highlands after Queen Victoria's casual admiration of them led that writer to construct his novels out of little else than friths and hills and heather. Mr. Warner wrote some novels also which were bought and read by many; but in them he never really quite succeeded in producing an impression of actual life. The book that he wrote in collaboration with Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age,* contains in Colonel Sellers one character so typically American as to have secured a sort of immortality; yet it is generally understood that its creation was the unaided work of Mr. Clemens.

In the latter years of his life Mr. Warner took to criticism and published sundry essays of a critical nature. He became widely known about the same time through an elaborate compendium of the world's literature, in the preparation of which he was assisted by many other writers. For the critic's task Mr. Warner possessed some very admirable qualifications in his sanity, his excellent judgment and his general good taste. His chief limitations arose from the fact that he had no first-hand knowledge of any literature save that which is written in the English language. The works of foreign authors he was obliged to read through the medium of translations, and, therefore, in the first place, he could not accurately judge of the real merits of a foreign masterpiece; while he was also hampered in his critical estimation of it; and as to those works that had never been translated, he was obliged to take the opinions of others at second hand. Even of French—a language absolutely indispensable in the work and training of a critic—Mr. Warner had no practical command such as would have enabled him to read a volume written in that language with any appreciation of its style and literary quality, and I have sometimes seen him forced to ask for help in the translation of an ordinary letter addressed to him in French. One result of this defective equipment in linguistics was seen in the fact that, finding certain authors difficult to read, he decided that they were not worth the reading, and so he passed them by. Again, like many men who have passed middle age, he felt a marked indifference toward new writers, and was rather given to deciding in an offhand way that they were necessarily ephemeral. Many of them he would never read at all. Nevertheless, and despite these very obvious limitations, he acted very well the part of a literary Rhadamanthus. His standards were elevated, he was exceedingly well read in whatever is best in the English classics, and he retained enough of what he had acquired during his college days to enable him to use an illustration caught from classical antiquity, and to use it very often with effectiveness and point.

Mr. Warner will be greatly missed in many ways. His was a familiar figure at gatherings of literary workers, to whom his cordial words of generous encouragement proved often a stimulus and an inspiration. He will be missed as a

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citizen who did not in his love for literature seclude himself in a *tour d'ivoire* and let the world go by unheeded. Most of all will he be missed as an unselfish, sympathetic friend; and all who knew him intimately will find their lives the poorer for his loss.

Harry Thurston Peck.

"WANTED, A MATCH-MAKER"

To one who thinks well of the work of Paul Leicester Ford and considers him likely to go far, and who has noted the care with which he has read up for his historical novels, it is both disappointing and amusing to observe that in the otherwise bright little love story which has just appeared in book form he has committed three grotesque medical blunders; and this in a tale turning wholly upon a hospital experience of the hero and heroine with a waif from the streets. And they are blunders which Mr. Ford could readily have avoided by merely asking the first surgeon he met to correct his necessarily crude medical ideas.

The newsy's broken leg is paining him a few days after being set—so much so that the surgeon decides that it is due to one of the nerves of the leg having been lacerated. "And so I am going to remove it, to end the suffering" (the nerve, not the leg—though Mr. Ford leaves this a trifle vague at first).

In the leg such a procedure would result, as all the readers of THE BOOKMAN are, of course, aware, in paralysis of several muscles and of a certain amount of skin, whichever of the three chief nerves is meant; for they are all both motor and sensory in function. If pinched between bone-ends, the surgeon would carefully free it from these; but remove it—never! And if simply lacerated, as stated in the story, "removing" that nerve to end the pain, considering the inevitable mixed paralysis that must follow, would, indeed, be queer surgery!

Again, the operator winds up by spraying the wound with antiseptics! This carries us back a full generation, to the early days of Listerism, when it was one of the duties of the surgeon or surgical assistant to do just that. But such a thing is unheard of now in modern, metropolitan hospitals. It is archaic in technique. Wounds that are soiled are cleansed by irrigation (flushing) with certain antiseptics in solution—but never now by the much less thorough method of spraying. But in an operative case, such as the one described in the story—"a simple fracture"—the wound, if any, is made by the surgeon; it is an entirely fresh, clean wound; and hence in such a case no antiseptics are needed, nor as a rule used, in up-to-date surgery.

The third lapse from medical facts is the allusion to the salary which the hero receives as resident *interne* at the hospital in New York City where the operation was performed. How pleasant this were, if true! A most natural mistake, too, upon Mr. Ford's part—to assume that young surgeons and physicians giving, as a rule, two years of the best part of their lives to the service of the great city's poor, are remunerated therefor by the Governing Boards of the hospitals. But, in New York, such is not the truth. They are not paid at all. On the contrary, while in our largest hospital, they are even obliged to pay room-rent and in part to board outside, and this for six months of their period of service; and until quite recently this was the case in many instances during an entire year of the year and a half which then constituted the usual term.

This is an unjust strain on the finances of these brilliant but often poor young men. Only the best can get such appointments—so keen is the competitive examination necessary. And it is a pitiful argument to say that because they become the abler doctors during their long period of hospital work, they deserve no other compensation. Virtue is, indeed, its own reward in this case!

And those much older men, the visiting surgeons and physicians of our hospitals, devoting with the freest hand their time and their skill to our poor—are they paid? Verily, Mr. Ford's assumption would be equally wild in their case. Often they

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give thousands of dollars' worth of their time yearly to New York's hospitals; and yet not a man of them is salaried. In Europe, however, to the honour of the hospital authorities there, be it said, this is commonly not the case.

We can suggest to Mr. Ford—if he likes—a very fair line of defence. Since it is the regular practice of certain reputable papers—the *Herald* in particular—to exploit, say weekly or oftener, startling items of medical news which no physician or surgeon has edited, why need he be more particular? And since he is a public benefactor who adds to the enjoyment of mankind, certainly Mr. Bennett *et al.* may thus be classed; for some four thousand doctors of Greater New York grin cheerfully and likewise chortle consumedly over the frequent bits of choice medical information supplied to them and to everybody by the daily journals of this intellectual metropolis.

R. H. M. D.

GRÆCA MINORA

I. Euripides in Salamis.

Salamis azure-ringed with laughing sea
Whose salt lips drank the Persians' blood of old,
Gem—beyond price of Asian hoards untold—
Upon the billowy robe of Athens free;
Sweet sun-kissed isle, yet reef of tyranny,
Hallowed art thou, Muse-famed Ajacian hold,
Where voices haunt and memory's ear enfold,
Like drowsy Comus-song of thyme-flown bee:
Thy caverned ghosts still speak through eddying years,
Though 'twixt us disuniting surges flow,
Bringing nepenthe and hot smart of tears;
For on thy shore's grey rim, thought-steeped and slow,
Pondered that prophet of our soul-deep fears,
His shadow lengthening in the god's last glow.

II. Odysseus.

Across the purpling bacchanalian waves
That riot on the deep and tramp the shore,
All steadfastly sea-swart Odysseus bore
On ship, on raft, that wind and sea-god braves.
What though his fate and course be gyvèd slaves
In the stern spinners' thread wound o'er and o'er,
When in his ears there echoes evermore
What through all peril still, deep-yearning, craves?
For, constant as the wheeling sea-bird's call
Sweeping the wine-faced deep on snowy wing,
Sweeter than Siren-music's magic fall
Or Circe's notes of far-melodious ring,
From the home-island's suitor-wantoned hall
One true voice goals ten years of wandering.

Mortimer Lamson Earle.

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A LETTER AND A REPLY.

I. M. Waliszewski's Letter.

To the Editors of The Bookman.

Mr. Judah A. Joffe has devoted an article in a recent number of The Bookman to my work on Russian literature—an article to which for two excellent reasons I ought not to reply. The first of these is that I have made it a rule to avoid all public discussion on the subject of my own writings, because I have no time for it. And here is the second: among the numerous mistakes which, according to Mr. Joffe, I have scattered through my book, and at the head of one of the series in which he has been pleased to catalogue them, I find the following item. Mr. Joffe finds fault with my having translated the title of one of Pushkin's tales as *Queen of Clubs*.* This he corrects into *Dame Piqué* (*sic*. p. 47), and draws the conclusion that my knowledge of Russian literature is second-hand in character, that I have only seen Russia through the window of my travelling or railway carriage, and even that I probably do not read the newspapers of the country in which the *Dame Piqué* was written.

Now I will give you the facts.

The Russian title of Pushkin's story is *Pikovaia Dama*. The story is a *story about card-playing*, the hero of which goes mad because of his mishaps with a *playing-card*, a *pikovaia dama*—in English, a Queen of Spades. But I am utterly at a loss as to what Mr. Joffe means with his *Dame Piqué*. It is not English, as far as I know; it is not French, and it certainly is not an expression of Pushkin's. Here we have a specimen of Mr. Joffe's information as to Russian literature, and the resources at his disposal for the purpose of overwhelming such historians of that literature as may have the ill-luck to be in his bad books. And I, for my part, draw this conclusion: that I am not only at liberty, but in duty bound, to refuse to discuss with Mr. Joffe a subject on which he possesses knowledge of so peculiar a nature.

Nevertheless, I claim my right to reply, not, indeed, to Mr. Joffe, who is nothing to me, but to the readers of The Bookman, and to the magazine itself, which I hold in high esteem, and which strikes me, thanks to Mr. Joffe, as having been made the victim of a cruel hoax.

Let me add that, not Mr. Joffe's article (for people ready to talk about what they do not understand, and say foolish things, are always to be found), but the hospitality given it in the pages of such a review as The Bookman has filled me with a sense of surprise and uncertainty, concerning which I would fain solicit some explanation, not, again, with regard to Mr. Joffe, but with regard to the readers with whom The Bookman has supplied him.

The readers and the editorial staff of The Bookman may very well not know what a *pikovaia dama* is. But is Mr. Joffe's general method of prejudging a writer who is not altogether at the beginning of his career, even as regards America—are the arguments to which he appeals, and the ideas he expounds, on this point—can all these be American, part and parcel of the habits and the notions held in repute in that country? Is this literary criticism as understood and practised over there? In order to set forth the points of my interrogatory, I will take a rapid view of the article in question.

It opens with an expression of the following idea: that my *History of Russian Literature*, being intended apparently to increase the sale of Russian books in the American market, ought to have taken a tone of *panegyric*. Have people in Mr. Joffe's country really reached the point of confounding science and independent criticism with newspaper puffing and shop-door advertisements to tempt buyers?

I do not mind my American critic reproaching me with ignoring that essential quality of Russian literature—the sentiment of *pity*, as he calls it—which constitutes its permanent basis. When speaking of Gogól and Dostoïevski, I introduce quite a discussion of this point, whereof Mr. Joffe amusingly poses as the discoverer, and which, to the European literary world, has grown almost hackneyed. But I point out that this quality,

*This should read *Queen of Spades* (*Dame de Pique*). I wrote my book in French for the English publisher, and the error between *spades* and *clubs* is my translator's.

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far from being original, and specifically Russian, as certain Western critics, such as M. de Voguë, have hastily taken it to be, is rather, as the Russians themselves have always admitted, one of their most evident borrowings from the literature of the West. And to support this statement I appeal to the testimony of Dostoïevski himself, and to that of Schedrin, who says, in referring to George Sand: "Everything that is good and desirable, all our *pity,* comes from her!"

Since I wrote my book, an author who is not a Pole, and who uses the very Russian pseudonym of "Vladimir Karenin," has published two volumes in which this Russian, and not Polish, thought is expounded. Mr. Joffe has not read Karenin's book. But ought he not, at all events, to have read mine before writing of it for the readers of THE BOOKMAN?

He fancies he has discovered, in certain lines written by me, a disapproval on my part of the Russian law which enforces the death penalty for political offences, and does away with it in the case of common-law crimes. Mr. Joffe holds up this view to the indignation of the readers of THE BOOKMAN. What then? Are the American readers of THE BOOKMAN likely to believe, like Mr. Joffe, that it is well to hang the man who is guilty of conspiring or fighting for the independence or freedom of his native country, and to spare the life of a common murderer? I have personal cause to nurse the feeling which is so offensive to Mr. Joffe. One of my brothers was sentenced to death for insurrectionary conduct. But can it be that I shall find this feeling, which I hold in common with every generous mind in Europe, including Russia itself, unshared by the citizens of free America?

As this detail will convince the readers of THE BOOKMAN, my relations with the country, through which Mr. Joffe fancies I have only travelled as a tourist (and within the borders of which I still cultivate a few acres, like Tolstoy's at Iasnaïa Poliana, in the leisure hours of each succeeding year), are very different from those he has imagined. Is this fashion of writing men's biographies, without any knowledge either of their lives or of their books, also American in its nature?

As I read on, I find Mr. Joffe choking with indignation at the affinities I point out, as is my duty, between the literature of Russia and those of her Western sisters. Is the literature of America, with all its wealth and its originality, held, in New York, to stand in no relationship to that of Europe, and to have sprouted spontaneously from the soil that was conquered for civilisation by Spain and by Great Britain? The Russians themselves do not dream of ignoring their debt to their neighbours, and an author who is no Pole, but one of their own race, M. Vesselovski, has written a book on this very subject, which I have studied, which I do not recommend to Mr. Joffe, for I do not believe him capable of profiting by it, but which the readers of THE BOOKMAN may find worth consultation.

On one point I am ready to agree with Mr. Joffe. The English renderings of Russian names which he has noted in my book are generally open to dispute. I may add that those he suggests instead of them are not much better. But I admit that my knowledge of English pronunciation is not sufficient to enable me to check the work of my London and New York printers in that particular; and as I do not possess the habit, so dear to Mr. Joffe, of meddling with what I do not understand, I was obliged to depend on them in this matter.

As to the erroneous dates to which Mr. Joffe refers, the birth and death certificates of the authors to whom I have referred were not all of them at my disposal. I have made a series of corrections for a new issue of my book. I shall, no doubt, make another such series. I have already said why I thought it necessary to refuse Mr. Joffe's collaboration in this work. I have ascertained that he does not know Russian. Does he know English? Here is a point which makes me doubt it.

On page 298 of my book, I have asserted that the Russian ethnographical novel proceeds from Koltsov, Grigorovich and Turgéniev, just as, according to Mr. Joffe, Gogól's laugh proceeds from Homer. Does Mr. Joffe intend to convey that Homer wrote novels? Why, then, does he saddle me with an analogous mistake with regard to Koltsov? The English translation may possibly

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have somewhat impaired the presentation of my idea, which cannot be misunderstood in the original French. But even in the English I believe it remains sufficiently intelligible to persons who can speak that language. What language does Mr. Joffe speak? That containing the *Dame Piqué?* Is it Iroquois?

In a book of four hundred pages, containing some thousands of dates and facts, Mr. Joffe has picked out fourteen or fifteen errors, several of which are identical in character with that of which he has accused me with regard to Pushkin. Thus, the Chronicle of the Monastery of St. Hypatius is really called *Ipatievskaia Lietopis* in Russia, and no well-informed Russian knows it or speaks of it under any other name. But granted that I have made ten or even twenty blunders, is such scant indulgence shown in America to sins of this description? Have the gentlemen who write for THE BOOKMAN any special reasons for showing such severity? I feel no inclination to hold Mr. Joffe up to the indignation of the European readers of THE BOOKMAN because he has written about the satires of Kansemir (with an "s" on page 44; on page 45, of a certain *Lynba,* of whom I know nothing, and with whom Herzen was equally unacquainted; and on page 46 of a place called *Galich,* which is marked Halicz, or Khalitch, in every atlas in the world. For there is a Galich, and there is a Halicz, and a man should know these things before he tries to teach geography and spelling, even to a Polish author! A mistake on every page—that gives me elbow room!

But in Mr. Joffe's eyes the Pole who now addresses you deserves the scorn of American readers, not only as an inferior translator of Pushkin, but because he is a plagiarist as well. Page 358 of my book, on Tchij—and why do you write *Tchij,* Mr. Joffe, seeing that, according to yourself, it should be Chizh? —is a "literal translation" of a page written by Skabichevski! I make no reply to Mr. Joffe. This charge of plagiarism has been brought against the greatest writers of every time and every country. I am not acquainted with any that is more habitually inept; and, therefore, it is that Mr. Joffe's quarrel with me as to that borrowing by Russian writers, which it has been my duty to point out, is utterly senseless. Like Shakespeare and like Molière, they have gathered their treasure wherever they could find it, and they were right, a thousand times over. But the readers of THE BOOKMAN and—alack!—of Mr. Joffe's article might fairly be surprised at hearing I had devoted *a whole page* to M. Tchij, or Chizh, who would, indeed, be himself astonished at being so greatly honoured. I speak of him in exactly *four lines,* with reference to a *concrete fact,* which also appears in M. Skabichevski's work, and will be found in the work of whatever author thinks proper to mention it after us.

I will not question Mr. Joffe's sincerity. It appears with equal evidence in every line of his article, and I have no doubt whatever concerning it. It is not, it cannot be, an American fashion thus to batter folks with pure inventions. Such proceedings are known by too ugly a name in every country.

While Mr. Joffe advises the readers of THE BOOKMAN to scorn my book, he counsels those who desire to conceive some enthusiasm for Russian literature to study M. Brandès's *Impressions.* The illustrious Danish critic, who has also written his *Impressions* of Poland, is considered, and not unjustly so, on the banks of the Neva, as the bitterest and most formidable critic Russia has had to face in modern times. I had quoted one of his comments, particularly severe, on the subject of Pushkin. I should not care to take the responsibility for some others.

And thus has Mr. Joffe attempted to mislead his readers! But, no; I am mistaken! Mr. Joffe had no such intention. He has simply not read M. Brandès's book, just as he has not read Pushkin's tale and my own volume. And even as I close THE BOOKMAN, I can tell you where he found the matter contained in his article. He has been lending an ear to the suggestions and the fanciful information bestowed on him by a few Russian *emigrés,* who have lost all contact with the intellectual movement of their own country, and who still hold lingeringly to the period when Russian literature, in the eyes of every good Muscovite, stood first in all the world, just as, in his subjects' eyes, the "Son of Heaven" remains the mightiest monarch

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upon earth, even now, when European and American arms have driven him from his capital!

Fortunately, this Chinese fashion of conceiving Russia's position in the world is fast disappearing and giving place to truer notions, closely allied with those of which I have made myself the exponent in the literary field. If Mr. Joffe had taken the trouble at least to read what has been written on this head by my Russian critics, and notably M. Pypine, the most authoritative of all, he would have escaped the ridicule involved in his imitation of Europeans who would fain appear more Catholic than the Pope, striving himself on the far side of the ocean to be more orthodox than the Tsar.

The question why, when Mr. Joffe has the good fortune to write in a great literary organ, he should give proof of such stupidity, and serve conceptions and ideas so unjustifiable in the eyes of any European, still remains unanswered. It is in the hope of being informed on this subject that I do myself the honour of addressing these pages to the editors of The Bookman.

I am, sirs,

Your obedient servant,

K. Waliszewski.

Paris, September 27, 1900.

II.

Mr. Joffe's Reply.

Through the courtesy of the editors of The Bookman, I am enabled to say a few words with regard to the foregoing, which, it is stated, is a reply to the readers and not to me.

"Jupiter, thou art angry, then thou feelest wrong!" is all I can say about the personal remarks about me. As to the personal statements about the author himself, like the following: "Truer notions, closely allied with those of which I have made myself the exponent in the literary field" . . . ; Mr. Vesselovski has written a book on this very subject, which I have studied" . . . ; "Within (Russia's) borders I still cultivate a few acres, like Tolstoy's at Iasnaïa Poliana, in the leisure hours of each succeeding year;" "This charge of plagiarism has been brought against the greatest writers of every time and every country"—all that need be said is that Tolstoy and the greatest writers of every time and every country are a good enough company for any mortal to elbow with, especially on a self-issued credential.

Nor will I pay any attention to the frequent appeals to the "esteemed readers of The Bookman," and endless addresses to the greatness and glory of the United States.

I shall confine myself to the points properly pertaining to the question.

Dame Piqué, Kansemir, Lynba, as well as Khrautzouz (p. 46, col. 1, l. 14 from bottom), Svadiebnyie; piesni (p. 46, col. 2, l. 1), Vaticolus (p. 47, col. 1, l. 16), Ipatieffskaya (*ib.* l. 21), and *his* (p. 48, col. 2, l. 7)—the five latter unnoticed by M. Waliszewski—were all left uncorrected by the compositor from my proof with the corrections: Dame de Pique, Kantemir, Lyuba, Svadiebnyie piesni, Vaticano, Ipatiyeffskaya and her.*

To the slur upon my inconsistency in spelling *Tchij*, I reply that I purposely did so to help the reader in finding *the passage* in question (p. 358), as *Chizh* looks to an average American reader quite a different name. I tried to keep to this principle in all quotations. Thus, Magharabati, Nal and Diamaianti (p. 47, ll. 19-20, col. 1 of my article) were scrupulously preserved in a guise under which not many would recognise Mahâbhârata, Nala and Damayanti. This plan will be particularly plain when you mark the spelling *Pouchkine*, left undisturbed twice (p. 47, end of col. 1 and top of col. 2) with my own spelling, *Pushkin*, wedged in where it is not a part of the quotation.

As to the last word under the what may be called "graphical" head—Galich,† let not the reader think that the dispute is about the town Galich or Halicz or Khalitch. It refers to the Galich-Volhynian Chronicle; this is a mediæval history, *in Russian*, of an important *Russian* town and principality, Galich (Volhynian), dealing only with events previous to the loss of its independence to the

*We desire to corroborate Mr. Joffe's statement in respect to this matter.—Editors of The Bookman.

†Distinctly mentioned by me in a list of misprints, originally much longer (p. 46, col. 1, l. 17 from bottom).

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Poles in 1340. The Austrian district *Galicia* (*Galatia* in 1190), named so after the town (Halicz *at present*) is further proof that it is a *Galich*-Volhynian Chronicle, and that this is not at all a question of geographical atlases. One might with as much reason call Ulisses *The Thiakian* instead of Ithacan, because at present Ithaca is Thiaki.

As to the cant that a writer must not be criticised for defects in his work on the ground of past merits (*in a wholly different field,* by the way), good old Euripides has this pertinent remark:

Εἰ θεοί τι δρῶσιν αἰσχρόν, οὐκ εἰσὶν θεοί,"

which in free vernacular means:

If gods aught shameful do, they are no (longer) gods.

Now I shall turn to the disagreements with my views.

I have not said that the ill-starred "*History of Russian Literature,* being apparently intended to increase the sale of Russian books in the American market, ought to have taken a tone of panegyric." I said: "When a history of a literature is published for the first time, it should, in the nature of things, be written by a person who loves his subject, for *its* aim is to awaken interest in *its* readers and, incidentally, to increase *its* sale." With singular innocence I imagined that *its* in the three places referred to the history of literature, and not, *proleptically, to the Russian books* mentioned in the reply. Later I distinctly said: "We may even go further and say that *a first book* in this line should savour more of panegyric than of *cool and dispassionate judgment —the most indispensable quality in writing a history of a literature more or less well known.*" This places me in an unshakeable position as to "confounding science and independent criticism with newspaper puffing and shop-door advertisements to tempt buyers," with which I am taunted.

I have not posed as the discoverer of Russian *pity.* The word is used *passim* in the reviewed book, as can be seen from the quotation in the reply above, in spite of the efforts to impute the term to me. I said that to ignore this cardinal characteristic (=*teaching mission,* p. 44, col. 1, l. 10 of my article, *pity,* if M. Waliszewski prefer it) of Russian literature would be equivalent to measuring it by a wrong standard, and this opinion I still maintain, as *ignore* does not mean *to be ignorant of*=fr. ignorer.

I have not said that "it is well to hang the man who is guilty of conspiring or fighting for the independence or freedom of his native country and to spare the life of a common murderer." The passage quoted by me: "Russia is a country in which *the death penalty only exists in cases of political offences,*" seemed to show that the author objected to capital punishment applied to political transgressors only and not to common-law criminals too. I hope that capital punishment will soon be totally abolished everywhere. It did not exist in the *Russkaya Pravda* (Yaroslav's Code, 1054), which proves that the death penalty is foreign to the spirit of the Russians. The execution of political criminals is done at the will of the autocratic Tsars in spite of it.

The other point of dispute is the passage: "The *ethnographical* novel, originally *produced* by Koltsov, Grigorovich and Tourguéniev, received a fairly attractive form at the hands of P. I. Mielnikov" (p. 298). Who can understand it as meaning that "the Russian ethnographical novel *proceeds* from Koltsov" and not that Koltsoff *wrote* ethnographical novels?

As to whether my expression, "Gogól —he of perennial Homeric laughter"— means that "Gogól's laugh proceeds from Homer or that Homer wrote novels" —this I shall better leave alone with the remarks about my knowledge of English.

I now come to the important question about plagiarism. I said: "The latter half (of the book) is more valuable, but one fact will illustrate the methods of a man who might pronounce Shakespeare a plagiarist because he helped himself to Holinshed or Plutarch. Page 336 is almost a literal translation of p. 171 in Skabicheffski's *History of Recent Russian Literature.* Pp. 356-358, from pp. 177-178 *ib.,* and p. 358 (about Tchij) is taken from p. 180." This should definitely prove that, *in this particular case,* the parenthetical Tchij pointed to a *passage taken from a page, and not to a literal translation of a whole page.*

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I wanted to say that a man who is so severe in accusing the Russian writers of plagiarism ought not to do it himself. In the reply this argument is brought against me. Just think of the polemical skill! However, facts speak louder than words:

Says Skabicheffski (pp. 177-8, ed. 1897): "Towards the end of his life (Dostoyefski) became a Slavophil and mystic. In this metamorphosis . . . something common is found in him with Count Tolstoy. . . . Both writers have found disappointment in European progress, . . . came to despair, the only way out of which to them appeared to be the fact that the popular masses are imbued with living faith. . . . Count Tolstoy came forth with his theory of non-resisting evil by violence, Dostoyefski—with his theory of moral uplifting and purification through suffering. . . . Still there is a great difference between Tolstoy and Dostoyefski. Tolstoy is a genuine individualist to the marrow of his bones. He does not care for society, for his native country with its fates. Should he discern that for the self-perfection of the individual the complete annihilation of the State is necessary, he would not hesitate to stand for that, too. . . . Dostoyefski, on the contrary, is a communist. Liberty and individual self-preservation worry him little. Individuality, according to his doctrine, must only subject and sacrifice itself to the fatherland, for the fulfilment of that mission which Russia, as the God-chosen nation, is predestined to realise."

Says M. Waliszewski (p. 356, l. 15 from bottom, *sqq.*):

. . . "Yet in Dostoïevski and the Slavophils and Tolstoï one common feature does exist. I refer to their repudiation of Western civilisation as the one necessary principle which must rule the development of the national culture, and their appeal to the faith of the popular masses as the indispensable complement of that development. On these lines Tolstoï has reached an evangelical theory of non-resistance to evil, and Dostoïevski an evangelical theory of atonement and rehabilitation through suffering. But at this point their roads were to part. By virtue of one portion of this doctrine—and one which, as we know, admits of a good deal of contradiction—Tolstoï is an individualist, whose supreme object is to bring his inner man to a state of perfection. If reasons of State are an obstacle in the way of this attainment, he declares himself ready to abolish the State. Dostoïevski is a thorough communist. He cares little for individual liberty and individual perfection, and is quite ready to sacrifice both on the altar of that humanitarian idea which, in his mind, Russia, 'the elect nation,' has been called to realise."

Quite a number of "concrete facts," as you see!

That I admitted that Russian literature has not sprung up *per se,* but through borrowing from European literature, the closing lines of my review should have made certain beyond any shadow of a doubt.

As a further example of the way things are represented in the reply I may mention the reference to Brandès. The point is most skilfully shifted, and the unsuspecting reader is switched from Russian literature, of which Brandès is a great admirer, to Russia herself, with which Brandès really finds many faults.

Only one point is openly conceded—about spelling. There is a half-hearted admission about the erroneous dates (which I was willing to ascribe to the printer) under the sarcastic excuse of "absence of birth certificates," but no mention is made of Pushkin's writing for magazines in 1794-5. There is, however, a roundabout admission on the important point that the book is a translation from the French original. As to the explanation about the Ipatiyeffskaya Lyetopis (which does not mean a chronicle "in the collection of Ipatiev") I cannot see what extenuating circumstances it brings to the case.

Taking it all in all, has the validity of my contentions been in the slightest way impaired by the reply? I leave it for the readers to judge. On one point, however, I do agree with the reply—namely, that the "rule to avoid all public discussion on the subject of one's own writings" is a wise one for some people.

Judah A. Joffe.

November 11, 1900.

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FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

VI.—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1841, in an article entitled "A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences," we are told in an indefinite way of some otherwise unknown juvenile productions of Shelley's. The name of the author of the article was Merle. Professor Dowden suggested that it might have been William Henry Merle, author of several books, including *Odds and Ends of Verse,* but Mr. Thomas J. Wise states that it was one Gibbons Merle, "who owned and published a short-lived paper boasting the title of *The White Dwarf.*" The references to these early publications in his "Reminiscences" are very slight. The following is the sentence in which they are referred to, as quoted by Mr. Wise:

> It was his [Sir Bysshe Shelley, the poet's grandfather] purse which supplied young Bysshe with the means for printing many of his fugitive pieces. These issued from the press of a printer at Horsham, and although they were not got up in good style, the expense was much greater than Shelley could have afforded if he had not received the assistance of his grandfather.

Whatever these "fugitive pieces" were, they do not seem now to be in existence. It would be wise, however, for any one finding thin, poorly printed pamphlets from any Horsham press about 1810 to treasure them and submit them to some Shelley student for examination. Whatever they were like, they may well be sought for with those other lost books of Shelley's which are more positively known to have been printed. A list of these may be found in Mr. Buxton Forman's *Shelley Library.* I shall speak later of one which was included in that list, but which has recently been discovered.

The first book by Shelley which seems to be known to students or collectors now, however, is the novel *Zastrozzi.* Professor Dowden calls this "a boy's attempt to rival and surpass the pieces of contemporary fiction which for a time had caught his fancy—romances of pseudo-passion and the pseudo-sublime written in staccato sentences of incoherent prose."

Of course, no one reads *Zastrozzi* now except the Shelley student. The following few lines, forming the first six paragraphs of the novel, will show sufficiently its curious character:

> Torn from the society of all he held dear on earth, the victim of secret enemies, and exiled from happiness, was the wretched Verezzi!
>
> All was quiet; a pitchy darkness involved the face of things, when, urged by fiercest revenge, Zastrozzi placed himself at the door of the inn where, undisturbed, Verezzi slept.
>
> Loudly he called the landlord. The landlord.

ZASTROZZI,

A ROMANCE.

BY

P. B. S.

> ——That their God
> May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
> Abolish his own works—This would surpass
> Common revenge.
>
> PARADISE LOST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. WILKIE AND J. ROBINSON,
57, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1810.

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to whom the bare name of Zastrozzi was terrible, trembling obeyed the summons.

"Thou knowest Verezzi the Italian? He lodges here." "He does," answered the landlord.

"Him, then, have I devoted to destruction," exclaimed Zastrozzi. "Let Ugo and Bernardo follow you to his apartment; I will be with you to prevent mischief."

Cautiously they ascended—successfully they executed their revengeful purpose, and bore the sleeping Verezzi to the place, where a chariot waited to convey the vindictive Zastrozzi's prey to the place of its destination.

This strange composition was published early in 1810, when Shelley was in his eighteenth year. It had been, for the most part at least, written some fifteen months before while Shelley was a student at Eton. Before it was published he had gone to Oxford. MacCarthy, in *Shelley's Early Life,* records that it was published on June 5, but from a very curious letter addressed to Edward Graham, the original of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library, it would seem that it was, at least, just about to be published on April 1. The letter is so curious, wild and unpractical, and shows such a lack of knowledge of the world (if, indeed, it may not have been written in jest), that I quote it entire.

I will see you at Easter—next Friday I shall be in London, but for a very short time—unable to call on you till Passion week—Robinson will take no trouble about the reviewers, let everything proper be done about the venal villains and I will settle with you when we meet at Easter.—We will all go in a posse to the bookseller's in Mr. Grove's barouche and four.—Shew them that we are no Grub Street garretteers—but why Harriet more than any one else—a faint essay I see in return for my enquiry for Caroline.

We will not be cheated again—let us come over Jock, for if he will not give me a devil of a price for my Poem and at least £60 for my new Romance in three Volumes the dog shall not have them.

Pouch the reviewers—£10 will be sufficient I should suppose, and that I can with the greatest ease repay when we meet at Passion week. Send the reviews in which Zastrozzi is mentioned to Field Place, the British review is the hardest, let that be pouched well.—My note of hand if for any larger sum is quite at your service, as it is of consequence in fiction to establish your name as high as you can in the literary lists.

The "Jock" of the above curious letter was probably J. Robinson, one of the publishers of the book. The "new Romance in three Volumes" was probably *St. Irvyne,* which was published, but not by Robinson, in 1811. It, however, made only one volume, and that a small one. Shelley's own idea of the length of his manuscript when put in type probably led to this error on his part.

There is another letter extant, dated May 29, in which Shelley asks that a copy of the book be sent to a clergyman "directly," as he has already "written to say it is coming."

The book was advertised in the *Times* of June 5 and 12, 1810. Whether any of the reviewers were really "pouched" does not seem to be known. From the notice printed in the *Critical Review* for November, 1810, it is evident that if any effort was made to purchase a favourable notice from this paper it was unsuccessful. The story and the style are characterised as "so truly contemptible that we should have passed it unnoticed had not our indignation been excited by the open and barefaced immorality and grossness displayed throughout." The reviewer goes on to say: "The author of it cannot be too severely reprobated. Not all his 'scintillated eyes,' his 'battling emotions,' his 'frigorific torpidity of despair,' nor his 'Lethean torpor,' with the rest of his nonsensical and stupid jargon, ought to save him from infamy and his volume from the flames."

One of Shelley's old schoolfellows is authority for the statement that he received £40 for *Zastrozzi* from the publisher, and that the greater part of the sum was at once transformed into a banquet, at which the author feasted eight of his friends.

The first edition of *Zastrozzi* is a small 12mo, composed of half-title, title and two hundred and fifty-two pages of text. The half-title is often lacking in the copies which come upon the market.

Many of our famous writers of prose have begun their career of book-making by issuing a volume of verse. Shelley, whose fame is that of a poet, began by publishing a novel. His second appearance, however, was as a poet.

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That book, published in 1810 with the title *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire,* has a curious history. Of no consequence and forgotten at the time, its existence was not known until 1859; and notwithstanding the title of the book, its size and even the number of pages have been known since that date, no copy of the book was discovered until 1897, and so far as I can learn, no second copy has since been unearthed.

That Shelley ever had anything to do with this volume of *Poetry by Victor and Cazire* would probably never have been known except for certain references to it in a little periodical called *Stockdale's Budget.* Dr. Richard Garnett, until recently for many years Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, who discovered these passages by accident nearly forty years ago, and who has recently edited this *Victor and Cazire* volume, has this to say of Stockdale's periodical:

> This *Budget* was a scandalous periodical, in which the publisher Stockdale, who had been ruined by his publication of the still more scandalous *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson,* sought to avenge himself upon society by raking together all the misdemeanors of the upper classes he could collect from the newspapers. Shelley was then [in 1826] regarded as a social pariah, and fair game for a professional lampooner of the grade to which this once respectable publisher had sunk.

I have had the opportunity of examining a file of this very rare little paper, which so strangely has such Shelley interest. The first number has the heading:

> Stockdale's Budget | of "All that is good, and noble, and amiable, in the Country." | Men's actions, words, and thoughts, we bring to view, | However secret:—aye, and women's too. |

Number I. was dated December 13, 1826, and the last number, Number XXVI., June 6, 1827. Each number contains eight pages. Our interest lies in the first number. As the extracts made by Dr. Garnett have been condensed, and as he has not indicated where he made the omissions, it seems best to quote this article in full as it was printed in the *Budget.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The unfortunate subject of these very slight recollections, introduced himself, to me, early in the autumn of 1810. He was extremely young, I should think that he did not look more than eighteen. With anxiety in his countenance, he requested me to extricate him from a pecuniary difficulty, in which he was involved, with a printer, whose name I cannot call to mind; but who resided at Horsham [actually Worthing], near to which Timothy Shelley Esquire M.P. afterwards I believe, made a Baronet, the father of our poet, had a seat, called Field Place. I am not quite certain how the difference, between the poet, and the printer, was arranged; but, after I had looked over the account, I know that it was paid; though, whether I assisted in the payment by money or acceptance, I cannot remember. The letters show that it was accomplished just before my too conscientious friend caused our separation. Be that as it may, on the 17th September 1810, I received fourteen hundred and eighty copies of a thin royal 8vo. volume, in sheets, and not gathered. It was entitled Original Poetry, by Alonzo and Cazire, or two names, something like them. The author told me that the poems were the joint production of himself and a friend, whose name was forgotten by me as soon as I heard it. I advertised the work, which was to be retailed at 3s. 6d. [the advertisements themselves read 4s.], in nearly all the London papers of the day, seventeen in number; but I was told that, though paid for, it did not appear in the *Times,* and, from my subsequent experience, I consider that such an omission was far from improbable, and I fear, the *Times* was not singular in the omission. In many papers however, I saw it. I am only particular on this point; because few, if any were sold, in consequence, as I intimated was not unlikely to be the case; though, even from these boyish trifles, assisted by my personal intercourse with the author, I, at once, formed the opinion that he was not an every-day character.

In the various wrecks, to which my property has been subjected; but most especially, by the destructive mode, in which Mr. Hugh Evans Fisher carried his unprecedented verdict of £700 into effect, against both my property and person, I have recovered none of Mr. Shelley's letters, previous to September 1810; though I attach little interest to them, beyond their having emanated from such a pen.

Some short time, after the announcement of his poems, I happened to be perusing them,

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with more attention than I had, till then, had leisure to bestow upon them, when I recognised, in the collection, one, which I knew to have been written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, the Author of *The Monk,* and I fully anticipated the probable vexation of the juvenile, maiden-author, when I communicated my discovery to Mr. P. B. Shelley.

With all the ardour, incidental to his character, which embraced youthful honour, in all its brilliancy, he expressed the warmest resentment at the imposition, practised upon him, by his co-adjutor, and intreated me to destroy all the copies; of which I may say that, through the author and me, about one hundred, in the whole, have been put into circulation. Notwithstanding their comparative demerits, this information may give them value, in the eyes of their possessors, and must have the charm of novelty, perhaps, to all my readers.

The edition printed of the book was probably fifteen hundred. A few were sold and some were sent to the reviewers. According to Stockdale, some fourteen hundred were destroyed. The single copy which has come to light seems to have been given by Shelley, before the book was bound, to the Rev. Charles Grove, a brother of Harriet Grove, to whom Shelley was betrothed, and to whom many of the poems in the volume were addressed. It had been bound up with some other pamphlets, including several of Byron's works. From the water-mark in the paper of one of the fly-leaves it is known that the book could not have been bound before 1824. It contained the book-plate of the Rev. Charles Grove, and was found in the library which had descended from him to his grandson, Mr. V. E. G. Hussey. It belongs now, I believe, to Mr. Thomas J. Wise. As I have not been able to get a photograph of the title, I can only transcribe it from the reprint.

Original Poetry; | By | Victor and Cazire. | [Quotation from the Lay of the Last Minstrel.] Worthing | Printed by C. and W. Phillips, | for the Authors; | and sold by J. J. Stockdale, 41, Pall-Mall, | and all other Booksellers. | 1810. |

The volume contains seventeen pieces or poems, filling sixty pages. The title-page and contents occupy each one leaf in addition. That the poems were partly by Shelley and partly by another hand was known from Stockdale's account, and from the name Cazire it was supposed that this other was a woman. Some have supposed her to have been Shelley's cousin and first love, Harriet Grove, and others that she was his sister Elizabeth. That it was the latter there can be little doubt. Dr. Garnett points out that it must have been Shelley's sister who wrote the second poem in the volume:

To Miss —— ——
From Miss —— ——

which contains the following lines:

For they're all alike, take them one with another,
Begging pardon—with the exception of my brother.

There is, however, another and stronger reason for our being certain that Shelley's collaborator was his sister, and one which was not noticed by Dr. Garnett.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Shelley's room-mate at Oxford, prepared a life of the poet, which for family reasons was suppressed after the first two volumes were published. On pages 199 and 200 of Volume I. he prints some verses and says of them:

Bysshe wrote down these verses for me at Oxford from memory. I was to have a complete and more correct copy of them some day. They were the composition of his sister Elizabeth, and he valued them highly as well as their author, with whom, except an occasional tiff, when she preferred less dry and abstruse matters to his ethical and metaphysical speculations, he agreed most affectionately, cordially and perfectly.

Now, it happens that these verses are parts of three "Songs" which are printed in the *Victor and Cazire* volume. As printed by Hogg, they were written down by Shelley from memory, and many lines are omitted, while there are variations in several others. While Hogg seems to state positively that the verses quoted were by Shelley's sister, Dr. Garnett from internal evidence ascribes them to Shelley himself. In fixing the authorship of the seventeen poems in the volume, he ascribes three to Cazire

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and eleven to Victor (including the three quoted in part by Hogg), leaving three doubtful, among which must be the plagiarism from "Monk" Lewis, described by Stockdale.

Dr. Garnett, an undoubted authority on all matters relating to the poet Shelley, still believes that Shelley was the actual author of these three pieces, and that either Hogg was simply mistaken or that he had been purposely misled by Shelley. He writes me under date of May 25 last:

> I am much obliged to you for drawing my attention to the fact, which I ought to have discovered for myself, that some poems in "Victor and Cazire" had been printed in Hogg's Life of Shelley as compositions of Elizabeth Shelley. I fully agree with you that this affords another strong reason for identifying Elizabeth Shelley with "Cazire." At the same time I think there can be no doubt that the shorter songs are really Shelley's and addressed by him to Harriet Grove. Internal evidence would induce me to attribute the longer poem also to him, and to suspect a mystification on his part or Hogg's. But it may be otherwise. If Elizabeth really did write this poem her share in the volume must be more considerable than I thought when I edited it.

Stockdale says that the reason that the book was suppressed was that he had discovered a poem among those in the volume which he recognised as having been written by M. G. Lewis, author of *The Monk,* and generally known as "Monk" Lewis. This poem, however, cannot now be identified. None of the poems are published in any of the volumes by Lewis; and according to Dr. Garnett, "there is certainly nothing in it that is not far below his ordinary standard of composition."

In Harriet Grove's diary under date of September 17, 1810, occurs this entry:

> Received the poetry by Victor and Cazire. C. offended, and with reason. I think they have done very wrong in publishing what they have of her.

Perhaps this feeling on the part of Elizabeth Shelley had something to do with the suppression of the book.

The book was, as Stockdale says, advertised on September 18 and 19, 1810, as

> This Day is Published, in royal 8vo, price 4s, in boards, 'Original Poems, by Victor and Cazire.'

Professor Dowden was able to find two reviews or notices of the book. One of the reviewers said of it, in a dictum worthy of THE BOOKMAN:

> Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire. There is no original poetry in this volume; there is nothing in it but downright scribble.

Now that we have the text of the book itself, we can see that the reviewer was right. Nevertheless, were a copy of the original edition to come upon the auction market, it might be expected to bring upward of a thousand dollars.

Luther S. Livingston.

TOLSTOY'S DENUNCIATION OF CONTEMPORARY ART

In a philosophical review published in Moscow, Count Tolstoy denounces what he terms the degradation of contemporary art. He deplores the absence of all lofty ideal, the impoverishment of material, the prevailing tendency to be obscure and eccentric in expression, the alliance, every day closer, of bad taste and immorality, and, in short, the gradual substitution of an imitation and spurious art for true art which, according to Tolstoy, cannot exist apart from religion.

Modern scepticism and materialism the Russian philosopher blames for this degeneration in art. He likewise holds accountable the critics whose functions, he says, are worse than useless, since art needs no explanation, and who, lacking themselves in the artistic temperament, succeed only in discouraging true artists and corrupting public taste.

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Still another cause, he claims, is that the artistic career has become a mere money-making business, like any other, the artist of to-day being chiefly occupied with expanding his bank account.

Tolstoy is nothing if not frank, and he spares none of the contemporary writers whose work he disapproves. He makes a scathing attack on the poets of the decadent school represented by Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Verlaine, nor does he spare Maeterlinck, Pierre Louÿs, Marcel Prévost, Gerhardt Hauptmann, Edmond Rostand, Rudyard Kipling and others. As to Wagner, Tolstoy regards him as the very antichrist of music.

It was while writing his last novel, *Resurrection*—intended by him as a model of Christian art—that Tolstoy laid aside his work to pen this credo. He admits that art is necessary to man's happiness, but true art, he argues, is based on religion, and this is an age of unbelief. In every human community, he says, there is a religious sense of what is good and what is bad, and it is this religious sense which decides the value of all expressed through art. It was so with the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Chinese, the Egyptians and the Indians, and also with the early Christians. Christianity during the early centuries only recognised as good art the legends, the lives of the saints, all that expressed love of Christ; purely secular works were condemned as bad art.

Later came Church Christianity, more akin to paganism than the doctrine of Christ, and this Church Christianity had an entirely different way of valuing works of art. Having replaced the essential principles of true Christianity—which teaches perfect equality and the fraternity of all men by a celestial hierarchy similar to a pagan mythology, introducing the worship of Christ, the Holy Virgin, Angels, Apostles, etc.—a new art sprang up. This art, although resting on a perversion of the doctrine of Christ, was true art none the less, since it responded to the religious conception of the time. The artists of the Middle Ages, taking their inspiration at the same source as the people, expressed what they felt in architecture, painting, music and poetry. They were true artists, and their works, in consequence, are immortal.

Soon, however, the rich and aristocratic classes, doubting the truth of this conception of life taught by the paganised Church, lost all faith in its doctrines, although remaining part of it outwardly in order to maintain their influence over the masses, and the great of the earth—popes, kings, dukes—were without a religion; and it was these men who, having power and riches, patronised and paid the artists. Thus was born a new art, an art no longer valued according to how it expresses the religious feelings of the day, but according to its beauty—that is to say, according to the amount of pleasure it imparted. Having accepted pleasure as the sole criterion of art, they adopted the artistic yet crude conceptions of the ancient Greeks.

But if, asks Tolstoy, art has for its object the transmitting by man to man the loftiest and best ideals of the human soul, how is it that humanity during all this time has been able to get along without art and has been content with an inferior art? The answer is, he says, that since the upper classes lost their faith there has ceased to be what might be called a national art. The masses have been without art, for modern art is unintelligible to them. Formerly the poets wrote in Latin, but nowadays the artistic productions of our poets are as unintelligible as if they were written in Sanskrit. Some modern writers deny that the people have any right to art, and proclaim with supreme impudence that they, the élite, may alone enjoy it. And so it is that to-day we have an art that caters only to a certain class, and of all the immense domain of art that part alone has been cultivated which gives pleasure to this privileged class. It is this that has weakened art, and has, so to speak, destroyed it.

At the very outset of the separation of this new art, devoted solely to pleasure, from the art of the people, vanity, ambition and contempt for mankind begin to predominate. During the Renaissance and for long afterward the principal object of works of art was the praise of the powerful—popes, kings and princes. Later, the element of sexual desire began to enter more and more into art, and henceforth became with very few exceptions an essential element in all the art productions of the rich classes and par-

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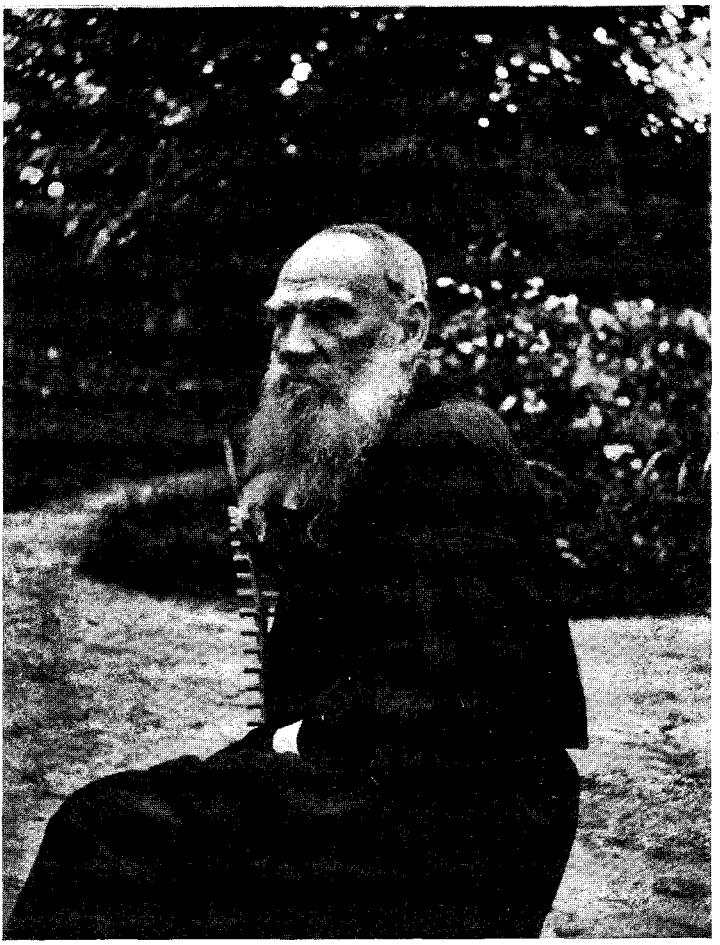
ticularly in novels. From Boccaccio to Marcel Prévost every novel and poem deals with sexual love in some form. Adultery is the favourite theme, not to say the only theme of every novel. An indispensable condition of a theatrical performance is that under some pretext women shall appear on the stage with their bosom and limbs bare. Operas, songs, all are devoted to the idealisation of sensuality. The majority of modern French paintings represent the female nude.



COUNT TOLSTOY. FROM A RECENT PICTURE.

To get an idea of the new French writers, continues Tolstoy, I read a novel by Rémy de Gourmont, who is credited with having considerable talent. The book is called *Les Chevaux de Diomède*, and is a detailed account of the sexual relations of certain gentlemen with certain ladies. The same with Pierre Louys, whose Græco-Egyptian novel *Aphrodite* has had enormous success. These authors are evidently convinced that as their own life is spent in imagining all kinds of sexual abominations, other people spend their lives in the same manner.

The third of the lofty sentiments expressed by the art of the rich was universal pessimism and discontent, which made its appearance at the beginning of this century. Its strongest exponents were Byron, Leopardi and Heine. To-day it is general. When art was made exclusive it became obscure. Formerly, when art was universal, an artist strove to say what he had to say so that every one could understand him. But when the artist worked only for a little narrow circle—for popes, kings and oftener for

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kings' mistresses—he naturally tried to write *at* these people, with whose morals and tastes he was familiar. Thus, the artist involuntarily was led to express himself in allusions only understood by the initiated and obscure for the rest of mankind. This tendency became more in favour as time passed, and to-day it appears to have reached its extreme limits in the art of our modern decadent writers.

Mallarmé declares frankly somewhere that the charm of poetry consists in having to guess its meaning, and that every poem ought to contain an enigma. Therefore, we have obscurity set up as an artistic dogma. The young French writers, however, are not the only sinners in this respect. In every other country, in Germany, Italy, Russia and England, the poets write in the same obscure fashion. Adopting the theories of Nietzsche and the example of Wagner, the artists of the new generations think it useless to be intelligible to the general public. Among these decadent writers are Jean Moréas, Charles Morice, Henri de Régnier, Charles Vignier, Adrien Remacle, René Ghil, Maurice Maeterlinck, Georges Rodenbach, Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezenzac, Sâr Peladan, Paul Adam, Jules Bois and others.

In Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* the reader feels that the chief preoccupation of the poet is to appear eccentric and obscure. There is not one of Baudelaire's poems that can be clearly understood without a certain effort, and this effort is rarely repaid, for the sentiments expressed by the poet are not beautiful and, generally speaking, belong to a low order.

And the poetic productions of that other "great" poet, Verlaine, are no less affected and obscure. Take, for instance, his "Ariettes oubliées." What is the meaning of the poem? I confess it was unintelligible to me. Verlaine's poems are not only incomprehensible, but under the pretence of giving an impression, they are only a tissue of incorrect metaphor and words devoid of all sense. Verlaine's philosophy consisted in the vilest debauch, the confession of his moral impotency and as an antidote against this impotency, the most abject and vulgar religious idolatry.

I cannot help laying stress on the extraordinary fame acquired by these two writers, Baudelaire and Verlaine, who are lauded to-day throughout Europe as the greatest masters of modern poetry. How can Frenchmen who have produced Chenier, Lamartine, Musset and, above all, Hugo, who more recently have had Lecomte de Lisle and Sully Prudhomme—how can they place any value on such bad poets! And yet these poets have founded a school, and have hundreds of imitators.

The same obscurity is found in a field where one might reasonably think it must be difficult to be unintelligible—in novels and stories. Read *Là-Bas* of Huysmans, some of the stories of Rudyard Kipling or *L'Annonciateur* of Villiers de l'Isle Adam. These authors are at times absolutely incomprehensible.

Tolstoy's opinion of Hauptmann's dream-play, *Hännele,* an English version of which was produced in New York a few years ago, is interesting. The author, he says, sets out to arouse our sympathies for a little girl ill-treated by a drunken father. To arouse this sympathy in us by means of art he could either have had one of his characters express pity for the child in a way to touch the audience or else describe truthfully the young girl's feelings. But being either unable or unwilling to use this method, Hauptmann chose another, more difficult for the stage manager, but far easier for himself as author. He shows us the young girl dying on the stage, and to accentuate still more the physiological effect of this agony on our nerves, he causes all the lights to be put out in the theatre. Then to the sound of sinister music he shows us the young girl pursued and beaten by her father. The young girl dies, and angels appear and bear her away. And the audience goes home, thinking they have felt the genuine artistic thrill.

In justice to Hauptmann it should be remarked that Tolstoy has ignored the principal character in *Hännele,* that of The Stranger, or village schoolmaster, the only one who has been kind to her, and who in the fervent imagination of the dying child takes on the form and features of Christ. Therein lies the beauty of *Hännele*—not in the fact that the child is persecuted by a drunken father and is borne away by angels.

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The men of the first half of our century, continues Tolstoy, those who have admired Goethe, Schiller, Musset, Hugo, Dickens, Beethoven, Chopin, Raphael and Michael Angelo, are unable to understand this new art, and simply look upon it as pure folly. But this would be an error, for this new art is taking root every day, and has already gained in the world a place equal to that conquered by Romanticism in 1830.

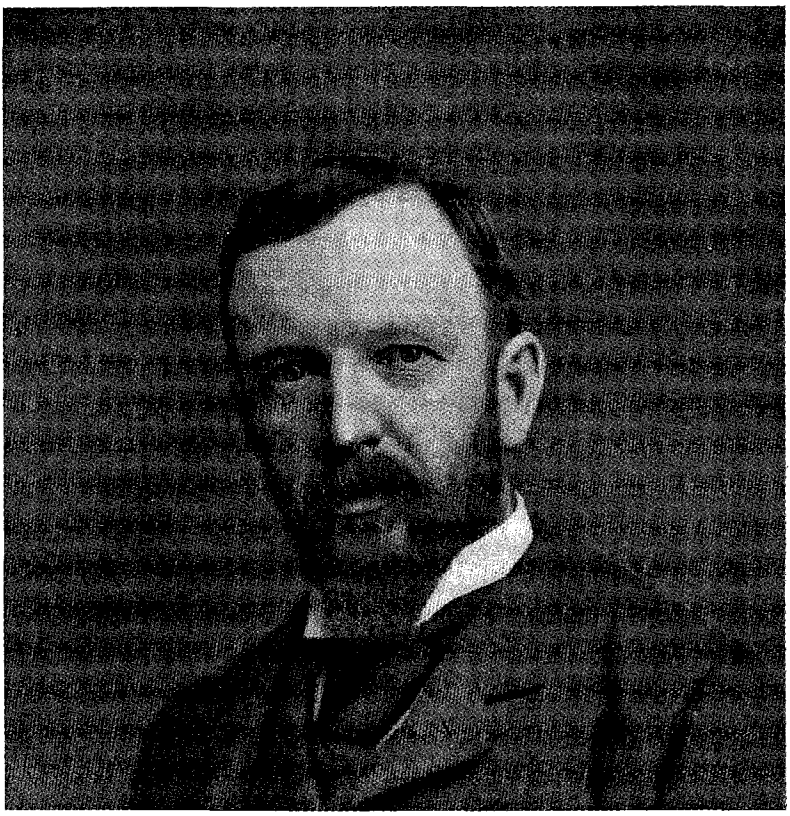
If, says the Russian philosopher, I were asked to designate what I considered models of universal art, I would say Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* and *Pauvres Gens,* Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* and *Christmas Carols,* Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* George Eliot's *Adam Bede,* and the works of Dostoïevsky.

As to the art of the future, he says in conclusion, its object will no longer be to express sentiments understood only by a small wealthy class, but to express the loftiest religious conscience of future generations. That only will be considered art in future which helps to bring men closer together in fraternal union. Then art will no longer be cultivated by the few, but by all men alike.

Arthur Hornblow.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Literature and the drama have borne an uncommonly close relation to each other in our recent plays. *L'Aiglon,* which Maude Adams has given at the Knickerbocker, and which Bernhardt is soon to give at the Garden, is certainly one of the greatest plays of modern times. The poetic drama is not very profuse just now, and this is the most notable instance of it since *Die Versun-*



HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

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kene Glöcke. It belongs in a higher class than *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Cyrano was desperately clever, full of all sorts of theatrical brilliancies, and the whole effect was somewhat artificial. *L'Aiglon*

OTIS SKINNER AND ELEANOR ROBSON.
—BROWNING'S "IN A BALCONY."

is so simple, coherent and elevated, that I should be tempted to call it a tragedy, although the author, perhaps rightly, merely calls it a *drame*. The great power of the play, both as a piece of literature and as a work for the stage, came out clearly in the Knickerbocker performance, in spite of the fact that the management was poor and the acting wholly inappropriate. One thing that helped the drama to surmount these obstacles was the translation, which is remarkably good.

As an illustration of the spirit in which the performers took hold of this play, take the end of the fifth act (or, as it is performed, the fourth act). In the original, Napoleon's son, after dreaming mighty dreams alone on the field of Wagram, falls back into his truer nature at the first touch of reality. In imagination, he has been like his father, dominating the whirlwind; in fact, he is the weak, incompetent who, as soon as his Austrian regiment happens along, falls into step and mechanically takes his place as a second-rate Austrian colonel. Now, apparently this did not suit Mr. Frohman's idea of the worth of Miss Maude Adams. Therefore, when the regiment enters, Miss Adams turns on them, points to the prostrate body of Flambeau, and in a tone of authority cries "Honour the dead," whereupon they all bow their heads, and L'Aiglon is the hero of the moment. From the very beginning the determination to ignore the meaning of the play was apparent. There was none of the scorching bitterness which Rostand has made the keynote of a character torn between ambition and impotence. The gibes which sharply express the chafing of the restive little soul in its captivity were emitted by Miss Adams with all the sweetness that might mark an American girl heroine. She genuinely undertook to show that the Duke was a boy, but that was the only genuine piece of interpretation in her performance. It is difficult to take any attitude of blame toward one of the most hard-working and attractive actresses we have, but either she or Mr. Frohman is certainly responsible for taking the soul out of a great play. It was the same in such scenes as the one where the Eaglet plays with his soldiers. Instead of being dramatic, it tended to be kittenish. Her best work was done in the hysterical scene on the field of Wagram, where she reached a considerable degree of power. The case of Miss Adams is an interesting one. She is the most popular actress in America; her

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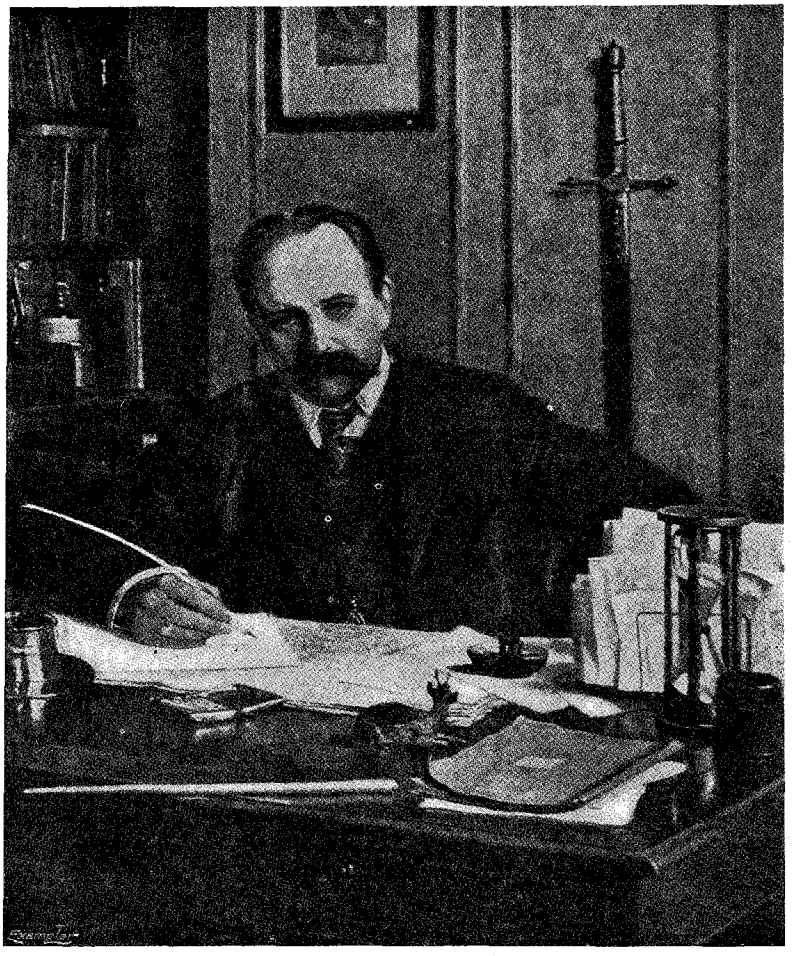
enormous vogue in *The Little Minister* had to come to an end; and then the question arose, what to do with her, to prevent an anti-climax? It may be that Mr. Frohman has taken the best course in sight; but yet it would be good advice to Miss Adams, if she is going to be thrown into very large parts, to ask her to try to play them fairly as they are, and not attempt to bring them down to an easier plane. It will be better for her own reputation in the end.

The general supervision of the company was bad. It was impossible to hear more than half the words in the forepart of the house, and a good stage manager could have overcome that difficulty in two rehearsals. The epigrams and thrusts scattered through the play were so run together, without form or distinctness, that no one of them carried its point. To the inaudible delivery Miss Adams and one or two other actors were honourable exceptions. The two principal parts after hers were ruined. Edward Arden as the Chancellor simply ate his words and did nothing, and the Flambeau acted as if he had been rehearsing for a comic opera.



LOUIS N. PARKER.

The greatest amount of enthusiasm, as far as I remember, seen at any matinée, greeted *In a Balcony*, which Mrs. Lemoyne put on at Wallack's Theatre. This poem is not a good play; its dramatic theme is threadbare, artificial and long drawn out, and the language has all of Browning's redundancy and awkwardness. Of course, it has also his

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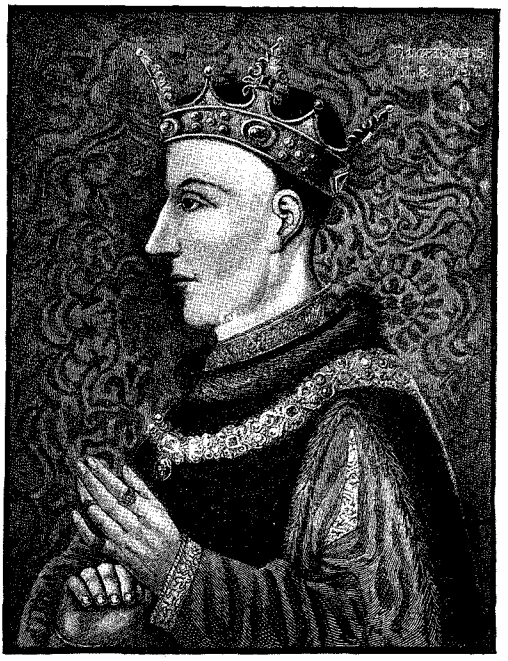
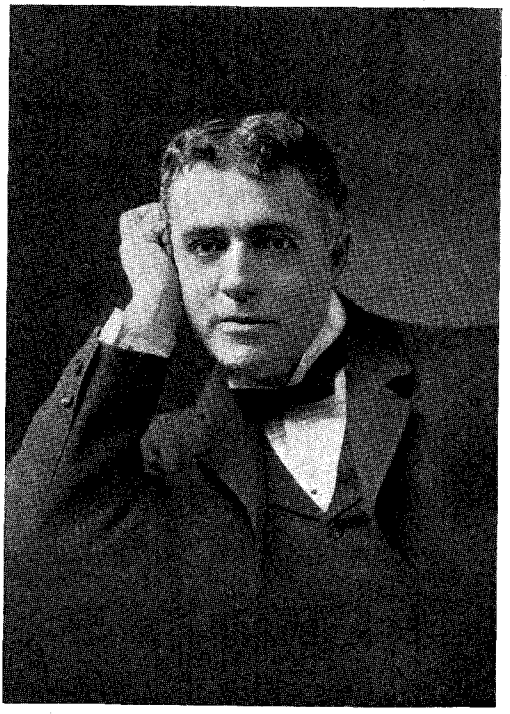
MRS. LEMOYNE.



KING HENRY THE FIFTH. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

ELEANOR ROBSON.



OTIS SKINNER.

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contagious energy of thought and occasional flashes of brilliant expression. Had I become acquainted with it only through seeing it on the stage, I should have believed it a much higher work of art; which shows of how much value good actors may be to a playwright. Mrs. Lemoyne's Queen was as finished and flawless a bit of acting as we are likely to see in a long time. It gave every aspect of the woman's emotion perfectly, from the pitiful hopes and enthusiasm growing out of a misunderstanding to the formidable sullenness after the discovery of the trick. Mr. Otis Skinner in a wholly different way did an equally remarkable piece of work. It was not so completely faultless, but it was more difficult. He fell from the best possible acting now and then by letting his properly florid style become a trifle too obviously florid. Yet it was the right style after all, and to carry speeches of the length delivered by him, with nothing going on, and make the verbal and psychological gymnastics of Browning sound simple and human, was a striking accomplishment. Miss Eleanor Robson is, comparatively speaking, a beginner, and her work as Constance was not in the same powerful class, but it was excellent in sincerity and taste, and promising in technique. The enthusiasm which she received from the audience was another reminder of the advantage to an intelligent actor of taking these occasional opportunities to break the long runs of commonplace plays with occasional appearances in dramas where the higher qualities count for more.

Mrs. Lemoyne gave, on the same day, a pretty and unimportant little fairy story by W. B. Yates, called *The Land of Heart's Desire;* but she has done something much more important. For some time now, at the end of *The Greatest Thing in the World,* she has put on a little one-act drama, by Israel Zangwill, which shows still more clearly, perhaps, than the *Children of the Ghetto* Mr. Zangwill's unmistakable dramatic talent. Mr. George Tyler is doing very well to stand by his belief in Mr. Zangwill's possibilities as a playwright, in spite of his first failure. This one-act piece is called *The Moment of Death, or the Never-Never Land.* It is as distinct as a dream, with something of its strange awfulness. It verges on the melodramatic, and yet it appeals constantly to the imagination. There is no moral to it, a fact which, remembering the New York criticisms, I might recommend to the newspaper reviewers in other cities. It is simply a striking picture, brilliantly drawn in outline, and extremely well written. When the curtain rises we see

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN IN "NELL GWYNN."

a fashionable square in London on a snowy night. A duchess enters in the company of a bishop, and they talk a few moments at her threshold. He recalls the charity and exceptional piety of her dead husband, and asks her if he did not at one time hold religious services for the Australian savages. She avoids direct answers, and prefers to talk about the nature of sin. The bishop believes that

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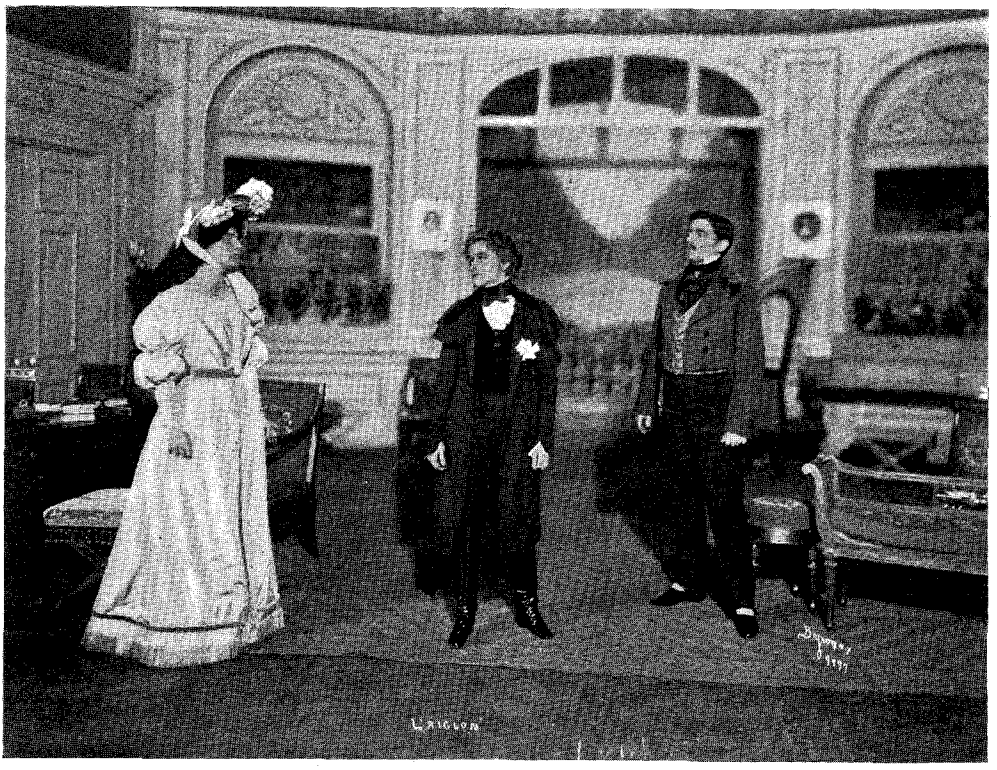
"NELL GWYNN" AT THE SAVOY.



"L'AIGLON" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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all credit for good deeds belongs to God, but that for our mistakes we are ourselves responsible. As she is about to enter her house the duchess, with a shriek, falls upon the snow.

The stage is dark. Then the curtain rises on a lonely country in Australia, a district called by the natives "the Never-Never Land." A woman, much younger than the duchess, picks herself up from the ground and looks about, wondering if she has had a sunstroke. Soon she hears hoofs approaching, and prepares to defend herself. It is her lover, however, who has come with two horses to take her away, while her old husband is hunting gold in the distance. The woman resists, but is persuaded, and is about to start when the husband enters. He sees what is going on, and quietly draws his long pistol. She endeavours to protect her lover, but the men agree that the world is too small to hold them both, and as each is a dead shot, the husband demands that a duel be fought by lot, that one may live to protect his Margery. He tears a button from his clothes, and forces his wife to toss it, saying that he knows she will give the old man a fair chance for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. It falls in favour of the lover. The husband forces his staggering wife to measure the ten paces, while he smokes his last pipe before going to the real Never-Never Land. He has been very kind to Margery, even under this shock, but he is rather glad to go, because some memories are hard to live down. Raising his pistol carelessly, Robert, the lover, misses. Then comes a scene of violent pleading by the wife; but again the men agree that John, the husband, must now send Robert where he himself had so narrowly escaped going. He gives him a paper, with a suggestion that he carry the news to his friends in hell. Robert, who is a young Englishman of high family, is filled with bitter irony at learning from this paper that he has inherited a dukedom. John advises him to pray. He cannot. Margery, however, goes to bring him a Bible. Again, with a book in her hand and her other hand in her pocket, she pleads with her husband. When all hope is gone she pulls a pistol and shoots him in the back.

The third tableau shows again the duchess lying in the snow after her moment's dream. She lifts her head and, exclaiming, "I am coming, John," she dies. The acting of Mrs. Le Moyne, Robert Edeson and John Glendinning was superb.

Romeo and Juliet was given for a week at the Murray Hill, not very well, but well enough to be interesting. That theatre also gave me the opportunity, through *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, of raising my opinion of the comedy powers and the technical mastery of Henry Arthur Jones. May Irwin has come back to town in a play much like her others, but less popular, and is again exhibiting her ample, original and contagious personality. In Henrietta Crossman, now giving here the first Nell Gwynn play, New York has discovered, to its great surprise, that one of the ablest comedians in America is a woman who played small parts here once and then was forgotten. Her obscurity, until this sudden burst of great success, is no compliment to the perspicacity of our managers. She has an amount of easy and unforced fun in her that is very rare, and her attractive personality stands firmly on a sound basis of technical skill. She has taken a high place to keep it.

Norman Hapgood.

HERE AND THERE

Election Echoes.

The Presidential election ended in what newspapers are fond of calling "a landslide." As is usual with this wonderful people of ours, the exultation of the victors was expressed without ill-nature toward the vanquished; while the resignation of the vanquished was free from any trace of bitterness toward the victors. The result was so overwhelmingly decisive that its meaning and significance cannot be questioned even by the most extreme of partisans. The country has pronounced,

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in a way that no one can mistake, its verdict in favour of the gold standard and the retention of our new possessions, and it has set the seal of its approval upon the record of President McKinley's administration. Few can doubt that Mr. Bryan in the last two weeks of the campaign contributed to the completeness of his own defeat by his intemperate and highly injudicious utterances in the East, or that he found toward the accomplishment of the same end a most effective ally in Mr. Richard Croker, every one of whose public appearances and acts must have won over to Mr. McKinley thousands of voters who up to that time had been halting between two opinions.

Perhaps the most jubilant of those who found the results of the election to their liking were the so-called Cleveland Democrats. For the past four years they have been politically homeless. They detest everything for which the name of Mr. Bryan stands; while, at the same time, only by a sort of conscientious compulsion have they been able to endure the necessity of supporting in part the policy of a Republican administration. They have been, so to speak, wandering in the wilderness, and wondering all the while whether they would ever again be able to find a resting-place where they might once more take up the party name that had been Bryanized, and once more bear it proudly as a badge of honour. In the utter political annihilation of Mr. Bryan through a defeat so overwhelming as to entail the loss not only of the Presidency, but of his own State, his own county, his own city, and even his own election district, these Cleveland Democrats now behold the possibility of restoring from the ruins the party which in Mr. Cleveland's time, at least, stood for sound finance, for a moderate tariff, and for a conservative and economical administration of the government. The question as to the possible reorganisation of the Democratic Party so as to give the country a united and disciplined Opposition is the most interesting political topic of the day. Already a great deal has been said about the advisability of issuing a call for such a reorganisation under the leadership of Mr. Cleveland, of Mr. Whitney, of Mr. Fairchild, and of other gentlemen whose names are associated with the best traditions of the Democracy; but it seems as though it would be wiser to take no action at the present time, but to wait upon the issue of events. A strong, harmonious party can never be mechanically formed; while such a party is bound to spring into existence by the very conditions of our political life. The Republicans, holding the Presidency and possessing a great majority in both the Senate and the House, are certain to find in the very completeness of their victory a source of peril. Flushed with success, secure for several years against all opposition, and, therefore, careless for the moment of all consequences, the absolute supremacy of their control is bound to create in the party-leaders a dangerous feeling of irresponsibility. Absolute power in parties, as in men, is sure to breed an overweening confidence and to render possible and, in fact quite certain, very serious mistakes; and when these mistakes begin to be repeated and their results to be widely felt, there will arise by a natural process of evolution a party which will represent a strenuous opposition to these errors. This party will find ready to hand as a basis for organisation the remnants of the old Democracy; and on the rock of its historic traditions there will be built up a powerful Opposition with new issues, new leaders and new energy. This will be a good thing for the country, since it is an axiom of constitutional government that the absence of a formidable Opposition to the party in power leads inevitably to corruption and to misrule. What the issues are to be in which such an Opposition shall find its *raison d'être* only the lapse of time can show; but the thing itself is just as certain to occur as are any of the material phenomena that spring from the unchanging processes of nature.

The Isolation of France.

The most interesting feature of the Anglo-German agreement of last month is to be found in the fact that it emphasises and perpetuates the isolation of France; and we are surprised that so little notice has been taken of this phase of the *entente*. Somehow or other, whenever there is a new adjustment of the political forces of Europe, France is always out of it. In

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the diplomatic history of the past thirty years, she has, indeed, cut a very sorry figure, sometimes from the incompetence of her statesmen and from the lack of nerve in her military and naval chiefs, as when she let England cut her out of Egypt in 1882; sometimes because of her recognition of her own weakness, as when Bismarck bullied M. Thiers into withdrawing precipitately his new Army Bill while that measure was still before the French Assembly; and sometimes because of the hollowness of her theatrical and quite unmeaning "alliance" with Russia, which, as every one now knows, gives not a single element of strength to France. That Frenchmen still hug tight their superstition that the Dual Alliance has added anything to French prestige is not, perhaps, surprising; since to admit the truth would be far too humiliating; yet the whole thing is an empty sham, as France has several times discovered to her great chagrin. What has France ever got from Russia? It was the neutrality of Russia, secured by Bismarck in advance, that made the Franco-Prussian War a possibility. France cheerfully subscribed her millions to the Russian loans. She even joined herself with hated Germany in order to oblige her Russian friends when, at Shimonoseki, Japan was "held up" in the interests of Russia and made to yield all her most cherished fruits of victory. But what has France received from Russia in return? Only a few flattering phrases about *nations amies et alliées* spoken by the Czar toward the end of the visit of President Faure, and a few patronising demonstrations of a purely spectacular kind. When France stood face to face with England at Fashoda, at a moment when war seemed not impossible, imperial Russia calmly looked the other way, and France backed down. And now in China, after France had swallowed some of her resentment in the hope of bringing Germany into an anti-English combination, the genius of Lord Salisbury has neatly turned the tables on the statesmen of the Quai d'Orsay, and once more France is left out in the cold. Russia has laid her grasp upon Manchuria, which will ultimately be her own; England and Germany have secured the open door for Anglo-German trade; but France gets nothing whatsoever, and stands there shrugging her shoulders with a look of piteous chagrin. The truth is, that France without alliances has come to be regarded as a nation which for all practical purposes has ceased to count. With a stationary population, with an unstable government, and with an army and a navy as to whose efficiency there exists a universal scepticism, France is going slowly down the way which Spain has travelled. Sooner or later she must frankly accept the position of a power of the second rank. Such triumphs as she may enjoy hereafter will be triumphs of literature and of art, and the only glory that she will possess must be erelong the glory of a great historic past.

H. T. P.

LITERARY PARIS

No event of the first magnitude has of late occurred in the literary world of France. There has been no election, no *séance de réception* in the Academy and no great writer has died. Perhaps some great writer has just been born, but, as a rule, the birth of a great writer is not known by the literary *chroniqueur* until a good many years after its occurrence. So I may be excused for not mentioning any event of the kind.

Though no great writer has disappeared, we must, however, record here the death of Adolphe Hatzfeldt. He was the associate of Arsène Darmesteter in the admirable new French Dictionary, the publication of which was completed only a few weeks ago; in fact, the initiative in the undertaking was his and not Darmesteter's. Though much older than the celebrated Romanist, he survived him a number of years, and was fortunate enough to see their great work carried to completion. He was, moreover, a felicitous writer, and produced, only a few years before his death, an excellent monograph on Saint Augustine.

As stated above, we have no birth to mention; but, perhaps, I may be allowed to give a few lines to an impending mar-

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riage. The talented widow of James Darmesteter, Mary Robinson, is about to enter upon a new matrimonial venture. Her experience with a French husband seems to have been fortunate enough to induce her to seek her new companion also south of the Channel. She marries M. Duclaux, the learned and eloquent head of the *Institut Pasteur.*

Pasteur's name brings me quite naturally to the most important book of the month. It is an exhaustive and brilliantly written biography of the great savant by his son-in-law, René Vallery-Radot. This is not the author's first book on the subject. A number of years ago, while Pasteur was still full of life and vigour, and the whole civilised world was singing his praises after his discovery of a cure for rabies, Vallery-Radot published under the title *Histoire d'un Savant par un Ignorant* a popular exposition of his father-in-law's great labours. His new volume is both of a more scientific and of a more personal character. Pasteur the man is presented to us, often through extracts from his correspondence, as clearly as Pasteur the savant. It strikes me as one of the best biographies in the French language. The title is simply *Vie de Pasteur.*

A few other books of a biographical interest have recently passed through the press. M. J. Colin discourses with a good deal of ability on *L'Education Militaire de Napoléon,* and M. Boyer d'Agen, also interested in the period of preparation of a great historical character, gives us under the title *La Prélature de Léon XIII.* a history of the present Pope when, as Cardinal Pecci, he occupied the archiepiscopal seat of Perugia.

The Marquis de Vogüé calls our attention to another character, to a man about whom a good deal has been written, around whom quite a legend has gathered, but of whom we had very little information of a direct, personal nature, the Duc de Bourgogne, Louis XIV.'s ill-fated grandson, whose death gave to France the very worst king she ever had —namely, Louis XV. M. de Vogüé was fortunate enough to lay his hand upon quite a number of letters exchanged between the Duc de Bourgogne and his virtuous ex-gouverneur, the Duc de Beauvilliers. They will enable the reader to understand better the nature of the impetuous prince who was so completely transformed, in appearance at least, by the education he received from Fénélon.

Then we have a bright volume of recollections, the *Souvenirs* of the Comte de Salaberry, who was a member of the House of Peers under the Restoration and the government of Louis Philippe. The book is full of interesting anecdotes. Here is one that is not without present application at a time when so many are discussing the merits of parliamentarism and party government. Comte de Salaberry relates that once the government whip being approached at the close of a discussion by members anxious to know how to vote, answered: "I have no instructions from the cabinet; every one is free to vote as his conscience dictates."

To those who wish to know in France not simply the appearance of things, but the real moral life of the nation and the spiritual forces that are contending with each other in society, I commend a little book by M. H. Leyret, *Les Jugements du Président Magnaud.* Judge Magnaud presides over the tribunal of Château-Thierry, a small *sous-préfecture* in the northeast of France. There are many things in French society as now constituted which he does not approve, and every time he gets a chance he interprets the law so as to set a new principle into active motion, and he manages to carry with him his associates on the local bench. Thus, once he acquitted a woman who had stolen under the stress of hunger, holding that she had not been in her act a free agent, and that the responsibility for her deed belonged to society, not to her. His opinions are always very carefully worded, and strongly influence the public mind, even when his decisions are reversed by the higher court. M. Leyret republishes and discusses a number of them, those that received most attention from the public.

Dramatic though some of the incidents related in Judge Magnaud's decisions are, they cannot compare in emotional intensity with the pages of Marcel Monnier's new book, *Le Drame Chinois.* Marcel Monnier visited China not very long before the Boxer outbreak, and gave his impressions in a work mentioned here, *Le Tour d'Asie.* He is well qualified to explain to Europe the real

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significance of the events of the last half year.

Still better qualified for his work is M. de Kowalewsky, the author of a splendid and very full volume on *La Russie à la Fin du Dix-neuvième Siécle.* M. de Kowalewsky was one of the representatives of Russia at the Paris Exhibition, and there showed himself remarkably well informed about everything that relates to the economical and educational life of his country.

Les Armées Étrangères, by Émile Monceau, is a very bright study of the characteristics of soldier and officer in all the European armies outside of France.

With Messrs. L. Boppe and A. Jolyet we return to France. Their book *Les Forêts* is full of beautiful descriptions of sylvan nature.

France outside of France proper is studied by M. J. B. Piolet in *La France Hors de France,* a study of the colonies of Frenchmen settled in foreign parts, and by M. A. Castéran in his description of the jewel of French Africa, *L'Algérie Française de 1884 à nos jours.*

Before I pass to pure literature I have to mention a few historical publications. M. Ch. La Roncière gives us the second volume of his *Histoire de la Marine Française,* dealing with the Hundred Years' War, and from Vicomte de Caix and Albert Lacroix we have the second volume of their very readable *Histoire de France.*

But all the histories recently published in France sink into insignificance besides the work the first instalment of which appeared on October 15—namely, the long-expected *Histoire de France,* written by a number of specialists under the head editorship of Professor Lavisse. It is expected that the whole work, which brings French history, in eight volumes, down to the year 1789, will be published in about four years. The publishers are Hachette et Cie.

The novel of the month is *La Ténébreuse,* by Georges Ohnet. It has the character of all the works of the same author. It can hardly be called literature, but it is not dull. As it has a mysterious female spy for its chief character, there are those who connect its publication with the Dreyfus case; but the author disclaims any idea of drawing portraits of real men and women in his book.

Other successful novels are Jean Bertheroy's *Hérille* and Henry Bordeaux's *Le Pays Natal. Timon (de Paris),* an anonymous book, is hardly a novel. It may be classed in the same category with Max Nordau's famous book on the conventional lies of modern civilisation.

But the gem of fiction literature this month is Alphonse Daudet's posthumous *nouvelle* (it is hardly a *roman*) *Premier Voyage, Premier Mensonge.* The form of the work is autobiographical, but it seems to have at least as much *Dichtung* as *Wahrheit.*

I ought to mention also the third volume of Paul Bourget's complete works. It contains three of his most characteristic productions—*Cruelle Enigme, Crime d'Amour* and *André Cornélis.*

Dramatic literature has been quite active of late. We have a very interesting volume of comparative dramatic history, *Le Théâtre Français et Anglais,* by M. Charles Hastings; the beginning of a great undertaking, the first volume of *Les Chefs d'Œuvre du Théâtre Espagnol Ancien et Moderne,* a collection of the best Spanish plays, translated by Clément Rochel; the second volume of Meilhac and Halévy's *Théâtre Complet;* and, finally, the last play staged by Maurice Pottecher on his "Théâtre du Peuple" at Bussang, *L'Héritage.*

Literary men will be interested to know that the house in which Jean Jacques Rousseau spent his happiest years with Madame de Warens, "Les Charmettes," was recently offered for sale at Annecy. Let us hope that the new owner, whoever he may be, will preserve the old house and old furniture, and not modernise them!

Adolphe Cohn.

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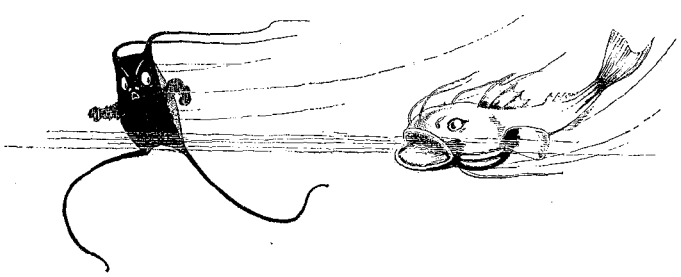
BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

There is one phase of young life on which the boy and the girl of the present day is very warmly to be congratulated. Those who have reached mature years have, as a rule, a not altogether pleasant little way of disparaging boyhood and girlhood as it is now, and of drawing comparisons which are entirely in favour of the years when they themselves were young. Perhaps the winters were colder and the summers were warmer in the old time; perhaps the sun did shine more brightly then and the snow fell in flakes of a white of which nature has forgotten the hue; perhaps life had a keener zest and a sharper edge. At any rate, that is about the way we who have grown up like to think of it and to tell of it. But there are some features of boy and girl life to-day which provoke in the adult a sneaking suspicion that his or her boyhood or girlhood was not so overwhelmingly superior, after all, and we defy any one to look over the children's books which come from the press at this season of the year, and then not to keep quiet on this score at least.

About the books of this year we should say just what should have been said in all former Christmas numbers, that they are better than any that have gone before. This is not meant in any sense as literary criticism, but simply that year by year books for the young are growing more attractive in binding, text and illustration. There are certain writers of juveniles to-day whose invention and industry are something astounding. Year after year they turn out their two or three volumes, all up to a certain standard and all admirably fitted to please the youthful imagination. There are three kinds of literary industry which never fail to amaze; the first is the industry of the man of genius; the second is the industry of the contractor for dime novels; the third is the industry of the writer of juvenile fiction.

Sisters Three, a story for girls, by Jessie Mansergh, comes to us from the press of Messrs. Cassell and Company. It is a story of the joys and sorrows of three English girls, of which the scenes are laid partly in London and partly in rural England. Another English book which comes from the same press is *The Girl Without Ambition,* by Isabel Stuart Robson. *Little Doctor Victoria,* a Southern story for boys and girls, by Louise Carnahan, is published by the Carnahan Publishing Company, of San Francisco. The story opens in an old Southern home on a high bluff overlooking the James River. Among the books published by the Century Company our attention is first attracted by the *Century Book of the American Colonies,* by Elbridge S. Brooks. The place held by Mr. Brooks in the heart of the American boy is secure. It is astonishing to think of the number of books that he has written, all of them interesting and readable, and some wholly admirable. A wide field is covered in the present work—the trips, talks and pictorial illustrations ranging from New Orleans and Florida to New York and the New England coast, as far north as the State of Maine, and dealing with the physical hardships, military struggles, religious persecutions and political



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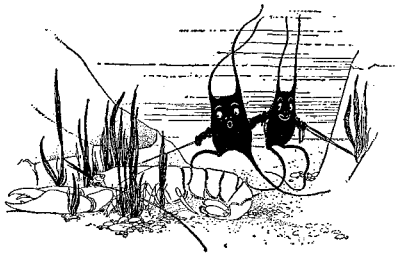
revolutions that marked the settlement and growth of American soil. *The St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas* is made up of plays and operettas that were published originally in the pages of the magazine. The volume is quaint and entertaining in text and in illustration. The heroine of *Pretty Polly Perkins,* by Gabrielle E. Jackson, published by the same firm, is the daughter of a New England household that takes in summer boarders. The end of the story shows Polly being taken to spend the winter in New York to study art. *Josey and the Chipmunk,* by Sidney Reid, is a story of adventures in Animal Land. It introduces us to a world of giants and fairies, monkeys and elephants, bears and lions, and, above all, the chipmunk, the hero's friend and travelling companion.

At the head of the juvenile publications of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company is *The Adventures of Mabel.* This book, which is for children of five and six, was published some time ago under a pseudonym. The author is now announced as Professor Harry Thurston Peck. The illustrations were made by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton (Mrs. Leonard). The twenty-fifth Elsie book, *Elsie's Young Folks,* by Martha Finley; *Anneke, a Little Dame of the New Netherlands,* by Elizabeth W. Champney, and *A Little Girl in Old Washington,* by Amanda M. Douglas, come from the press of the same firm. Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company publish *Half-a-Dozen Thinking Caps,* by Mary F. Leonard; *The Play Lady,* a story for other girls, by Ella Farman Pratt; and *Playground Toni,* by Anna Chapin Ray. *The Wild Animal Play,* by Ernest Seton-Thompson, which is published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company, was written for some children who wished to personate the characters of the



Sandhill Stag and *Wild Animals I Have Known.* In this little book for children we again meet such old friends as Wahb and Lobo, together with many new ones. From the same press comes *Under the Great Bear,* a story of adventure in Labrador and the Arctic Sea, by Kirk Munroe. The hero, a young mining engineer, is wrecked in mid-ocean, but he is rescued and makes his way to Newfoundland, where he soon becomes involved in difficulties with an English and a French war vessel, on account of the illegal lobster trade in which his friends are engaged. A new Henty book, *In the Hands of the Cave Dwellers,* comes from the press of the Messrs. Harper. The book opens at San Diego in the autumn of the year 1832. Another quaint and interesting book from the same publishing firm is dedicated to Alice in Wonderland. It is *The Road to Nowhere,* by Livingston B. Morse, illustrated by Edna Morse. A book of more than ephemeral value is the revised edition of *The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places,* edited by John Denison Champlin, and published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

A very instructive and handsome little book, *Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers,* by John Burroughs, is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The illustrations are in colour. From the same firm we have *Ednah and Her Brothers,* by Eliza Orne White, and *In the Hands of the Red Coats,* a tale of the Jersey ship and the Jersey shore in the days of the Revolution, by Everett T. Tomlinson. The Jamieson-Higgins Company, of Chicago, publish *The Princess of Hearts,* by Sheila E. Braine, with illustrations by Alice B. Woodward, and *Adventures in Toyland,* by Edith King Hall. Quite a number of books come from the press of Messrs. Lee and Shepard. There is a book by Amanda M. Douglas, *Almost as Good as a Boy,* a story for girls fifteen years old and upward; *The Houseboat on the St. Lawrence,* by Everett T. Tomlinson; *True to Himself,* of the Ship and Shore Series, by Edward Stratemeyer; *In the Days of Alfred the Great,* by Eva March Tappan; *Two Little Street Singers,* by N. A. M. Roe; *Rival Boy Sportsmen, or the Mink Lake Regatta,* by W. Gordon Parker; *Randy's Summer,* by Amy

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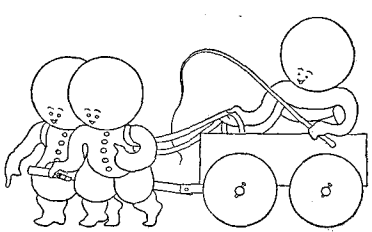
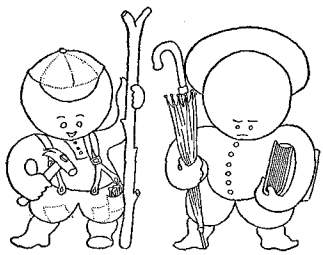
Brooks; *Boy Donald,* by Penn Shirley; *Jimmy, Lucy and All,* by Sophie May, and *The Little Dreamer's Adventure,* by Franklin Samuel Child, which is in a measure a continuation of his story of *The House with Sixty Closets.*

First in importance among the juvenile publications of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company is undoubtedly *The Grey Fairy Book,* edited by Andrew Lang. The tales which go to make up this volume have been derived from many countries—Lithuania, various parts of Africa, Germany, France, Greece and other regions of the world. They have been translated and adapted by Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Lang, Miss Eleanor Sellar, Miss Blackley and Miss Lang. From the same firm we have *The Princess's Story Book,* being a collection of historical stories gathered from English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs, from the Conquest to Queen Victoria. The book contains an introduction by George Laurence Gomme. The J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, publish *Miss Nonentity,* by L. T. Meade; *The Cruise of the Pretty Polly,* by W. Clark Russell, and *The Story of a School Conspiracy,* by Andrew Home. Among the books which come from Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are *A Child of Glee,* by A. G. Plympton, which deals with the adventures of a little girl from Maine, who becomes the playmate of a child queen; *The Christmas Angel,* a story for children of from six to twelve, written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle; *Doris and Her Dog Rodney,* by Lily F. Wesselhoeft; *The Young and Old Puritans of Hatfield,* the fourth and concluding volume of the Young Puritan Series, by Mary P. Wells Smith; *Scouting for Washington,* a story of the days of Sumter and Tarleton, by John Preston True, and *The Pilgrim Shore,* by Edmund H. Garrett. From the Lothrop Publishing Company we have another Five Little





Peppers book, *The Adventures of Joel Pepper,* by Margaret Sidney.

The Macmillan Company are the publishers of Mabel Osgood Wright's clever and attractive *The Dream Fox Story Book,* for which the illustrations have been made by Oliver Herford. The same firm are the American publishers of *The True Annals of Fairyland,* edited by William Canton, and illustrated by Charles Robinson. From the press of Messrs. Pott and Company come *Stories from Dreamland,* by William H. Pott, and *Soap Bubble Stories for Children,* by Fanny Barry. A new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal *Treasure Island* is one of the most welcome volumes which the Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons present this season. This story, in no matter what form it appears, will always be one of those that come closest to the boy heart. The present edition is illustrated by Wal Paget. The same firm also publish *Brethren of the Coast,* a tale of West Indian pirates, by Kirk Munroe; *The Outdoor Handy Book* and *The Jack of All Trades,* both by D. C. Beard. From the Saalfield Publishing Company, of Akron, Ohio, we have *Tess, an Educated Chimpanzee,* by Martha E. Buhre. The Frederick A. Stokes Company publish *More Bunny Stories,* by John Howard Jewett, with illustrations by Culmer Barnes, and *Jack Among the Indians, or a Boy's Summer on the Buffalo Plains,* by George Bird Grinnell.

Specially Illustrated Books.

Mr. R. H. Russell is this season very successful in the number and quality of the specially illustrated children's books which come from his press. Among these we should accord the first place, by virtue of its literary qualities, to the new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *A*

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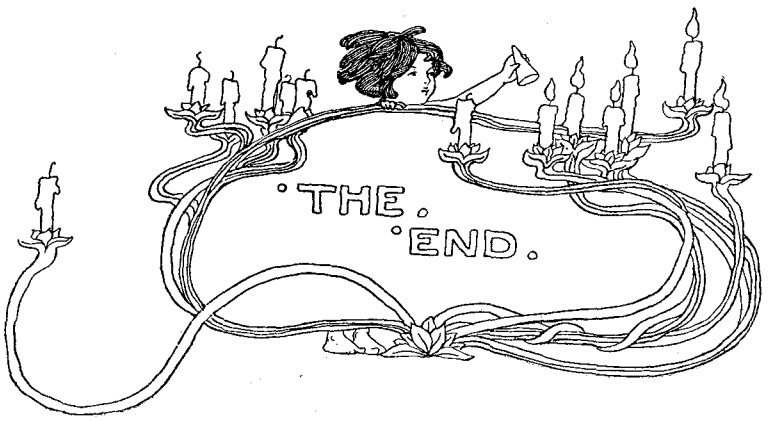
Child's Garden of Verses. The illustrations, many of which are in colour, are by E. Mars and M. H. Squire, two young women of considerable artistic promise. Mr. F. Opper, the cartoonist, is the author and illustrator of *The Folks in Funnyville,* a little volume of humour which, while designed to tickle the sense of fun of the boy, will be read either openly or surreptitiously by his elders. In *A New Wonderland* Mr. L. Frank Baum describes the beautiful valley of Phunnyland, where the rays of the sun are perfumed, and where, when a person desires a new hat, he waits until one is ripe and then picks it. The pictures are by Frank Verbeek. Mr. Verbeek is also the illustrator of *The Little Boy Book,* for which the verses were written by Miss Helen Hay, and of *A Handbook of Golf for Bears,* for which the notes were devised by Hayden Carruth. Among Mr. Russell's other illustrated juveniles are *The Moon Babies,* with verses by G. Orr Clark and pictures by Helen Hyde; *In and Out of the Nursery,* by Eva Eickemeyer Rowland, illustrated by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.; *The Ballad of the Prince,* by Alice Archer Sewall; *Nanny,* by T. E. Butler; *An Alphabet of Indians,* by Emery Leverett Williams, and Charles Lever's famous *Song of a Vagabond Huntsman,* pictured by William A. Sherwood.

For this Christmas the genial and irrepressible Gelett Burgess offers a collection of *Goops.* Mr. Burgess characterises his volume as "A Manual of Manners for Polite Infants, Inculcating many Juvenile Virtues Both by Precept and Example." The book bears the imprint of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, from which firm we also have *Children of the Revolution,* written and illustrated by Mabel and Maud Humphrey. From the A. Wessels Company comes Charles Kingsley's *The Water Babies,* illustrated by G. Wright. Two children's books which come from England are *The Pelican Chorus,* by Edward Lear, illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke, and published by Frederick Warne and Company, and *Droll Doings* by Cockiolly Bird, and illustrations by Harry B. Neilson, which in this country bears the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. A book for which its publishers profess a great enthusiasm is *The Jumping Kangaroo and the Apple Butter Cat,* by John W. Harrington. This book is illustrated by J. W. Condé. An exceedingly attractive book published by Rand, McNally and Company is *The Bandit Mouse and Other Tales,* by W. A. Frisbie, and illustrated with pictures by Bart. Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have brought out *Urchins of the Sea* and *The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures.* The first is by Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going, with drawings by F. I. Bennett; for the second the verses were written by Bertha Upton, and the illustrations made by Florence K. Upton. *Tiny Tunes for Tiny People* was composed by Addison Fletcher Andrews. The illustrations were made by Stephen Wilson Van Schaick, and the words were written by Albert Bigelow Paine and others. The book is published by the Dodge Publishing Company. From the press of the Saalfield Company, of Akron, Ohio, we have *Mr. Bunny, His Book,* by Adah L. Sutton, illustrated by W. H. Fry.



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BOOKMAN BREVITIES

The much-heralded illustrated edition of *David Harum* has appeared from the press of the Appletons. The interest in this edition is also enhanced by a full-length portrait of the late Mr. Westcott, which forms the frontispiece. Mr. Forbes Heermans has written an additional introduction, in which he gives a short sketch of the author's life. Mr. B. West Clinedinst is the illustrator.

Mr. R. Douglas King has published a story entitled *Ursula,* in which he writes amusingly of the childhood of Ursula and rather melodramatically of her maturer years. Ursula is a little English girl who is transported to Russia, which in Western eyes will always be the country of mystery and deep-laid plots. The author affords the reader several shudders and finishes his story with a dramatic murder. The book bears the imprint of John Lane.

A volume of stories by Joel Chandler Harris is sure to have a certain amount of excellence to recommend it. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that aside from the "Uncle Remus" tales, the author has not written anything better than the five short stories which Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company have published under the title *On the Wings of Occasion.* The Civil War has furnished the occasion for these stories. There are frequent smiles and thrills, and in one or two instances, graphic characterisations.

Until the title to Frank R. Stockton's latest book, *Afield and Afloat,* is passed, one is in doubt as to whether this writer is poaching on the literary preserves of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger and other writers for youthful readers. His suggestion of boyish adventure by land and by sea have the juvenile ring, but the stories possess the flavour and the humour which admirers of Mr. Stockton seem to like best. Certainly some of these tales, perhaps all of them, have appeared in magazines, but they are welcome additions to more permanent form in the already lengthy and uniformly delightful library of Stockton fiction of which the Messrs. Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

In a recent issue of the New York *World,* in an article on "Babists," a new Oriental sect, the statement was made that Miss Lilian Whiting, the author of *The World Beautiful,* is a believer in "Babism," and one of the latest to return from Syria. As the publishers of Miss Whiting's books, Messrs. Little, Brown and Company desire to state that this assertion is absolutely unfounded. Miss Whiting had never even heard the name of "Babism" until her return from Paris, and she has never been to Egypt or Syria, but divided last winter between Rome and Florence. She was born and bred in the Episcopal Communion, to whose faith she is unfalteringly allied.

It has been rumoured in England that Miss Silberrad, the author of *My Lady of Dreams,* belonged to a family of "limited means." The *Daily Mail* takes occasion to contradict this statement, and to say that "Miss Silberrad lives happily and comfortably in one of those old capacious homes with which Essex abounds, and her father is a well-to-do merchant in the city."

Mr. Hamlin Garland's next novel, *Her Mountain Lover,* makes its first appearance as a serial in the *Century Magazine.*

Mr. Thomas Whittaker is the publisher of *The Modern American Bible,* which the Rev. Frank S. Ballentine has rendered into modern American form and phrase. We are pleased to note that the New Testament will be divided into four volumes.

Captain Charles King has a certain degree of popularity, and his admirers will doubtless find pleasant reading in *Ray's Daughter, A Story of Manila,* which has come from the J. B. Lippincott Company. Captain King never fails to throw a romantic glamour over things military, and many a sentimental reader has been captivated by his brave and gallant soldiers. This story has the same qualities which have made his previous books attractive.

The A. Wessels Company have brought out a dainty edition of *Pre-Raphaelite Ballads* by William Morris. The book is elaborately illustrated with borders, initials and rubrications drawn by H. M. O'Kane.

Although *The Sons of the Morning* has been out but a few weeks, the author, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, has started on his

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next book. It is said that this story is to be cast in a lighter vein than *The Children of the Mist* and *Sons of the Morning,* and that it will partake of the humour of the folk who live in the orchard lands of the red earth of Devon.

The Bowen-Merrill Company, the well-known Indianapolis firm, are becoming noted as publishers of books by new writers. At the time that they brought out *When Knighthood Was in Flower* the name of Charles Major was unheard of; in fact, his real name did not appear in the first edition of the book. Early in the summer which has just passed the same firm published *The Redemption of David Corson,* which introduced to the public the Rev. Charles Frederic Goss. Now two more new names are to be added to the list—Mr. Louis How and Mr. Henry Thew Stephenson. Mr. How has written a thrilling romance, entitled *The Penitentes of San Rafael,* being the tale of a peculiar religious sect which inhabit the San Luis Valley. Mr. Stephenson is the author of *Patroon Van Volkenberg,* a story of old Manhattan in the year 1699. The book is illustrated in colour, from paintings in oil, by Mr. C. M. Relyea.

To those persons who found enjoyment in Mr. F. Anstey's *Vice Versâ* we can safely mention *The Brass Bottle,* which comes from the same source, in the hope that they may laugh some more. For our part, we confess that we do not find amusement in anything so absurdly impossible as *The Brass Bottle.* The Appleton Company are responsible for it.

The Pageantry of Life is a rather fanciful title for a collection of essays, but this is what Mr. Charles Whibley has chosen to call his book, recently published by the Harper Brothers. Among the subjects he treats of are "The Real Pepys," "A Marshal of France" and "Disraeli the Younger," which appeared previously in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Along French Byways, which Clifton Johnson has written and illustrated, and which the Macmillan Company have published, furnishes pleasant cursory reading. It leads the reader through some of the villages which he would naturally seek out if he were touring in France, villages which have their place in history and in art as the *locale* of significant painters. Mr. Johnson's text is photographic. He writes accurately and with some charm of what he sees, but he does not see below the surface nor with a great deal of colour. He confesses that he was travelling in a land of which he did not know the language, and this probably accounts for the deficiencies which the book exhibits.

In *The Autobiography of a Tramp* Mr. Crawford has carried out with brilliant success a daring and original idea. He has given a convincing picture of tramp life as he imagines it, in which respect he differs from Mr. Josiah Flynt, who writes of the tramp life as it really is. It may not be a true picture; cold, calm reason assures us that it is not. But while we are reading the book it carries us away entirely. It is a *tour de force,* a most startling bit of imaginative work, the result of a careful and sympathetic study of these wandering outcasts. The workmanship, it is true, is a little uneven. Here and there appears a slight uncertainty of touch. Mr. Crawford cannot always keep up the rôle of the tramp. Indeed, he would have been more than human had he not now and again lapsed back into his real self. Vivid as the book is, it has the merit of being idealistic. It is not, as it might well have been, a mere photographic picture of a life necessarily sordid and wretched. The author has resisted all temptation to Zolaism, and never dwells on the squalid phase of the life which he describes. He writes always with insight and often with real tenderness. Indeed, the relation of mother and son could not be more delicately portrayed. Longmans, Green and Company are the publishers of the book in this country and in England.

In *The Fugitives* Mr. Morley Roberts has written an entertaining story. The background is South Africa, and the time the present. Mr. Roberts has drawn a very life-like character in Clare. She is one of those tearful and romantic women, absorbed in self-love and self-pity, who usually get the devotion and the sympathy of mankind. This particular Clare is the *raison d'être* of the story. For her one man loses his life, and for her her sister's lover becomes a fugitive. In the character of Gordon Hardy Mr. Roberts shows his virility and his humour as a story writer. Mc-

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Clure, Phillips and Company are the publishers of the book.

The F. A. Stokes Company has brought out another edition of *The Tongues of Conscience,* by Robert Hichens. The red and gold binding suggests him, and the title sounds like him. The *Tongues of Conscience* includes four other stories, all of which show a morbid analysis of conscience under different conditions. We cannot say that they are pleasant stories, but then Mr. Hichens is not intentionally a pleasant writer.

Among the beautiful and attractive books which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are bringing out one should not overlook a two-volume, illustrated edition of *Ramona.* The introduction by Susan Coolidge gives some interesting biographical facts about the author, Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), who died in San Francisco about sixteen years ago. Mr. Henry Sandham, the artist, also adds some notes about the illustrations which he made many years ago while travelling in the company of the author.

Browning lovers will be delighted with the beautiful edition of *Pippa Passes* which comes from the press of Dodd, Mead and Company. Miss Margaret Armstrong, a well-known decorative artist, has made a series of borders, and quaint head and tail pieces to adorn each page.

Albert Turner has edited a book on *The Attainment of Womanly Beauty,* to which the Health-Culture Company have given their imprint. The title-page tells us that a number of physicians and specialists have contributed their opinions on the subject of the cultivation of personal beauty. They all appear to have said the same old thing about fresh air, exercise, conduct of life, and so forth. The only cure for the woman who is too thin, for the woman who is too fat, for the woman who frowns, and for the woman who smiles, seems to be Dr. Forest's Massage Roller, whatever that may be.

The F. A. Stokes Company have brought out two books attractive to lovers of the drama. They are uniform in binding, and they are entitled *Ellen Terry,* by Clement Scott, and *John Drew,* by Edward A. Dithmar. The books are illustrated with photographs of the actors in many parts and with photogravure frontispieces. John Drew, we are told, made his first appearance on the stage in 1875, and Ellen Terry—well, Ellen Terry is a woman. Mr. Scott writes affectionately of one of the most warmly admired women in the theatrical profession, whom he frankly admits has held him captive since the days that she appeared in a child's go-cart in *The Winter's Tale.*

Mr. J. A. Altsheler, whose *In Circling Camps* was reviewed in the October number of THE BOOKMAN, has brought out another book. Doubleday, Page and Company are the publishers, and it is entitled *In Hostile Red: A Romance of the Monmouth Campaign.* In a prefatory note the author states that the story is based upon a short romance which appeared some three years ago in *Lippincott's Magazine. In Hostile Red* is another addition to the already long list of historical novels where General Washington and Sir William Howe are served up in various ways and upon numerous occasions. Mr. Altsheler writes a good war story, and in this book he again portrays the battle-field in all its dramatic grandeur.

The Rev. Cortland Myers, "Minister at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn," has written a book entitled *Making a Life,* in which he talks about Life's Purpose, Life's Progress and Life's Influence. Just how much this sort of thing helps a person to live is an open question. The book is from the press of the Baker-Taylor Company.

The same firm are also the publishers of *The Salt-Box House,* by Jane de Forest Shelton. This is a book which should please the New England reader. Miss Shelton has written painstakingly about the old town of Stratford, Connecticut, or Ripton, as it was called in the eighteenth century. The book is absolutely devoid of dialogue, and we wonder whether the inhabitants of Stratford, Connecticut, were in the habit of settling their affairs without the aid of speech.

Olive Beatrice Muir has the greatest of all gifts—charity. She writes a book and calls it *With Malice Toward None* (Rand, McNally and Company). She also writes at the beginning of it what she terms "A Defence," in which she says, "What is recorded in these pages cannot be addressed to the world at large.

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Common-sense forbids it. Only to those understanding, appreciating and forgiving such temperaments as Lal North's can such a book as this appeal." We have read this warning very carefully and we have profited thereby. We feel confident that we could not understand such a subtle temperament; so after feasting our eyes upon the photograph of Lal's pretty face which serves as a frontispiece, and turning to the last chapter and reading of her death, we are content to pass the book on to those who would like to know more about her.

Mr. Philip Verrill Mighels is the author of *Nella, the Heart of the Army,* which R. F. Fenno and Company have published. Mr. Mighels is evidently of a serious turn of mind, and he has put forth his ideas as to how the domestic problem of housewives and servants shall be solved. Nella is instrumental in organising a Royal Industrial Army, and to learn just what leads up to this one must read the book. The story has a hackneyed mystery, but Mr. Mighels has made it very readable, and, better yet, he has not neglected the love story for the problem.

A new and attractively illustrated edition of *Ships That Pass in the Night,* which Dodd, Mead and Company have brought out, recalls to our mind the sudden and overwhelming vogue which this book had upon its appearance some half dozen years ago. Miss Harraden has never got beyond this first work; in fact, in our opinion, she has never done anything quite so good. The humanity and the pathos of the story appeal to us quite as strongly upon a second reading.

Mr. William Drysdale, who has written *Helps for Ambitious Boys* and *The Young Reporter,* has now written *Helps for Ambitious Girls.* The author gives much practical information which should be of value to young women who desire to lead an active life in business or in one of the professions. He has added to the readable quality of the book by inserting apt quotations here and there. The book is published by T. Y. Crowell and Company.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have issued De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe* as the second of the series of The Bookman Classics. The third and fourth of the series will be Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Stevenson's *Treasure Island.* The books, beyond their intrinsic literary value, are striking examples of what has been attained in the art of book making.

It would appear that *Janice Meredith* on the stage is to be as popular as *Janice Meredith* in book form. Mary Mannering in the title rôle is playing to very large houses in Western cities, and it remains for New York to give its verdict, which it will have the opportunity to do in a very short time.

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) proposes, as soon as the novels on which she is now engaged are completed, to issue a new edition of her father's (Charles Kingsley's) novels, poems and children's books, with introductions. These will be less biographical than an attempt to trace the development of Charles Kingsley's mind, the expansion and modification of his views in religious, scientific, political and social matters. They will involve incidental mention of many interesting persons among Charles Kingsley's friends, and of the public movements in which he took part, and in connection with which his influence is still sensibly felt. The introductory chapter to each volume will contain passages from unpublished letters and papers in Mrs. Harrison's possession, and will, in some cases, be illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches of Charles Kingsley's. The edition will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is hoped that it may form an interesting contribution to the history of English modern thought, covering as it will a period of about forty years, from 1844 to 1874.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER LXIV.

The mountains of Eastern Kentucky, their stores of endless wealth, of mine, of quarry, and of wood, their picturesque knobs and rocks, valleys, torrents, brooks and solitudes, must one and all be seen to be appreciated.

The girl who pleaded with the University professor for the life of Red Head, followed by her faithful negro, who trudged on foot, rode now a mule in those mountain wilds. For some days she had been beyond the track even of mountain wagon wheels. The bluffs were either overhanging above her or precipitous below her, but always present. The streams were often bank-full, so that in order to progress long circuits were necessary; but still she kept on her way, preceded by a young man, who spoke but little and seemed concerned only in reaching his destination. At last they neared a deserted cabin, windowless and roofless. The chimney had fallen, the logs were decayed and the mud chinking between them had disappeared. A brook ran in the gulch near it, while behind stretched a rock-clad hog-back hill that divided this brook from the stream beyond. Hitching their horse in the ravine where ran the trail, the young mountaineer tramped a path to the site of the old cabin, the girl following.

"Here's the place," he said, "but et ain't no great shakes."

The girl stood a moment looking at the scene of desolation, and as she did so her mind reverted to the Stringtown schoolhouse and to the story of the feud related by the Red-Headed Boy. The door beside which they stood was gone; fragments of the casing still hung by two beaten iron nails, and the rests for the iron bar that once held the door were in place in the logs beside the doorway. She seated herself on the heavy timber sill and rested her chin on her hand, her elbow on her knee. Her eyes fell to the projecting log by her side. A dark blue piece of metal, partly coated with a white crust of oxide, was imbedded in the end of it, a piece of metal from which the wood had partly rotted away. With her fingers she scraped the soft wood mould from about it, and then raised from its resting-place a flattened weather-corroded Minie bullet, around which still were to be seen the creases that once held the cartridge shell in place. A shudder came over her; she dropped the fragment into her pocket and raised her eyes; there in the trail below them, the muzzle of a long gun in his hand, stood a grizzled old man looking intently at that picturesque scene—the beautiful girl seemingly so out of place in the doorway of those ruins. At this instant the young man caught sight of the intruder.

"Thet's him."

"Who?"

"Old Holcomb."

The girl arose and started back along the trail, this time preceding her companion, back toward the tall man. His form was lank and uncouth, his hair thin and white, his face covered with a crop of beard that had been roughly trimmed with the scissors. He did not speak, nor did the girl until she stood close beside him.

"Are you Mr. Holcomb?"

"I'm Holcomb."

"I came to bring you a message."

"From who?"

"An enemy."

"I hain't but one, an' he's a coward."

The girl's eyes flashed, her fists clenched hard together, the bullet in her pocket burned the flesh it pressed against. She took it out and held the disfigured mass of lead before his face.

"He wasn't coward enough to shoot an ounce of lead through a four-year-old child."

Not a movement did the man make. His eye pierced her through, but she did not flinch. "An' who be yo' ter tell Holcomb this; d'y want ter wedge inter the feud?"

"Never mind who I am. I know who you are and what you did. But I did not seek you to talk over these things. I came to deliver a message." She took from her pocket the letter she had already shown to Professor Drew, and held it out.

Taking it, but without opening it, the man asked: "An' hev yo' come fur?"

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"From Stringtown."

"Yo' can't git back ter Hawley's claim ternight, an' thet's the nearest stopping-place. Yoah shoes air thin an' yo' air shiverin' like a young lamb in sleety weather. Yo' wants ter be warmed up an' fed up, an' yo'd better go crost the divide ter my cabin, 'n we'll settle the other matter thar. Yo'll hev ter stay all night ha'ar'bouts."

In the common room of that cabin, while she sat close to the fire, he held the letter long in his hands, turning it about and eyeing it curiously. "Guess yo'll hev ter read et ter me," he said; then tore it open and handed it to the girl, who complied, reading as follows:

HOLCOMB: I'm Red Head. I didn't come back ter the moun'ns ter finish the feud 'cause I promised Susie not ter fight lessen she married Drew. Then I 'tended ter whip Drew first an' shoot yo' next. But I can't do either, fer I'm in jail. Drew's got the pull, too, an' lessen I git help he'll hang me for killin' a man I didn't kill. I'm not a pizoner, an' yo' know et. I'm not a coward, an' yo' know et. What I wants is fer yo' ter come ter Stringtown an' keep me from bein' hung. Yo' ain't much ov a friend, but yo've got grit an' got sense an' kin shoot, an' thet's the kind ov a friend I needs now. Yo' know et 'ud disgrace the family yo' fought fer an' the family thet yo' fought fer me ter be hung, an' I mussent be hung. Ef yo'll come, tell Susie, 'n she'll tell me. Come ter the Stringtown County Court an' stop the hangin' an' end the feud.

RED HEAD.

When the girl ceased reading Holcomb took the letter and scrutinised it again. Evidently his thoughts were not altogether in the present, for after a period of silence he musingly remarked:

"Ef he's like his kin, et's the truth he told when he said thet he's not a coward. Them war a brave family, an' grit, else thar'd been mo'ah'n one Holcomb livin'."

Turning to the girl, he said abruptly: "I've sot in this old cabin nigh onter twenty years waitin' fer Red Head. I've watched the trail in winter an' laid in the shade in summer fitin' sketers an' flies an' keepin' my eyes on the path ter git the drop on him befo' he seed me. But he didn't come. Then I thunk thet he'd turned coward, but no moun'n Nordman ever showed the white feather; 'n he said too when he left: 'Tell Holcomb I'll be back when I kin handle a Springfield gun.' An' when I seed yo' two a-ridin' up the gulch I felt monstrous good, fer I thought p'raps he'd come back, but without his moun'n manners, fer no moun'n man in a feud would hev rid in the open like yo' did. An' I saw yo' tramp up ter the old cabin an' sot down an' pick the bullet out ov the log. Then yo' saw me, fer I seed thet black-ha'red feller war not Red Head, an' stepped inter sight."

The girl shuddered, and the speaker said: "Sit closer ter the fire, little one; I'm pow'ful sorry fer sech squeemish buds es yo' be." Then he asked: "Red Head's in jail the writin' sez?"

"Yes."

"Fer killin' a man?"

"Yes."

"War et on the square?"

"He did not kill him. Mr. Nordman died suddenly, and Red Head was charged with giving him poison."

"An' yo' loves him?"

"I am his friend."

"Chick"—and the old man reached out his lank hand and gently stroked her hair—"chick, Holcomb es awful sorry fer you-uns, fer Holcomb es bound ter kill thet boy." Then he mused again. "Child, ef Holcomb'll swar' off the feud, an'll go ter Stringtown an' save Red Head, will yo' marry Red Head an' move ter the moun'ns?"

The girl covered her face with her handkerchief.

"An' ef Holcomb'll make over his property ter Red Head an' yo', will yo' name the first boy baby Holcomb?"

The girl made no reply, but sobbed quietly.

"Thar ain't no use in sayin' nuthin' mo'ah; you-uns understands we-uns, an' yo' may go back ter Stringtown an' say ter Red Head these words: 'Old Holcomb says, says he, thet he'll be on hand when the day comes fer business, an' thet he'll save the honor ov the two families one way er nuther.' Now stop yer cryin', little one, fer thar ain't no danger ov the shame ov hangin' come'n ter Red Head."

When early candle-light appeared, which was the time for retiring, Holcomb brought an antiquated book from out the cupboard, a copy of a Bible that had once been much used. "Et hev been many a day sense a woman sot in this cabin. Thet's the Bible ov my gran'mam, whose great gran'mam brought et from Inglan'. After she died et war read by my wife every night, an' war bein' read by her thet night when Red Head's dad shot through the winder 'n killed our boy, who war pow'ful religious, too." He turned the leaves of the book, evidently seeking a certain chapter, but as he could not read, Susie wondered how he expected to locate it. Suddenly he stopped.

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"Thet's the place now." A great brown blot of irregular shape was splotched over one of the yellowed sheets. "Thet's the blood ov the boy. Mam never finished the chapter, she couldn't b'ar ter look at the place ag'in. I've wanted ter hev et read out fer twenty years, fo' et's a pow'ful interestin' story. Ef yo'll jest read the chapter out we'll hev prayers, an' then yo' kin go ter bed in the nex' room." And when Susie had finished reading the "pow'ful interestin' story" (1 John, iii.) Holcomb said: "Them's my sentiments too," then kneeled and offered up prayers in a homely way that spoke of his earnestness and faith in the teachings of his parents. "Now, chick," said Holcomb, "yo'll sleep in the nex' room, 'n this young feller 'n me'll sleep in this'n. The nigger kin go ter the outside cabin."

"Ef yo' please, sah, Mr. Holcom', de nigger'll jes lie down befo' de doah ob de room de chile sleeps in. He doan 'tend ter run no risk ob cotchin' cole in de woodshed, an' he doan 'tend ter hab de chile in one house an' Cupe be in de uddah. Ef de Susie gearl speaks in de night, Cupe'll be in his place befo' de doah."

Next morning the three persons, old Holcomb in front, returned along the mountain trail. All day long, with his heavy rifle over his shoulder, the old man continued in the advance; finally, near sundown, he relinquished his charge to a man who stood before a double cabin near the road, and who in some manner had been advised of their approach and was expecting them. "Yo'll stop fer the night ha'ar, an' in the mornin' he'll see yo' ter the next stop. Thar ain't no danger ter yo' in these moun'ns now, fer Holcomb hev passed the word 'long thet yo're his friend an' air ter be shown ter the stage line. Et's sure death ter the feller what troubles yo'."

Taking the hand of the girl in his rough palm, the old man again stroked her hair with the other, as he had done in the cabin, gently, tenderly; then in a low tone, very low, said: "An' yo'll name the first boy Holcomb, won't yo', jest fer the honor ov the two families, an' fer the sake ov the old man who hain't no kin left ter leave his name ter?" Then without waiting a reply he added: "Tell Red Head ter rest easy, fer Holcomb'll be on hand an' stop the hangin' sure; ef thar ain't one way ter do et, thar air another; thar'll not be no disgrace on yo-uns an' we-uns, child." He turned and left the party in the hands of their new protector, and in the dusk of evening passed from sight up the gorge that led back into the higher mountains.

CHAPTER LXV.

The morning of the trial dawned, and I entered the special bus that had been engaged to take two attorneys, the judge, a few close friends of these gentlemen—a few jurymen among them—and myself to Court. It was the way that I had passed to the trial of Cupe, where, it will be remembered, that I testified against him, a friend. Now, I proposed to take the same rôle against my one mortal enemy.

The jury was in its place, its members typical of the former jury before which I had here been a witness; some of them may have been the same individuals. Before each man stood that ever-present box of sawdust, and from the movement of their jaws or the pouched cheek it could be seen that none needed to be instructed concerning the object of these utensils. I seated myself by the side of the prosecuting attorney, and then raised my eyes to the chair where sat the man charged with murder, the very place and apparently the same chair in which Cupe once sat. His hair was red as of yore, sorrel-red, like no other hair I had ever seen; his eyes were fixed on my face, those same little yellow eyes; his red ears and that florid face covered with freckles were before me again. I looked him square in the eye, and then my glance, not his, fell to the floor, but not before I caught a glimpse of a gentle movement of the left ear, the mawking movement familiar in other years, and I knew that he yet defied me.

When next I raised my eyes they caught the form of the sheriff, who with a brace of pistols in his leather belt stood close to the prisoner, and then I turned to the audience. The room was filled with men, and no one needed to tell me they were from both near and far. I recognised many Stringtown men, I also saw many whom I felt were men of Stringtown County, and there, too, sat the tall man from the mountains of Kentucky. He was in full view of the prisoner, yet neither seemed to notice the other. He was flanked on either side by a row of men dressed in the same manner as himself; indeed, I should say that he formed the central figure of a group distinct from our home folks, but they seemed not to know each other.

The Case opened in the usual manner, and interest soon centred in the evidence that came rapidly before the Court and jury. The prosecution announced that it intended to prove that poison was the cause of Mr. Nordman's death and that the drug had been purchased by the prisoner, and administered by him to the vic-

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tim. To this the attorneys for the defence interposed a denial, feebly it seemed to me, although it is possible that being in the dark concerning the nature of the evidence to be offered, they could not in opening make their denial stronger. As the trial progressed it could be seen that the judge proposed to confine both parties to a strict statement of fact, for every attempt to interject side issues or to go into personalities was skilfully defeated by his rulings, and yet the day passed before the prosecutor was ready to call me as a witness. Every step was most tenaciously combated by counsel for the defence, who, as the theory of the prosecution unfolded itself, became aggressively violent and left no stone unturned in his attempt to discredit a witness or cast a doubt on the evidence. Had other than Judge Elford been on the bench, I feel sure the attorneys or the partisan spectators might early in the day have come to blows; but with firm hand he kept the evidence within bounds, and more than once averted a catastrophe. When time for adjournment came that night, the prosecution had proven:

First. That Red Head and Mr. Nordman had quarrelled a few days previously to his death. It was shown that, out of patience with his indolent habits, Mr. Nordman had that day scolded him for not working. The witness who testified to this stripped tobacco in Mr. Nordman's barn and heard every word of the altercation, and also heard Red Head swear that he would be revenged.

Second. The village druggist testified that he sold Red Head one-eighth ounce of strychnine. His book of poison sales on which the entry had been made and dated was produced and admitted as evidence. The prisoner had stated that the strychnine was for Mr. Nordman, who desired to put it in the carcass of a lamb that had been killed by foxes, which latter he hoped to kill when they returned to feed, the coming night.

Third. The servants testified that Mr. Nordman arose in good health the morning of his death, ate a light breakfast, as was his habit, and that Red Head alone breakfasted with him. Very soon thereafter he was stricken with a severe pain in the stomach, and then they gave him a dose of laudanum and called the physician.

Fourth. The physician testified that he found Mr. Nordman in great pain, muscular convulsions having set in and paralysis of the legs. He administered an emetic, to which, however, the patient did not freely respond. In reply to a direct question of the prosecutor, the witness said that the case presented all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning.

This closed the evidence of the day, and I was informed by the prosecution that my testimony would be taken immediately after Court convened the next morning.

CHAPTER LXVI.

From first to last I had received the "good-night" of all who rode to Court and back again; friend and antagonist alike gave me the passing greeting, and gave it cordially, but their multiplied blessings failed to drive away the gloom that possessed me. That night I awoke often, for into my ears from out of dreamland came again and yet again the last words of Judge Elford to me as he said good-night: "You will hang the prisoner, Sammy."

And that sentence still dominated my mind when Court convened next morning; but when I looked at the presiding judge no evidence of emotion on his part could be seen; passive and composed he sat gazing about the room, apparently as unconscious of personal responsibility as any of the spectators. I seated myself by the side of the prosecutor and proceeded to arrange my specimens, reagents and the apparatus. The gaze of every person in the Court was now centred on me, even to that of the prisoner, who, scarce ten feet distant, sat beside the armed sheriff. Seemingly absorbed in manipulative operations, I yet noticed every movement of those about me; from time to time I raised my eyes only to catch the fixed gaze of whomsoever they rested on, wheresoever they turned—jurymen, sheriff, attorney for the prosecution and for the defence, Holcomb from the mountains, Cupe, Red Head and Susie, all—all I say but one, Judge Elford. He seemed unconcerned regarding either my presence or my movements.

That he awaited my convenience I knew, and that this famous case had drawn itself down and had focused itself on to me I also knew. Amid intense stillness, friend and foe, faction, feudist, judge, prisoner and jury were awaiting my voice. I turned my eyes on the jury; not a mouth was in motion, firm set were each pair of jaws, never before had such a thing been known in Kentucky, I will venture to assert. The last touch was given the vessels before me, and then I whispered to the attorney by whose side I sat: "I am ready," and raised my eyes to the face of the judge; who, catching the movement, without awaiting voice to bid him open the Court, bade me arise. A strange innovation did he then make, an inno-

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vation that struck me to the heart; for instead of turning me over to the clerk to be sworn, as had been done with all other witnesses, he too arose, and before him I held up my hand, and from him came in deep, measured tones the question of that solemn oath: "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"I do."

Point by point the prosecution drew from me the statement that I had examined the suspected liquid for all known poisons, both inorganic and organic. And then I was led to the reactions of strychnine and to its location among the poisons. These I gave in detail, the particulars of which need not be repeated, and finally I was asked:

"Did you get those reactions from the substance tested?"

"I did."

"Have you specimens of the substance?"

"I have."

"Can you show the jury and the Court the group test for alkaloids and also the colour of reactions of strychnine?"

"I can."

"I ask, then, that Professor Drew be allowed to corroborate his testimony by experiments that will substantiate his words;" and on this point, after a legal battle with the attorneys for the defence, the judge ruled in our favour. Then I made the tests for alkaloids with the group reagents showing the presence of alkaloids. Next I made the respective colour test for morphine and for strychnine, each juryman craning his neck close about me in order to get a good view of the purple or blue-violet colour that sprang into existence in that porcelain dish, where the strychnine test was applied, to fade away into green and red.

"That is the reaction of strychnine," I said, and proved it by means of a crystal of pure strychnine.

Then came the final question: "You swear that you found strychnine in the contents of that stomach?"

"I do."

Opposing counsel now viciously assailed me, personally, vociferously, but to no avail, for I brought forth my authorities and showed that this test was accepted by chemists of the world, and that Fowne, Fresenius, Turner, all considered it conclusive, and at last triumphant, I was dismissed.

Judge Elford now came down from his chair. "Repeat the tests that I may see them close," he said. He stood over me, and side by side, both with strychnine and the suspected substance, I gave the test for alkaloids and also the colour test for strychnine. The same violet-blue colour came with both.

"Will no other substance produce that reaction?"

"None."

"This is a great world; there are many countries in it; do none of the thousands of forms of vegetation in these various lands act as does this substance?" He spoke into my very ear. I felt the warm breath of his lips.

"Not to my knowledge. Science says no."

"The servants administered a dose of laudanum, and laudanum contains morphine. Is not morphine an alkaloid?"

"Yes; I have testified to the fact that I also obtained the colour reaction of morphine, but that alkaloid will not give this strychnine reaction. Morphine is present, so is strychnine."

"Have you tried this test with every plant, shrub, tree, leaf, root, bark, fruit, that grows?"

"No, sir!"

"Have you tried it with all that grow in Stringtown County?"

"No, sir!"

"Have you tried it with all that grow in and about Stringtown village?"

"No, sir!"

"Have you applied this test to every form of herb, fruit, vegetable, grass, leaf, that grows on the farm of the late Mr. Nordman?"

"No, sir!"

"Or in his dooryard?"

"No, sir!"

"Can you, then, in the face of the fact that you have not tested these myriads of other substances, swear that this is strychnine?"

"On the strength of these authorities"—I pointed to my books—"and on my investigations, and on the fact that no other known bodies produce the same reactions, I can."

"You revived the strychnine crystals, it seems"—he pointed to the microscopic slide.

"Yes, sir!"

"Will no other substance produce such needle-like crystals?"

"I know of none to do so and then react as they do."

"Would it not have been well to get from the contents of that stomach enough of the pure strychnine to kill a rabbit, and show its poisonous action in that way?"

"I had not enough of the material."

"You are willing"—and now the judge spoke very slowly and deliberately—"you are willing, then, Samuel Drew, before Almighty God, knowing that on your words hangs the life of a human being, to swear that strych-

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nine, only strychnine, nothing but strychnine, could have produced that reaction?"

"I am."

The eyes of the man of justice fell upon his book, and he made a note. I turned my eyes to the prisoner; he sneered in return. I sought the face of Susie, but no expression other than sadness could be seen. Then as the attorney said, "The witness may be excused," I turned my gaze upon the floor. The Case was now ready for the evidence of the defence, the prosecution having made it clear that:

First. Mr. Nordman and Red Head had quarrelled.

Second. Red Head had bought strychnine of the village druggist.

Third. Mr. Nordman had been suddenly stricken by a severe pain in his stomach, accompanied by paroxysmal muscular contractions.

Fourth. Strychnine was present in the contents of the stomach.

But night was on us again, and Court now adjourned. The next day was consumed in evidence for the defence and the rebuttal, which was waived by the prosecution.

The fourth morning found the audience in place; had photographs been taken, the same faces would have been seen in the same places, so far as the persons directly interested in the Case were concerned. I do not like to think of the address of the attorney for the defence, who, following the opening speech of the prosecution, and realising that the evidence was against him, turned all his eloquence in the direction of emotional humanity. He depicted the unfortunate position of the homeless, helpless young man before us. He pictured my conspicuous place in life; he drew the sympathies of that audience to the prisoner, and upon me he directed their ill-will and scowls. Hatred flashed from many an eye as he took that little porcelain dish in his hand and said: "That man comes here from the North, he touches a liquid with a bit of stuff and it turns blue, violet-blue, for an instant. He asks you, men of Stringtown County, to hang a resident of Stringtown County because, through his necromancy, this blue colour comes in a dish. Kentuckians, did ever Kentucky Court witness such a farce? When a man plunges a knife into another, a witness may swear to the fact, for that is evidence of fact. When a witness swears that he saw the flash of the gun or pistol and saw the victim fall, that is competent testimony; but when a man comes from afar and touches a dish with a glass rod, and asks you to hang a Kentuckian because a spot of porcelain turns purple, that is audacious presumption and is neither evidence nor testimony. Kentuckians, I swear by all that is holy, that if you become a party to this monstrous crime, a few dollars hereafter will hire a horde of hungry chemists from the North to show a colour in a dish to whoever cares to wrongly gain an inheritance or wishes to hang an enemy. There will scarcely be time to keep the gallows oiled, so rapid will be the hangings in Kentucky. No rich man will rest in his grave with a whole stomach, for these ghouls will find chemists to swear that all who die are poisoned."

Turning to me, he shook his finger in my face. "There sits a man who lived once in Stringtown, who should love his village and his State, but who comes back to us to hang the companion of his youth. He and the prisoner were boys together, they sat in the same schoolhouse, played in the same school yard, lived in the same village. One is a *man,* the other a *chemist!* but I say in all earnestness, that I would rather be the innocent Kentuckian who hangs—the *man,* my friends—than the renegade who hangs him!"

But the closing argument of the prosecution modified conditions somewhat, and the charge of the judge to the jury was so clear and comprehensive as to leave no cause of complaint by either party.

"The evidence is circumstantial, but it is necessarily so in cases such as this, for those who poison others are never seen to do the act. They are like thugs who lie concealed in the night and deal a man a blow from behind. And yet," he added, "not only must the jury be convinced beyond a doubt that the prisoner bought the strychnine, but that strychnine was in the stomach, and that the prisoner administered it. If such has been proven by the testimony offered, the prisoner is as much subject to the severest penalty of the law as though he had fired a bullet into the victim."

CHAPTER LXVII.

No longer an object of attention, I changed my place to one of less conspicuity. I drew my chair back into a corner made by the witness box and the prisoner's raised platform, and from that position found that I could observe the entire room, and be less exposed to peering eyes. To my left sat the judge, to my right, in the second row of spectators, sat Susie and Cupe, and directly in front of me the prisoner.

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How would these men take the verdict of the jury in case it was against the prisoner? What would be their programme? I looked at Holcomb; he made no movement, nor yet did any of his clan. Red Head sat as impassive as the sphynx; Susie's eyes were downcast; Cupe seemed to be asleep; Judge Elford rested his head on his hand, and tapped the desk gently with a pencil; the armed sheriff stood upright and still. Then at last came a message to the judge, who sent back an order, and soon the jury filed slowly into the room and stood in line while the foreman presented a folded paper.

"Read aloud," spoke the judge.

"We do hereby find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree."

Then uprose Judge Elford, and as he did so I caught his glance, and so did others, for he swept his eyes about the room, resting them now and then on a face. Finally they turned to the prisoner. "Stand up, prisoner," and Red Head arose.

Slowly, distinctly, did the judge pronounce that sentence of death, each word of which struck to and through my heart. Had I been the murderer the message could not have affected nor shocked me more. Not a muscle did Red Head move, not a tremor in his frame, not an evidence of fear or shame did he exhibit. And when the words were spoken, "I do hereby sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul," he gave no show of emotion. But I saw him glance toward old Holcomb, who then awkwardly arose, a picturesque figure, and amid silence as intense as that in which Cupe figured in this same room many years before, he politely asked of the judge:

"Is thar no hope fer the boy, Jedge? Kin an old friend from the moun'ns do nuthin' fer the lad?"

"Nothing."

"Ef I'll go down ter whar he stan's an' take his place—will yo' let the boy go free?"

"I cannot."

"Et's a life yo' wants, yo man ov law, a life fer a life, but et seems ter me thet et ain't fair ter take a young one fer thet ov the old man who hed lived his'n away. I'm old, Jedge, an' the boy's young; take me 'n let him live et out."

"I cannot."

"He's the last ov his fam'ly, Jedge, an' I'm the last ov mine. Thar ain't no hopes fer me, but the boy hes prospects."

The judge shook his head.

Holding out his left hand and pointing his long finger at the upright boy, whom he faced, the old man slowly said: "He an' his'n killed every Holcomb but me, an' me an' mine killed every moun'n Nordman but him. Thar's a feud betwixt him an' me, an' et must be fought ter the end fer the honor ov the two fam'lies what's dead."

Next came a movement so quick that I, who had both Holcomb and the prisoner in line, scarce caught its import before the deed was done. The right hand of the old man suddenly drew a pistol from some unseen pocket, and with one sweep of the arm discharged it full into the chest of Red Head, who, with eye close fixed on the speaker, as that movement was begun caught one of the weapons from out the belt of the sheriff. Younger, quicker and more expert, his hand was not less sure; the two flashes lighted the room as if but one, the two reports were simultaneous.

A drop of blood sprang into view, just in the centre of the forehead of the old man, who dropped lifeless into the arms of his companions. Upright stood the prisoner; his face turned white, his lips moved slowly, and as by a mighty effort he said: "The feud is over, Holcomb." He struggled to stand, and murmured: "I didn't pizon Uncle Nordman; I shoots like a man; et's a lie, I say." Then he sank slowly into his seat, raised his head by one last effort and muttered: "Bury me beside ov little Sissie in the moun'ns, and bury the doll with me. I hain't no other friends but Susie and the doll."

I, who sat near him, heard every word and saw every movement he made. That flash came from a weapon which did not rest, that bullet went straight to its mark in the dusk of evening from a moving pistol; and then I thought of the five holes in a circle around a centre shot made on a mark in the Stringtown school yard in the years that had passed.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Neither the next day nor yet the day following did I return to the University. I had arranged for an absence of two weeks, and of this three days remained. Fortunate is it that this was so, for I was not in condition to attend to my class duties. The tragic ending of that trial unnerved me. In the privacy of my home I repented over and again of my course in the matter of this expert testimony; not that I had any question concerning its scientific accuracy and

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truthfulness, but because I appreciated that I had gone out of my way to assume a responsibility I could easily have declined. The penitence I did involved no change of character, and probably had I to do the work over again I would have made no change of conduct. The vicious personal attack of that lawyer for the defence ran ever through my ears, the pleadings of Susie in my laboratory the night of the storm, and the generous entreaty of Judge Elford in the privacy of his home—in which he asked God to strike him lifeless rather than that he should be forced to make a death charge on the expert testimony of a chemist—would not be quieted. To this may be added the effect produced by the dramatic climax of the trial and the last words of Red Head, spoken when, for the first time, the only time, his skin was white. I visited no one in Stringtown, I saw no one, and yet, I repeat, not yet was it remorse that possessed me. The second day of my seclusion passed, and late that afternoon came a double surprise. Old Cupe appeared bearing a letter to my mother, who retired from the room to read it, leaving Cupe standing near where I was seated. I exchanged a pleasantry with the negro, to which he replied in his usual polite manner. Then he added:

"Ma'se Samuel, yo'll 'scuse de ole man ef he ax a *quistion*?"

"Surely, Cupe."

"Et seems ter de fool nigger es ef Red Head might hab been alibe had he gone back ter de Mount'ns 'bout ten yeahs ago?"

"Yes, Cupe."

"An' he 'ud hab gone but fo' Susie."

"Probably."

"An' ef yo' had not come back ter tole de truff 'bout de pizon, reckon de jidge might hab let him gone scott free?"

"Possibly."

"De fool sign what yo' might hab fergot 'bout said dat Red Head 'ud die sudden an' dat Susie an' yo' 'ud be de cause ob et. Fool sign, nigger sign, yo' know."

"Yes."

"But et's monstrous cur'us how et jes happened ter come true—"

At this point my mother returned and dismissed the negro, who did not have a chance to finish his "quistion," but he had said enough to illustrate that he still watched the record of the evil omen.

"My son," began my mother, "I hope tomorrow in part to repair the wrong I did when I forbade you meeting Miss Susie Manley."

"Miss Susie Manley?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, my son."

"Explain yourself, mother."

"The girl known as Susie, the adopted daughter of the dissolute Corn Bug, was in reality the child of his half-brother, Mr. Manley, who met her mother at a Northern watering-place. He kept the matter secret, but in some manner Judge Elford learned of it, and at once visited that part of New York State to investigate the subject. He found that Mr. Manley became involved in a love escapade with this woman and married her in secret very soon after the death of his first wife—so soon that publicity would have been a reflection on himself and a humiliation to his children. For this reason, perhaps absolute secrecy was observed by him. The judge states that he acted cruelly, even to leading her to believe she was not married, and brutally driving her from his door, but that was years ago, and no good to the living can come of uncovering those incidents. The sinful man went down to sudden death without having done the child justice. Judge Elford found the record in New York State clear and perfect, and on his written statement, and a legal process as well, the girl has come into her own good name and her share of the father's fortune. This I did not tell you sooner, knowing that you were worried over the Case in which you were to be a witness. But that professional subject is now off your mind, and the future only concerns you."

"Mother, I thank you for telling me this, but I asked no Court record to give me the privilege of loving Susie, nor could I love her better than I did and do yet had she a hundred birth certificates from the Court and from Society. You are too late, however, in voicing your good intentions, for the girl loved another; he is dead, and I testified against him. She will never forgive me—never! that I well know."

"Susie will dine with us to-morrow; she has accepted my invitation. Cupe brought the note. This is a surprise that I had in store for you, but for good reasons I did not speak of it before receiving her acceptance of my invitation."

Is it any wonder that conflicting emotions possessed me when I learned that on the morrow this girl would be my mother's guest, this girl who printed a kiss on the forehead of my dead rival and then arose from his side to publicly link her arm in mine?

"Women are not always what they seem to be, nor do they always understand themselves," my mother had said; and now as I thought of Susie's peculiar actions, for the first time, for an instant only, I distrusted her. If she loved Red Head, why did she rise from his side to

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clasp my arm? If she did not love him, why had she repulsed me so persistently? Has the girl been flirting with us two boys? But no, I'll not believe this of Susie, for no evidence of duplicity had she ever given. Openly she had pleaded for my dead rival, but no less earnestly than she had for my own self. As I sat thus meditating, finally came the thought that if Susie did not know herself, as my mother intimated she might not, she was to me an enigma. And with this I dropped the subject.

The morrow came, and at the expected hour came Susie, the same modest Susie of other days. Self-possessed as she had always been, no evidence of grief or traces of sorrow were on her face. We talked of other times, we three, of such things as concern men and women generally, of other lands and of current events. And then my mother left the room, for the cares of the dinner were on her shoulders. But still no word did we two who remained utter concerning the tragedy through which we had so recently passed, or yet of the incidents in which we had taken part during the years that were gone. But I thought of all these things, and I presume she did too, although no mention was made of aught that lay nearest my heart. More captivating was Susie than ever; her girlish charms had surely become more entrancing by reason of the evolution that had blossomed them into womanly graces. Her simple dress was in harmony with my taste, and adapted to fascinate one who, like myself, disdained show and display.

When the hour for her departure arrived, without asking leave or license I turned with her into the way that led back through the pasture toward her home. But we were not alone, although no person was near, for on the distant fence sat old Cupe awaiting his charge, and yet not waiting for her, because he shuffled on ahead, leaving us two far behind walking together in the meadow. At last we stood again in the shade just where we stood once before on the crooked narrow path that led through the valley; in the very spot where I had handed her the blue flower when I commenced my love pleading that afternoon in the past. Did she think of that day? I cannot say, but I know that I did, and then impulsively, as I had done before, I caught her hand.

"Susie, when last we met in this valley I stood before you as I do now, pleadingly, but you begged me as a personal favour to ask my mother's permission to finish a sentence that I longed to speak, and this request, in a moment of weakness, I foolishly granted. I asked her consent, as I promised you to do; she answered me after the manner you said she would do. Yesterday she spoke again, and I am now free to say my sentence through. May I complete that which thrice before I commenced, and tried vainly to finish?"

"Yes; I too have waited long." I seized both her hands, squeezed them between my own palms and told my story; need I write the words?

She looked down into the grassy path, and replied: "I accepted the invitation to your home to-day because I wished you to tell me this that I might answer. It is now too late."

We stood in the selfsame spot where, through her will, I had been told to wait until my mother gave her blessing; and now when the time had come, and that blessing was ready, she said, "It is now too late."

"Susie, if it is too late, you have been the cause, not I. I loved you then, I love you now. Why do you thus trifle? Is love of man so light a thing that she to whom it is offered can play the coquette as you have done with me?"

"Mr. Drew, I am no coquette, and I have not sacrificed my womanhood by leading you to express your love for me in order to reject it. I have led you to say what you have said in order to free you from a hopeless attachment. To-day, without any hope whatever, I repeat, it is now too late."

"Do you love me, Susie?"

"Yes; never will I love another man." She had withdrawn her hands from my grasp and stood with downcast eye twirling a leaf between her fingers, then it dropped on the ground.

"But you once loved Red Head."

"As a friend; misfortune drew us together. Homeless were we both. He was nobody but Red Head. I was Susie Nobody. Cruel and vindictive was he toward others, but ever kind to me, for our sufferings and our persecutions were in common. Could I do else, I ask, than cling to him after that incident in the Stringtown school? He loved me, too, and he also knew that I loved you. Had he not been true to the promise I forced from him by reason of the love he bore me, long since muscle, and not brain, would have won the victory. Had I not interceded with him, he would, years ago, have done you harm, for murder was in his heart. I loved you, and I saved you, but I sacrificed myself in doing so. This I also wished to say before you left Stringtown, for I long to have you think kindly of me; that is why I came to-day to your home, for this purpose I am with you now."

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"Susie, all this is news to me, but I might have seen it sooner had I been as perceptive as you are. I ask your pardon for the cruel words I spoke, for the unjust things I felt, for the unspoken thoughts I wished to voice. Let the past go; why should it live to torment us. Be my wife; leave Stringtown, with its hateful memories; go with me to the North."

"It is now too late, I say, unless"—then she stopped.

"Unless what?"

"Unless I, too, learn to be a chemist and become as assured as are you that strychnine killed Mr. Nordman."

"With your education for a foundation, two sessions of special application will be sufficient to accomplish you so that you can apply all the tests I used."

"And will you be my teacher?"

"Gladly."

"Will you promise to act toward me as though I were any other student, to neglect me personally, to reprimand me for my awkwardness, and be patient with me in my dulness, to speak no word of love?"

"Yes, if you will it so."

"I shall apply for permission to matriculate in your University," she replied. "I shall ask to take a special course in Chemistry, for that alone is what I need to free myself from this deep suspicion."

"And when you are convinced of the accuracy of the tests I used, will you be mine—my wife, Susie?"

"Yes; and I hope that this may be the end."

"It cannot be otherwise. But women are creatures of deep prejudices and are often controlled by their emotions and not by reason. What if you should not be convinced?" I added.

"You will need my prayers, and shall have them. Let us now pass on up the hill out of the shadows." She slipped her arm into mine, and we walked to her home in silence. She understood me, and at last I understood her.

CHAPTER LXIX.

In my laboratory in the University on the hill again I became absorbed in professional duties. The past seemed like a dream; it might have been accepted as a dream but for the presence of Susie, who faced me in the classroom when I lectured, who patiently bent over her desk in the hours of study, and who perseveringly stood before her table in the experimental laboratory. She came to her work regularly, and attended to her studies as persistently as though her ambition centred only on the science of chemistry.

And then came a day when this girl who gave me no word or glance other than that of deep regard informed me that she had decided to go to Europe for a season. My heart sank. We stood alone in the University grounds; exceptional, too, was that, for she had taken the opportunity of our meeting on a by-path to say these words.

"Susie," I replied, "you do not know what I have suffered since you came here. You have tantalised me beyond endurance; you know that I worship you, and yet you turn me off as if I were made of stone. And now you purpose to leave for Europe, you who promised to be mine when chemistry enough was gained to enable you to try the tests I once made for strychnine."

"I shall not break my promise."

"Then you will marry me, Susie?"

"When I return I shall come to you, and shall stay with you forever, unless—" She stopped.

"Unless what, Susie?"

"Unless you need my prayers."

"Twice have you said that you might have to pray for me, Susie. What do you mean?"

"That I may not find the test for strychnine as I hope to find it. I am deeply troubled, Professor Drew; not cold, not heartless."

"And if you are not satisfied with my tests?"

"More prayers will be needed than you will say, and I shall devote my life to offering them." She left me standing on the walk meditating over her words, and soon thereafter she departed from the University. Cupe, who had been her servant in the boarding-house, left, too, when she did, but he gave me no parting word. He had been very grum since our meeting in the thicket; possibly he was offended over the incident concerning that leaf of witch-hazel which I refused to throw away.

Another year passed and the following winter came. Premature grey hairs were reflected from the mirror into which I, a young man, gazed, for my beard and hair, too, were within the period of a few months touched with frost.

Alone I sat in my room one evening in December, the anniversary of the night Susie called at the laboratory to plead for the life of Red Head. I chanced to locate it by reason of the fact that as I idly turned the leaves of an old diary my eye struck the reference. A flood of painful reflections came over me, and as was my wont when possessed by melancholy, I arose and paced the room back and forth. But

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as this brought no relief, I next muffled myself and started to the laboratory to brush away the torture of thought by means of the diversion that work afforded, for I had learned that work alone could crush these tormenting pangs. Now a sound of footsteps on the gravel walk drew my thoughts back to those who live, and next the intruders stopped beneath the entrance and rang the bell.

"Open the door; it is not locked. Follow the halls to my room, No. 13; you need not knock." Then I turned again to my meditations.

"May I come in, Professor Drew, I would speak to you?" came a request in the words I had heard in that room once before late at night, and I turned to meet Susie, who stood in the doorway. Springing forward, I grasped her hand and drew her into the room, while close following came the ever-faithful negro, who remained standing while we two seated ourselves beside my table-desk.

"At last you are here again, Susie. I have waited impatiently for your return, I have longed for you to fulfil the promise made before you left for Europe. Let me hope that you come now to stay until death parts us; let me hope that to-morrow I may inform my friends of that which I have longed these many years to say to them."

The girl, no longer a girl to others, but yet the selfsame girl of other times to me, replied: "To-morrow I must return to Kentucky. To-night you look upon Susie for the last time. Mr. Drew, I came to say farewell forever. Sit down, Professor Drew, and be patient. I will tell my story."

CHAPTER LXX.

"When first we met I was the charge of negro Cupe, being the waif adopted by his drunken master; but now I am Susie Manley, as you know. Need I repeat the story of our first meeting, how with bleeding feet and sheet-white face you ran into our cabin that night many years ago? Never since have I failed to see you when I closed my eyes and thought of that incident, which Cupe and Dinah took care I should not forget. They kept your name in my mind, yours and that of Red Head. I was taught that a spell linked us three together; faithful were the two negroes to their superstitions, in which I too believed, for I was not less ignorant than themselves; then came the journey to Canada, which I recall vividly, although I was a little child. The movements of the old slaves that night, the chaining of Red Head to the wall, the departure from the old cabin and the pathetic farewell to the graves behind it, seem strangely real to me yet; but let that pass. In my new home, near Quebec, I was baptised into the Holy Catholic Church, and Cupe, too, learned to conform to the sacred ceremonies—for this the Lord be thanked. A miracle was it that led me from that Kentucky cabin to the holy portals of Saint Anne. I was young, it is true, and knew not the meaning of all I heard in that sacred spot; but the seeds of truth were sown, and young yet was I when one day we left that land of snow, as Cupe said to find for me my name. I could tell a dramatic story of a toxic potion that a Kentucky man, my father, was forced to drink soon after we entered the State. He pleaded and struggled and fought to escape the ordeal test, and, refusing still to grant my birthright, passed into the death struggles; but no good can come of reviving that incident.

"At last we were settled again in our cabin home, and then you came and stepped across the conjured threshold. Cupe and Dinah whispered about you after you left, and Dinah made another conjure for you as she had done before. Then came the incident in the Stringtown school and the cruel words of Jennie Manley. You remember the part Red Head took that day; need I repeat it, need I remind you that leaning on his arm I left that school forever? Red Head and I were thrown much into the company of each other thereafter; no other friend had I, no girl companions, no sister's love, no woman's counsel, no mother to offer words to guide me. A negro-bred child was I; superstition came with every breeze from without and every whisper from within the cabin; and the hatred Red Head bore you came also into my life to disturb me. But I yet read and studied of other things; my mind unfolded as my form developed, and you know that, thanks to Mr. Wagner and yourself, I received a good education abroad. Finally you came again, as you may well remember, for it was the night you fought Red Head in my presence—as I never can forget."

"Tell me, Susie," I interrupted, "why did you give me one of the roses and say that the other was for Red Head?"

"Because I was a girl; there is no other reason, there need be no other. For the once I teased you, but I was a girl."

"You placed that reserved rose on my picture, however."

"I thought of you only. I say, forgive me."

"Go on."

"Then came the question you asked when we stood in the path in the valley, and then I did

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not do my duty. I led myself to hope against hope. I should have said no positively, but in a moment of weakness I deferred the painful parting, in the hope that it might not be necessary. Do you know that when I sought you in this room to beg you to keep away from the Court of Stringtown County, I came prepared to tell you of my good name and to say yes, had you asked me to be yours?"

"But now you can say yes. Red Head is dead, and no stain of birth rests on you, Susie."

I read in her face the story of despair; there was no cry of anguish—none was needed—for voice could not have carried the heart touch imparted by that look.

"You once made a pledge, Susie, as did I; and these two pledges were recorded when we both were young and foresaw not the future. The penniless Stringtown boy could not discern the independent man who was yet to be, nor could the outcast girl divine that, tall and beautiful, in a day to come, her name would be the same as that of the proudest man in Stringtown County. And yet these very things have come to pass. You were looking forward, hoping against the impossible, to a time when the unjust taint that saddened your heart would be removed; I was wishing for honours and position which seemed improbable. Now, in the prime of life, I stand with my feet even above the mind castle's pinnacle, and you stand as proud before all men as any lady in the land; with none fairer or more noble. Those youthful pledges were blunders; let us bury them as mistakes born of ignorance."

She shook her head.

"Susie, an oath is no more sacred, if it be the output of a foolish heart or of inexperience in the affairs of men or of error of judgment, than is a child's empty promise. You were a foolish girl, I a silly boy; the oath of each was born of error, bred in ignorance and fed on superstition. Now when these absurd errors of both heart and intellect can be seen, is it right that our lives should be further sacrificed? Rather, is it not a duty that we should make amends for the crime we have done in fostering this stupid fanaticism, which has kept us apart in the past and bids fair now to wreck our future?"

No answer did she make.

"What is the object of life, Susie? What but to rise in the morning and go to rest at night, to plan and scheme and work! To eat and drink as do the swine, to sit where it is warm in winter and cool in summer! To laugh a little, smile a little, to fight, to love!"

She raised her eyes. "You have fought, and I have loved," and again her eyes drooped.

"Susie, it is now my turn to love; and no foolish oath that two childish simpletons made shall stand between my love and you if you will but say the word. The past is gone; remorse cannot undo its mistakes nor bring into our lives the joys we might have had. Besides, *you* never made the oath you claim to have recorded, nor did I."

"What do you mean, Professor Drew?"

"The child that was is not the man who is; the man of this year is a different person from the man of last year; the oath of the child Susie who sat once in the cabin near Stringtown is not binding on the woman here. You are called Susie, it is true—you have a right to the name, for you heired it—but you have no right to damn the happiness of the woman who is to follow you because of an absurd oath that memory tells you a girl called Susie once made, the country girl who passed away with the days long since departed."

"These things I do not believe, Mr. Drew, nor do you. God looks to me to fulfil the pledge I made, and I shall do it. But if you feel that you bear no responsibility to the past and made no promise that binds you now, if you have no oath registered above, you are free to go on and fight and love. I came to-night to absolve you from the ties of other times, to say that you and I cannot be more to each other than brother and sister." Abruptly she asked: "Will you give me back the little box I handed you that night in the cabin in order that you might keep in mind the fact that I too had made a pledge?"

I drew from the inner pocket of my vest the tin box; never had it been parted from me.

"And must I give this up?"

"Yes; no man has the right to such a keepsake as that from a woman in the place where I am soon to be."

I opened the box and drew from it a lock of black hair.

"Can I not keep this lock of hair? Cherished has it been since that night long ago, a reminder ever of you, Susie, a love-sake that bade me be hopeful and faithful."

"Ah," she said, "and so it binds you to the Susie of to-day?"

"Yes; a sacred, holy tie."

"And it is not a reminder simply of the girl who lived once in Stringtown? I said that you did not voice yourself when you disclaimed responsibility for the past."

She reached out her hand, but I hesitated

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and made no motion to return the box. "The keepsake was only loaned you, Mr. Drew."

I pressed the tress to my lips and then gently laid it across her palm. As I did so the empty, coffin-shaped box fell upon the floor. Old Cupe shuffled forward and picked it up.

"De shape am gruesome, Ma'se Drew. Yo' p'raps memberlec' dat Cupe pinted ter de shape ob dis box de night he han' et ter yo'. But de sign am fool sign, yo' know."

"All signs are fool signs."

"P'raps yo' memberlec' dat yo' shake de han' ob Cupe 'cross de doah-sill dat night, too. Guess dat fool sign hab 'scaped yoah min'." He stepped back into the shadows.

Then Susie resumed: "And this reminds me that I am not here to argue over things that might have been; and reminds me also that I have not told you why I came to-night. Let the dreams of the past fade. Listen to my words. You applied the colour test for strychnine, and on that test Judge Elford gave the charge that led to the death of poor Red Head."

"Yes."

"Laudanum was administered to Mr. Nordman before the physician came."

"Yes; I found morphine too, but no other alkaloid."

"Professor Drew, are you aware that Mr. Nordman took his usual bitters before partaking of his breakfast?"

As by a wave-sweep came upon me the reason for that sudden change of voice when, after Cupe spoke, she turned so abruptly from the past to the present. "The girl purposes to refute my testimony in the Case of Nordman," I said to myself, and as suddenly did I turn upon her. "And what of that? Has not a Kentucky gentleman the right to take his dram before breakfast?"

"Are you aware that it was a tonic made of wild cherry bark, golden seal root, and whiskey?"

I saw that while the girl had not yet unfolded her scheme she was driving me to a corner. Suddenly we became antagonists.

"Why did you come here to-night, you sweet-faced torturer? Have you not done enough of wickedness in wrecking my past life, and in holding that red-faced devil subject to your charms until his merited fate overtook him? But for you he would have gone back to the mountains." I stepped nearer to her. "Go on now and say your story through, but know that I am no longer deceived."

"I repeat, Mr. Drew, the tonic Mr. Nordman drank was made of golden seal root, wild cherry bark, and whiskey."

"The fact, if it be fact, has nothing to do with the strychnine," I sneered. "That is a very common tonic in Kentucky. You must invent some other means of revenge on me."

"Golden seal contains a colourless, innocent alkaloid, *Hydrastine*."

I stood so near that I could easily have touched her. Her eye was fixed on mine, and I felt its force when she spoke that name, *Hydrastine*. I saw now, too, the end of her argument, and that she proposed to claim that I had mistaken *Hydrastine* for strychnine.

She took from her pocket a small vial containing a white powder. "Will you test that powder for strychnine?"

I turned to my reagents, always convenient in this laboratory, and applied the test. The blue-violet colour of strychnine sprang into existence. "It contains strychnine," I said with some agitation.

"It does not."

"Susie, as sure as fate that is strychnine. I have sworn to it before, and now reaffirm my statement, but I add to it the further oath, as in this very room I have done before. My reputation is at stake. *If that be not strychnine my life goes out.*"

"Please do not think of violence. I beg you to do no harm to yourself or other person. I, too, made a pledge that night, a silent vow, and am now on my way to begin its fulfilment. At this unseasonable hour I seek you to release you from thought of me, not to judge you further. This I promised you to do. My object is but to show you that I must go elsewhere than with you."

I was dispossessed, silenced. Again I tested the powder, first for alkaloids, then for strychnine, and again the characteristic colour appeared. "It surely contains *some* strychnine."

"No trace of strychnine, Mr. Drew, I assure you. Under these conditions, your test is at fault. I believed you were wrong when you testified before the Court, because I had faith in the honour of that young man. I knew that Red Head told no lie. You swore by your tubes and glasses, but I, a woman, believed in the word of a human being in whom I trusted. You were a great chemist, I a weak girl. You all powerful, I helpless. And yet I was right and you were wrong."

Loth to yield the point, I answered: "And so you assert that strychnine was not present?"

"Alas, yes! You have but to mix hydrastine and morphine together to obtain the colour reaction of strychnine, although neither will give it alone. These two substances you admit were present in the material you tested, do you not?"

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"I do."

She held out her hand. "Farewell, Professor Drew. I shall leave you now; at your leisure in daylight you may verify my statement."

"Where are you going, Susie?"

"Where no man comes excepting in daylight, and never but as a friend; where neither taint of birth nor dishonour rests on any soul; where purity of heart and love of God are one and inseparable; where ascend the prayers of those who live not for themselves, but to work in humanity's behalf. If from this peaceful Mother Home I go out into the world, it shall be to serve mankind, and when the life-work to which I devote myself henceforth is done, my body will rest in the blessed home of the dead, where cluster others who live to love, and pray and die in Nazareth. But while I live you shall not want for prayers, my brother." She extended her hand. "Bid Susie farewell forever."

I held that hand long. I printed on it a kiss, but yet I made no effort to prevent the girl leaving me; too well I knew it would be useless. "Farewell forever, Susie."

She turned to the door, and then my self-possession deserted me. Leaping forward, clasping her arm with both hands, I held her back and begged as never before had I besought another. "Come back, my dear one," I cried; "this is cruel, inhuman. God did not intend such as you to wear the black habit. Such a sacrifice of grace and virtue is sinful. You have no right to bury yourself alive; you can live with me, and yet pray for me, and serve mankind and God, too, by living in the world."

She dropped her eyes, and I saw a tear glisten and then roll from her half-closed lashes.

"I cannot. The pledge is made; in my heart the sacred vow has been recorded." Still I held her hands.

"Thank God for the one tear you have shed, Susie. 'Tis the first to indicate that you have a heart."

"Tears are woman's right, woman's solace, woman's strength; but she who holds them most sacred sheds them in the privacy of her room. You speak as if my cheek were a stranger to the tear-drop—nothing do you know of the hours of the past, when the tear-drop and my two black friends were my only comforters. I am a woman, and woman's tears are holy to those who love and honour her. Let me pass on, Mr. Drew; do not detain me longer."

Preceded by Cupe, she moved into the dimly lighted hall and then drew her arm from my grasp, passing onward until by an angle both were shut from my sight. And then I stepped to the front window, threw it up and again leaned out. From toward the left, where slept the old man and the child, came the weird song that the night sometimes sings; it rose as my wild heart-cry had done, and died into nothingness, as had my fruitless pleadings. From beneath me just then two forms passed momentarily into the feeble light of the gas-lamp and next were swallowed up in the darkness beyond.

CHAPTER LXXI.

I cannot say how long I leaned out of the window, neither do I care. My heart was desolate. The ambition of a lifetime no longer possessed me. That mournful tune of the wind and the two forms that vanished in the night as the sad refrain wore out were companion pieces which by eye and ear carried despair to my soul. But at last I did turn back and closed the window. On the table stood that vial of white powder and beside it also the dishes used in testing it.

"To what has ambition led me?" I thought, and cursed the word. To my mind came then the fearful oath I made to Susie when I affirmed that strychnine surely existed in that test case. "I know potions which leave no mark and yet do their work promptly. If this be not strychnine my life goes out," I had said to the kneeling girl who pleaded for another's life. I turned to my locked cupboard, in which were to be found my most valued and rarest specimens. Opening it, I took therefrom a wide-mouthed bottle containing a quantity of small plant bulbs and a letter. Removing the letter, I replaced the bottle of bulbs, and turning the key, seated myself before my desk. Unfolding the letter, which was post-marked in a certain part of Arkansas, I read as follows:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR DREW: By mail to-day I send you a plant which grows in this section and a few bulbs from the same species. These possess remarkable powers. Three children recently ate of them and died slowly and painlessly. They retained possession of their full mental powers to the last. My efforts to relieve them were useless. I have tried the tincture of the bulbs on rabbits; they became languid, seemed not to suffer at all, but slowly wasted away. At last they quietly went to sleep and did not awaken. In this same manner the children died. Please give me the name of the plant, and also investigate its constituents.

Sincerely yours,

———— ————.

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The name of the writer I suppress; he is a reputable physician, and need not be made conspicuous. Across the face of the letter in my own writing I find recorded: "Too dangerous a drug to be made known through science to the public." Twisting the letter, I touched it to the flame, watching it burn to the last spark, and then I turned off the gas and went home, or I would better say to my room, for I was a boarder. Next day I asked William, my assistant, to remain after school hours, stating that I had a powder to investigate. Together we applied the strychnine colour test, to which it responded. Then pure hydrastine and pure morphine were separately tested, no blue-violet colour occurring with either. Mixed in proper proportion (one part of hydrastine to four of morphine), the reaction of strychnine asserted itself.

I said to my assistant: "Bring me the reserved portion of the material we tested in the Stringtown poisoning case."

He went to the basement and returned with it. This substance we also tested, with the former result. The next day we purified the crystals, and by appropriate method, now that I had an inkling of the nature of the mixture, I separated the alkaloids. They were hydrastine and morphine. *No strychnine was present.*

"I can supply the word Susie did not speak when she refused to finish a sentence, William."

"What word?"

"Never mind. I shall do my duty." I opened my private locker, and took therefrom the bottle containing the bulbs. "William, crush these bulbs in the iron mortar, add alcohol, make a tincture of them. Be very careful; this makes a powerful potion. William," I added, "I shall be very busy for a time writing a work which I wish to complete within three months. I shall consider it a favour if during that period you will assume all possible details of the laboratory. You may leave me now; I wish to begin."

From that date I spent my spare time at my desk. I lived my life over and passed again through the scenes which concerned me in my boyhood. And each day I took ten drops of the tincture made of the bulbs from Arkansas. From day to day I grew weaker, but no pain did I suffer. My friends were at last alarmed, for I became much emaciated and feeble. I gracefully submitted to the closest examination that the medical profession could make, but no fault could be found with any organ. No diagnostician could discover an abnormal condition. Still, I lost strength, flesh and energy. At last I kept to my room, and then became confined to my bed. Wise old Doctor Smith thought he knew everything, but I smiled at his lack of knowledge in this case. A professional man of attainments was he, I a scientific man, and we were both taking a lesson of our master, empiricism. At last he declared that his tonics and stimulants had on me no more effect than water; and then I asked: "Doctor, how long will I last if no sudden change for the worse occurs? Do not be afraid to tell me, Doctor. I knew ten weeks ago that your remedies could not avail in my case."

"Professor, you will surely last two weeks," he replied. "What puzzles me, however, is that you have no symptom of disease, no pain, no loss of appetite, no fever, no delirium, no depression. Your temperature is normal, your heart beats strong and full, you are well in every way, but are slowly wasting."

"I have been declining for ten weeks," I answered. "But death such as this is pleasant; at least, it would be to one whose mind is free from remorse. Will you do me the favour to send William to me, Doctor," I asked, "and at once?"

"It is useless to attempt to deceive you; too well you comprehend the condition of your health," replied the physician. "I shall send William and to-morrow will call as usual, hoping that this last prescription will effect a change." I smiled in reply, and the wise man left me.

"Be seated, William," I said when he came; "I have a favour to ask of you and a story to tell. But before beginning lock the door; we must not be disturbed. Now, open that drawer, take from it the package of manuscript, put it on the table and after this interview in detail, at your leisure, relate what occurs to-night. Draw your chair closer to my bedside, for talking exhausts one as weak as I am."

CHAPTER LXXII.

Many of the residents of Northern Kentucky can recall the familiar form of old Cupe, a black man who, with violin in hand, during the summer months wandered about that section of the State. His garments were of many colours and patterns, and were abundantly and curiously patched. Old and feeble was he, queer in action and shrewd in tongue, but polite to a fault. To one man he would give a curt question, to another a shrewd reply or a comical side remark, but

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always would he ask of each: "Hab yo' seed de Susie chile sense I gwine dis way?" or, "Hab de deah Susie chile gwine yoah way?" Some considered him a professional vagrant, others thought him demented, although persons there were who knew that he was searching for his life charge, who disappeared from Stringtown seemingly without bidding any one farewell. It was generally accepted that the childishness of age had touched him, and all agreed that the demented old man was harmless.

Three days before the close of the Period of Retreat at beautiful Nazareth, in Kentucky, the Mother Home of the patient Sisters of Charity, the form of old Cupe might have been seen advancing along the road from the village of Bardstown. Reaching the entrance to the grounds that surround the quiet building which shelters those self-sacrificing women, whose greatest pleasure lies in doing charity in the world, and in praying for the betterment of mankind, he passed the entrance and reached the broad avenue that leads to the central building. Passing along this, he came to a lane which led to the right and terminated before an uplifted cross bearing the form of the Saviour, while at its base were many rows of modest white tombstones. The old man bent the knee, as is the wont of all good Catholics before a sacred shrine (although he was not a Catholic), and then passed on toward the house before him. It was the hour of five, the hour for closing the service in the little chapel which nestled to the right of the great home building. From out the front door came now the good Sisters in their sable dress and white caps; silently did they scatter over the grounds, each absorbed in meditation. The black man stepped to the side of the elm-flanked road, removed his tattered hat, and with bent form stood as silent as were the nuns who passed in pairs and in groups. The eyes of a few were raised as they met his shadow on the drive, but they dropped at once; still the majority moved on without making any recognition whatever of the presence of the lonely man who had intruded into that sanctuary. Then along the path came one of the throng, whose face arrested the gaze of the negro. His torn hat now dropped to the ground, the hickory cane fell from his nerveless grasp, and then he kneeled on the gravel with eyes riveted on the girl. Raising his arms, he extended them toward the silent woman, and spoke the single word, "Susie."

Just then she upon whom he gazed, hearing the voice, raised her eyes and caught sight of the intruder. A sudden start, a step toward the kneeling man, a reaching out of her arms, and then, as could be seen, by a strong mental effort her form resumed its normal position, her eyes dropped again to the ground, and, as did the other members of that silent Sisterhood, she too passed on, and next turned out the lane that led toward the crucifix.

The kneeling negro arose and remained standing by the edge of the gravel roadbed, and stood thus until the silent Sisters retraced their steps; but this time the face he knew so well passed him by, no upturned eye met his gaze, no faltering step nor outstretched arm; and as night fell the aged wanderer turned and left the sacred grounds.

The next afternoon the old man again stood beside the avenue at the very junction of the path, again he kneeled and held out his arms toward the sweet-faced girl, and imploringly spoke her name; but this time she made no recognition of his presence, none. True to her vow, withstanding temptation—for this friend of other days stirred her emotions to the heart depths—she passed the silent pleader and turned back to leave him in the gloom of evening standing, violin in hand, as before. But the next afternoon the Retreat of Silence ended, for the eight days of prayer and meditation had passed, and then the faithful nuns came out of the church talking with one another and free to speak with whomsoever they met. And now the girl called Susie sought at once the spot where again stood the faithful negro; she held out both her hands and burst into tears, for a nun is not free from human emotion, nor should she be. Home, family, friends, are ever dear to the girl who turns from the world to take the vow that bids her forever serve her God first, humanity second and herself last.

"And is this dear old Cupe?"

"Et am Cupe. He hab trabelled up an' down, up an' down, lookin' fo' de Susie chile."

"Susie no longer, Cupe; no longer the Susie you knew in the world."

"Yo' am walkin' an' talkin' an' yo' hab de same sweet face."

"Tell me of Aunt Dinah."

"She am pow'ful weak, and sits in de ole cabin waitin' fo' Susie; an' each time when Cupe come up de walk an' look in de doah she say, 'Wha' am de Susie chile?' An' den Cupe say to himself, 'Go back, ole Cupe, an' walk up an' down till de gearl am foun'.'"

He thrust his hands into the mass of

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rags in which he was clothed, and in some manner found a purse well filled with bills. "Yo'll honah de ole man by takin' de money."

"Is this part of the money I left with Judge Elford to support you and Dinah?"

"Et am."

"Carry it to Dinah. I have no need of money; I am comfortable."

"An' mus' de ole man go home alone an' say ter Dinah de dear gear'll nebbah come back ter de cabin?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't Cupe an' Dinah come ter a cabin h'ar'bout an' lib wha' dey kin see de big house yo' libs in? Et 'ud be monstrous soovin' ter de ole man."

"I am with you always, I love you as much as ever. But you must not come here to live. Go back to Dinah and be happy in the old cabin."

"An' dis am de en'," he muttered, "de en' ob de walkin' up an' down, an' up an' down." Then he added: "Ef yo'll be de one ter say good-bye, an'll let de ole man stan' heah fo' a bit ter-night, dah won't be no cause ter scold him, fo' in de mahn'n he'll be walkin' back ter Stringtown. Honey chile, he wan's ter stan' heah till the sun goes down, till de da'kness settles obah de lan' an' obah de house what shets yo' up ferebah."

"Good-bye, Cupe, my dear old Cupe," said the sweet-faced Sister. She pressed his black, wrinkled hands between her white palms, while tears trickled down her cheeks. Then she turned and left him standing where the cemetery path joins the great elm avenue which leads down to Nazareth.

The shadows settled as fall the shades of summer's evening in this midland between the North and the South. The mournful cry of the whippoorwill, that strange bird of night, arose from out an old elm to the right, and from the left came the answer. Then rang the bell that summoned the nuns to prayer and repose, and soon thereafter, throughout the great house, each light went out. And now occurred a thing unknown before in Nazareth. From near to where moaned the gloom-birds a soft strain of music floated onto the air and into the windows of the nuns' silent house. The melody was that of a single violin, its tone so plaintive that it thrilled each listener with a sense of sadness. The good Father in the little house to the right stepped to the door; seemingly heaven was sighing to some one in that great bank of buildings, where all was dark and still. Then a husky voice, which, wordless to all but one, seemed scarcely human, arose and blended in the melody; but to that one of the listening nuns it breathed a familiar refrain:

"Yo' ax what make dis da'key weep,
Why he, like uddahs, am not gay;
What make de tears roll down his cheek
From early dawn till broke ob day?"

The music and the voice died out forever; the moon cast the elm trees' shadows across the vacant avenue where stood the mourning singer; once more arose the cry of the night-bird.

THE END.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1900.

After the exceptionally large list of new publications in September it hardly seemed possible that another month's production would be as numerous, but such was the case in October, and again all departments of literature were represented. In fiction the new titles included *Dr. North and His Friends,* by S. Weir Mitchell; *Eleanor,* by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *The Expatriates,* by Lillian Bell, and *Tommy and Grizel,* by J. M. Barrie. Under the heading of miscellaneous subjects there was published a varied list of works, among them a noticeable number of biographies and books relative to current topics. Some of the more prominent works were *An American Anthology,* by E. C. Stedman; *With Both Armies in South Africa,* by Richard Harding Davis, and a new volume of poetry, *Home Folks,* by J. Whitcomb Riley.

Eben Holden, by Irving Bacheller, has come up in point of sale very rapidly, and is increasing in popularity so fast that it seems possible that it may rival *David Harum,* to which it has been likened by some of the reviewers. Other novels at present having an exceptionally good sale are *The Master Christian,* by Marie Corelli; *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,* by Henry Harland; *Philip Winwood,* by Robert Nelson Stephens, and *The Gentleman from Indiana,* by Booth Tarkington.

The demand for *Billy Baxter's Letters* and *Fables in Slang* continues unabated and warrants the prediction that the recent publications, *More Fables,* by George Ade, and *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy,* by F. P. Dunne, may be expected to sell largely.

In preparing for the autumn trade the publishers have evidently anticipated a very large demand for books suitable for the young, an unusual number having already appeared, including titles by such popular juvenile writers as James Otis, Kirk Munroe, G. M. Fenn, Mrs. Molesworth, E. T. Tomlinson, G. A. Henty, H. Butterworth, Maud Humphrey, A. M. Douglas and W. O. Stoddard. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Boer War furnishes considerable material for stories of adventure and action.

Of the goods more particularly for the holiday trade, such as illustrated editions of well-known works and books exclusively of illustrations, the most attractive so far brought out are *Americans,* by Charles Dana Gibson; *The Passing Show,* by A. B. Wenzel; *Ramona, Penelope's Experiences,* and *Knickerbocker History of New York.* Announced for immediate publication in this class of books are a new work by F. Marion Crawford, a *Life of Shakespeare,* by Hamilton W. Mabie, and an illustrated edition of *David Harum.*

Business for October in general miscellaneous subjects and particularly in fiction showed a decided improvement over September. Sales, however, were confined largely to a limited list of titles, there being as yet but little call for the majority of new books or for the juveniles and holiday goods. Text-book sales, however, continued well into October, and library orders were numerous throughout the month.

The following list of best selling books for October will show considerable change both in position and titles from previous months' reports:

Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By I. Bacheller. $1.50.
The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. $1.50.
The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1900.

The most remarkable feature of the October trade was the activity that prevailed right through the month. Even the most optimistic expected something in the shape of falling off from the record of last year, but business held its own remarkably well, and went beyond expectations. At the time of writing the nearness of the election is being felt to some extent, and business is rather quiet. It is only relative, however, and it appears to be pretty certain that just as soon as the result is known trade will forge ahead rapidly. There does not appear to be much doubt that we are on the eve of a remarkably good holiday season.

The next most remarkable feature of the month was the tremendous increase in the sale of popular books. It is evident that the demand for these during the next two months will attain enormous dimensions, far exceeding anything similar in the past. Nor is the increase in demand confined to the leading books alone. Large editions are being sold of even moderate works, and sales are being counted by the thousand now where but a few years ago hundreds would have been considered satisfactory. The question arises whether this condition is a healthy and real development, or merely a phase of trade that will pass in time.

It is surprising how little effect the campaign has had upon the book trade, in the way of affecting the public demand. As a rule, during this period, when so-called paramount issues are being discussed, there is a lively call for books upon the subjects under discussion. This year, however, with the single exception of the trust question, there has been very little call for the literature of the campaign.

The Master Christian met with a greatly increased sale last month, as did likewise *Alice of Old Vincennes. Uncanonised* went remarkably well, and *Eben Holden* is rapidly reaching a prominent place among the leaders.

Of the books published during the month, *Tommy and Grizel,* by J. M. Barrie, made a

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remarkably good start. *Eleanor,* by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is selling very well, and so is *Stringtown on the Pike,* by John Uri Lloyd.

So far the book of the year, so far as sales are concerned, is *To Have and to Hold,* and it appears likely to hold its own. This is about the time, however, when surprises may be expected, and there is plenty of time even yet for some other book to forge ahead rapidly and make a record. One thing appears very certain, however, and that is that all the titles in the following list of the best selling books may be expected to sell enormously between now and Christmas.

Last month the leaders were:

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Uncanonised. By Margaret Horton Potter. $1.50.

Tommy and Grizel. By James M. Barrie. $1.50.

The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

The Cobbler of Nimes. By Mary Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, September 20 to October 20, 1900.

The month opened well, and a firmer tone was early noticeable. The indications of an increase in trade, which were apparent at the time of our last going to press, have been well realised, and throughout the whole of the month the improvement has continued to be well sustained, a very considerable revival having taken place. The Parliamentary contest, which was looked forward to as a probable deterrent to business, was expeditiously carried through, and does not appear to have affected the book market otherwise than causing the appearance of a few pamphlets and handbooks pertinent to the subject, the sales of which were naturally of short duration. During the earlier part of the month the sales in educational literature were very brisk, an especial feature being the large demand in manuals and text-books for technical classes.

There has been the usually large influx of annual volumes typical of the time of year, but the business thus far in these has been mainly confined to the export departments.

At the risk of appearing somewhat monotonous, it is necessary again to emphasise the vast preponderance of fiction in the flood of books now being poured into the markets; indeed, there appears to be no limit to the output of this class of literature.

Some eighty or ninety new six-shilling novels have appeared since our last report was issued, a fair proportion being by well-known authors. *The Master Christian,* doubtless greatly helped by the various controversies in the press, has maintained its hold upon the public, and still continues to lead the way. Miss Braddon's *The Infidel,* Anthony Hope's *Quisanté,* J. M. Barrie's *Tommy and Grizel,* have been very popular, and H. S. Merriman's *Isle of Unrest* has continued to be in constant demand.

Almanacs and annuals of every conceivable variety have been to the front, and have already sold largely, principally, however, for export. Considering the great increase in education and the supposed enlightenment of the present generation, the extent to which the prophetic almanac still retains its hold upon the public is somewhat astonishing. Although at the close of the holiday season the sales of sixpenny reprints were somewhat diminished, there still continues to be a well-sustained demand for the more popular volumes of the series, and good orders have been received from the provinces. There has been little or no change in magazines; the old favourites still continue to be extensively circulated. The following is a selection of the books which have been most popular during the past month:

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Infidel. By Miss Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OCTOBER 10 TO NOVEMBER 10.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Elements of Spoken French. Maurice N. Kuhn.

Eclectic English Classics. Selections from the Idylls of the King. Edited by Mary F. Willard.

Writing in English. Wm. H. Maxwell and George J. Smith.

New Education Readers. A. J. Demarest and Wm. Van Sickle.

Appleton and Company:

King Stork of the Netherlands. Albert Lee.

The Story of the Alphabet. Edward Clodd.

The Footsteps of a Throne. Max Pemberton.

Commodore Paul Jones. Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The Individual. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

Clearing House. James G. Cannon.

The Art of Writing English. J. M. D. Meiklejohn.

The Brass Bottle. F. Anstey.

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The Eagle's Heart. Hamlin Garland.
Path and Goal. Ada Cambridge.
The Story of the Soldier. Forsyth.
David Harum. Edward Noyes Westcott.

Baker and Taylor Company:
Wit and Wisdom of the Talmud. Madison C. Peters.

Camelot Company:
A Furnace of Earth. Hallie Erminie Rives.

Cassell and Company:
Critical Studies. Ouida.
In the Ice World of Himalaya. F. B. Workman and William Hunter Workman.

Century Company:
Fairy Tales and Stories. Hans Christian Andersen.
Dr. North and His Friends. S. Weir Mitchell.
Colonial Days and Ways. Helen Evertson Smith.
Oliver Cromwell. John Morley.
Paris of To-Day. Richard Whiteing.
The Bread Line. Albert Bigelow Paine.
My Winter Garden. Maurice Thompson.
The Century Classics—
The Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan.
A Journal of the Plague Year. Daniel Defoe.
The Essays of Francis Bacon.
The Vicar of Wakefield. Oliver Goldsmith.
Poems of Robert Herrick.
Eothen. Alex. Wm. Kinglake.

Collier and Son:
The War in South Africa. Captain A. T. Mahan.

Crowell and Company:
The Supernatural. Lyman Abbott.
Loving My Neighbour. J. R. Miller, D.D.
Helps for Ambitious Girls. William Drysdale.
Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days. Geraldine Brooks.
The Golden Gate of Prayer. J. R. Miller, D.D.
Salvation from Sin. Lyman Abbott.
Salammbô. Retold from the French of Gustave Flaubert. By Zenaïde A. Ragozin.
Straight Shots at Young Men. Washington Gladden.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
Wanted—A Matchmaker. Paul Leicester Ford.
The Return to Christ. A. H. Bradford.
Beckonings from Little Hands. Patterson du Bois.
Stringtown on the Pike. John Uri Lloyd.
Dr. Dale. Marion Harland and Albert Payson Terhune.
Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe.
Pippa Passes. Robert Browning.
Wonders of Nature. Described by Great Writers. Edited and translated by Esther Singleton.
Ships That Pass in the Night. Beatrice Harraden.
The Real Chinese Question. Chester Holcombe.
Henry Fielding. Austin Dobson.
Critical Kit-Kats. Edmund Gosse.

Dodge Publishing Company:
Tiny Tunes for Tiny People. A. B. Paine and others.
Friendship and Other Essays. Ralph Waldo Emerson.
The Very Young Man and The Angel Child. Elisa Armstrong.
For My Musical Friend. Aubertine Woodward Moore.

Doubleday and McClure Company:
The Stickit Minister's Wooing. S. R. Crockett.
Lord Jim. Joseph Conrad.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Wild Animal Play. Ernest Seton-Thompson.
Intelligence in Plants and Animals. Thomas G. Gentry.
William Cotton Oswell. W. Edward Oswell. 2 vols.
A Woman of Yesterday. Caroline A. Mason.
A Princess of Arcady. Arthur Henry.
In Hostile Red. J. A. Altsheler.
Newest England. Henry Demarest Lloyd.
The Theatre and Its People. Franklyn Fyles.
Church Folks. Dr. John Watson.
The Lane That Had No Turning. Gilbert L. Parker.
The Lady of Dreams. Una L. Silberrad.
The Life of Henry George. Henry George, Jr.
Golf Don'ts. H. L. Fitz Patrick.
A Woman Tenderfoot. Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson.

Fenno and Company:
Seven Smiles and a Few Fibs. Thomas J. Vivian.
With Ring of Shield. Knox Magee.
Four Evangelists in Classic Art. Edited by Rachel A. La Fontaine.

Harper and Brothers:
The Cloister and the Hearth. 2 vols. Charles Reade.
Lorna Doone. R. D. Blackmore.
Mother Goose for Grown-Ups. Guy Wetmore Carryl.
Rafnaland. William H. Wilson.
The Road to Nowhere. Livingston B. Morse.
The Riddle of the Universe. Prof. Ernst Haeckel.
Eleanor. Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two editions.
A Bicycle of Cathay. Frank R. Stockton.
Devil Tales. Virginia Frazer Boyle.
Wonder Stories From Herodotus. G. H. Boden and W. Barrington.
Women of the Bible. By Eminent Divines.
Napoleon. The Last Phase. Lord Rosebery.

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In the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers. George A. Henty.

Henry Holt and Company:
A History of Political Parties in the United States. J. P. Gordy.

Hinds and Noble:
Songs of All the Colleges. David B. Chamberlain and Karl P. Harrington.

Jenkins:
Praktischer Lehrgang. Hermann Schulze.

Wilbur B. Ketcham.
Creeds and Religious Beliefs. John S. Hawley.

Lane:
In a Quiet Village. S. Baring Gould.
Lucretius on Life and Death. W. H. Mallock.
Tchaikovsky. His Life and Works. Rosa Newmarch.
The Romany Rye. George Borrow.
Lavengro. George Borrow.
The Bible in Spain. George Borrow.
The Blessed Damozel. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Sleeping Beauty and Other Prose Fancies. Richard Le Gallienne.
Scruples. Thomas Cobb.
The Church of the Fathers. John Henry Newman.

Longmans, Green and Company:
The Autobiography of a Tramp. J. H. Crawford.
Urchins of the Sea. By Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going. Drawings by F. I. Bennett.
Ian Hamilton's March. Winston Spencer Churchill.
The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures. Bertha Upton.
On the Banks of the Seine. A. M. F.
The Princess's Story-Book. George Laurence Gomme.
Sport and Travel. Frederick Courteney Selous.
The Grey Fairy-Book. Andrew Lang.

The Macmillan Company:
The Dream Fox Story-Book. Mabel Osgood Wright.
The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VI.
The Sketch-Book. Washington Irving.
The Story of Florence Edmund G. Gardner.
The Works of Shakespeare. Vol. XII.
Prejudged. Florence Montgomery.
In the Palace of the King. F. Marion Crawford.
The Hosts of the Lord. Flora Annie Steel.
The Temple Classics. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell.
The Rulers of the South. Francis Marion Crawford. 2 vols.
William Shakespeare. Hamilton Wright Mabie.
Lockhart's Life of Scott. Vols. III., IV. and V.
Elizabeth and Her German Garden.
The Solitary Summer.
Richard: Yea-and-Nay. Maurice Hewlett.
Who Goes There? B. K. Benson.
The Last of the Mohicans. Fenimore Cooper.

Meyer Brothers and Company.
Bibliomanias in the Middle Ages. F. Somner Merryweather.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
The Gavel and the Mace. Frank W. Hackett.
Yankee Enchantments. Charles Battell Loomis.
The Darlingtons. Elmore Elliott Peake.
The Jumping Kangaroo and the Apple-Butter Cat. John W. Harrington. Illustrated by J. W. Condé.
Powers That Prey. Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.
April's Sowing. Gertrude Hall.
Donegal Fairy Stories. Seumas MacManus.
The Archbishop and the Lady. Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.
The Doctrines of Grace. Dr. John Watson.

Pott and Company:
Soap-Bubble Stories for Children. Fanny Barry.
The Outbreak in China. By the President of St. John's College, Shanghai, and also President of the American Society of China.

Putnam's Sons:
The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon. George Birbeck Hill.
The Women of the Renaissance. R. de Maulde la Clavière.
The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood. C. G. Crump.
The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson. John Churton Collins.
Thomas Henry Huxley. P. Chalmers Mitchell.
The Moving Finger Writes. G. D. Litchfield.
La Comedia Dante. Toynbee.
More Famous Homes of Great Britain. A. H. Malan.
The Rossettis. Elizabeth Luther Cary.
Twelve Great Actresses. Edward Robins.
Twelve Great Actors. Edward Robins.
Milton. Walter Raleigh.
Historic Towns of the Southern States. Lyman P. Powell.
A Christmas Carol. Charles Dickens.
The Cricket on the Hearth. Charles Dickens.
Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland. Robert Dunlop.
Roger Ludlow. The Colonial Lawmaker. John M. Taylor.

Rand, McNally and Company:
Nella, the Heart of the Army. Philip Verrill Mighels.

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Revell Company:

The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood. Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller.
Forbidden Paths in the Land of Og. By The Otherwise Man.
Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. Translated and Illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland.
The Religion of a Gentleman. Charles F. Dole.
The Psalms of David. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. With an introduction by Newell Dwight Hillis.
Black Rock. Ralph Connor.
The Sky Pilot. Ralph Connor.
Onesimus. Charles E. Corwin.

Russell:

Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe. Illustrated by Louis and Frederick Rhead.
A New Wonderland. L. Frank Baum.
An Alphabet of Indians.
In Cupid's Court. Edited by Ina Russell Warren.
Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. Illustrated by William Nicholson, E. W. Kemble and F. Opper.
L'Aiglon. A Play in Six Acts. Edmond Rostand. Adapted into English by Louis N. Parker.

Scribner's Sons:

The Girl and the Guardsman. Alexander Black.
Domestic Dramas. Paul Bourget.
Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts. A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Tommy and Grizel. J. M. Barrie.
Byron's Works. Letters and Journals. Vol. IV.
Droll Doings. Illustrations by Harry B. Neilson. Verses by the Cockiolly Bird.
The Queen Versus Billy, and Other Stories. Lloyd Osbourne.
The American Slave Trade. John R. Spears.
Short Rails. Cy Warman.
A Study of English and American Poets.
Mooswa. W. A. Fraser.
Works of Charles Dickens—
Christmas Stories. Vol. I.
The Life of Charles Dickens. 2 vols.
The House of Egremont. Molly Elliot Seawell.
Peccavi. E. W. Hornung.
With Both Armies. Richard Harding Davis.
Afterglow. Julia C. R. Dorr.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Dido, An Epic Tragedy. Arranged and translated by Frank J. Miller.
The Duke of Stockbridge. Edward Bellamy.
The Heart of the Ancient Wood. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Stiletto Publishing Company:

Phryne. Put into rhyme by Estelle Lambert Matteson.

Stokes Company:

Goops, and How to Be Them. Gelett Burgess.
Children of the Revolution. Maud and Mabel Humphrey.
The Fourth Generation. Sir Walter Besant.
In the Midst of Alarms. Robert Barr.
Jack Among the Indians. George Bird Grinnell.
More Bunny Stories. John H. Jewett.
Heroes of Our Revolution. T. W. Hall.
Consequences. Egerton Castle.
The Case and Exceptions. Frederic Trevor Hill.
John Drew. Edward A. Dithmar.
Ellen Terry. Clement Scott.
The Filibusters. Cutcliffe Hyne.
Oliver Cromwell. His Life and Character. Arthur Paterson.
The Rise and Fall of Krugerism. John Scoble and H. R. Abercrombie.
Tongues of Conscience. Robert Hichens.

Wessells Company:

Pre-Raphaelite Ballads. William Morris.
As We Went Marching On. G. W. Hosmer.
The Water Babies. Charles Kingsley.

Whittaker:

The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer.

BOSTON.

Clark Publishing Company:

Quincy Adams Sawyer. Charles Felton Pidgin.

DeWolfe, Fiske and Company:

Dandelion. Mrs. E. M. Lovejoy.

Ginn and Company:

Maria Stuart. Margarethe Müller and Carla Wenckebach.
Wilderness Ways. William Long.
The Beginnings of English Literature. Charlton M. Lewis.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Russia and the Russians. Edmund Noble.
The Last Refuge. Henry B. Fuller.
The United States in the Orient. Charles A. Conant.
Penelope's Experiences. Kate Douglas Wiggin. 2 vols.
A White Guard to Satan. Mistress Elizabeth Godstowe.
The House Behind the Cedars. Charles W. Chesnutt.
A Little Tour in France. Henry James.
Orpheus. Mrs. Fields.
Friend or Foe. Frank Samuel Child.
The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets. Lloyd Mifflin.
Sir Joshua Reynolds. Estelle M. Hurll.

Lee and Shepard:

Boy Donald. Penn Shirley.
Rival Boy Sportsmen. W. Gordon Parker.
True to Himself. Edward Stratemeyer.

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Heaven's Distant Lamps. Poems of Comfort and Hope. Arranged by Anna E. Mack.
The Myths and Fables of To-Day. Samuel Adams Drake.
Jimmy, Lucy and All. Sophie May.

Little, Brown and Company:
Works of Alphonse Daudet—
The Nabob.
Kings in Exile.
Numa Roumestan.
Tartarin of Tarascon.
Port Tarascon.
Little Parish Church.
Fromont and Risler.
The Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, 1622. Maud Wilder Goodwin.
James Martineau. A Biography and Study. A. W. Jackson.
Ramona. Helen Jackson. 2 vols. Illustrated by Henry Sandham.
Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail. Arthur R. Thompson.
The Young and Old Puritans of Hatfield. Mary P. Wells Smith.
Brenda, Her School and Her Club. Helen Leah Reed.
Doris and Her Dog Rodney. Lily F. Wesselhoeft.
A Child of Glee and How She Saved the Queen. A. G. Plympton.
Scouting for Washington. John P. True.
The Christmas Angel. Written and Illustrated by Katharine Pyle.
The Pilgrim Shore. Edmund H. Garrett.

Lothrop Publishing Company:
The Adventures of Joel Pepper. Margaret Sidney.
In Defence of the Flag. Elbridge S. Brooks.

Sibley and Ducker:
Lyrical Vignettes. F. V. N. Painter.

Small, Maynard and Company:
The Dollar or the Man? Homer Davenport.
Visiting the Sin. E. Rayner.

Universalist Publishing House:
Applied Evolution. Marion D. Shutter.

CHICAGO.

McClurg and Company:
The Chevalier de St. Denis. Alice Ilgenfritz Jones.

Rand, McNally and Company:
With Malice Toward None. Olive Beatrice Muir.
The Bandit Mouse and Other Stories. W. A. Frisbie.
An American Girl's Trip to the Orient and Around the World. Christine Collbran.

Sigma Publishing Company:
The Life of Frederick Froebel. Denton J. Snider.

Stockham Publishing Company:
The White Flame. Mary A. Cornelius.

Stone and Company:
More Fables in Slang. George Ade.

PHILADELPHIA.

Coates and Company:
The Weird Orient. Henry Iliowizi.
Faiths of Famous Men. John Kenyon Kilbourn.

Davis Company:
An Essay on Creation. Joseph W. McEwen.

Jewish Publication Society.
Sons of the Covenant. Gordon.

Lippincott Company:
The Other Man's Country. Herbert Welsh.
Rue with a Difference. Rosa Nouchette Carey.
Famous American Belles of the Nineteenth Century. Virginia Tatnall Peacock.
The Cruise of the Pretty Polly. W. Clark Russell.
Miss Nonentity. L. T. Meade.
That Mainwairing Affair. A. Maynard Barbour.
Madame Bohemia. Francis Neilson.
The Sign of the Seven Sins. William Le Queux
Ray's Daughter. General Charles King.
Marr'd in Making. Baroness von Hutten.
School Conspiracy. Andrew Home.
Great Battles of the World. Stephen Crane.
Her Very Best. Amy E. Blanchard.
Ghost of Rosalys. Charles Leonard Moore.

CLEVELAND.

The Burrows Brothers Company:
The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Vol. LXX.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Idyls of El Dorado. Charles Keeler.

FAYETTE, MO.

M. B. Yeaman:
In Many Moods. Poems by T. Berry Smith.

MADRID.

Imprenta Y Fundicion de M. Tello:
Obras Completas. D. José M. de Pereda.

TRENTON, N. J.

The Raindrop Press:
The City and the Forest by the Sea. Allison R. Lawshe.

SHELBY, O.

Shelby Publishing Company:
One Hundred Years of the American Democracy. S. S. Bloom.

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SALEM, MASS.

Eulia Publishing Company:
Evolution of Immortality. Rosicruciæ.

LINCOLN, NEB.

Kiote Publishing Company:
Over Grass-Grown Trails. Harry Graves Shedd.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
The Penitents. Louis How.
Home-Folks. James Whitcomb Riley.
Patroon Van Volkenberg. Henry Thew Stephenson.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Poems. Frances Fuller Victor.

Marsh Printing Company:
Rudyard Reviewed. W. J. Peddicord.

CINCINNATI.

Editor Publishing Company:
Glimpses of Sunshine and Shade in the Far North. Lulu Alice Craig.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:
Old Wickford, "The Venice of America." Mrs. F. Burge Griswold.
Responsibility. Rev. E. E. Holmes.

DENVER, COL.

Frank S. Thayer:
Glimpses of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between October 1, 1900, to November 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. An Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Story of an Ocean Tramp. Clark. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. On the Wing of Occasions. Harris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.10.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.20.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.20.
4. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.20.
5. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.20.
6. The Golden Book of Venice. Turnbull. (Century Co.) $1.20.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Consequences. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Century Book of Gardening. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $7.50.
3. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.
5. Life of Francis Parkman. Farnham. (Little, Brown & Co.) $2.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Tales of the Ex-Tanks. Cullen. (Grossett & Dunlap.) $1.25.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Uncanonised. Potter. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Cold Steel. Shiel. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. D'Arcy of the Guards. Shipman. (Stone.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Head of a Hundred. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Quisanté. Hope. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Home Folks. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Patroon Van Volkenberg. Stephenson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Conscience of Coralie. Moore. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Sons of the Morning. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Captain Dieppe. Hope. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Maid of Maiden Lane. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ex-Tanks. Cullen. (Grossett & Dunlap.) $1.25.
6. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Banker and Bear. Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.10.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.10.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.10.
4. The Infidel. Braddon. (Harper.) $1.10.
5. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.10.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. More Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.
3. The Maid of Maiden Lane. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. The Girl at the Half-Way House. Hough. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Dr. North. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Quisanté. Hope. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Quisanté. Hope. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz, Jr. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Hoops of Steel. Kelly. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Idyls of Eldorado. Keeler. (Robertson.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Quisanté. Hope. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Fables in Slang. Ade. (McLeod.) 75 cents.
6. The Lane That Had No Turning. Parker. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.25.

All Canadian editions.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Quisanté. Hope. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Isle of Unrest. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Expatriates. Bell. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. From India to the Planet Mars. Flournoy. (Harper.) $1.50.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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